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THE HIGH COST OF WAR

THE eyes of the world are on the international conference on the Suez Canal dilemma.

Women everywhere are praying that the decisions made will not need to involve armed force.

They know, perhaps better than men, that no one ever wins a war. The cost, in terms of human suffering, is too high.

For women, war is lonely fear, and empty, unshared years without sons, husbands, and sweethearts. Too often it brings irrevocable tragic loss.

For this reason they look to the negotiators to explore to the fullest every avenue of discussion that promises a solution other than war.

They ask, can't there be an economic settlement of what is partly an economic question?

For the heart of a woman tells her that the nation can better afford to lose money than blood . . .

The whole question of the Suez Canal is, however, a complex and dangerous one. Many nations are vitally concerned, and Australia, strategically and commercially, as much as any in the world.

Like all situations that increase international tension, this one has provided another frightening opportunity for a line-up of opposing points of view, a hostile grouping of the nations into two camps.

From there it could be just a short step to the sound of gunfire — or more realistically today, the catastrophic roar of atomic bombs.

Obviously the canal must be kept as a peaceful international waterway.

The terms that decide this will, as always, be made round a conference table.

What is so very important to women everywhere is that this time the peace conference should not be preceded by war.

Our cover:

● The snow scene on our cover was photographed by Raymond Ferris, of Cooma, at Smiggins Holes, the most popular snow sports centre in the New South Wales Southern Alps. Every winter weekend skiers and sightseers travel there in tourist and charter buses and cars. The buses usually bring groups of young people from Cooma, Canberra, and Yass. As Smiggins Holes marks the end of the snow-free Kosciusko road, visitors to the Chalet and the various ski lodges leave their cars there and travel the last few miles by snowmobiles.

This week:

● See pages 20 and 21 for the announcement of results of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize competition. Next week the winners and other outstanding entries will be reproduced in color. This represents a rush job for our technicians, who made a special trip from our publishing plant to the Art Gallery to ensure that the color transparencies of the pictures will be printed as accurately as possible.

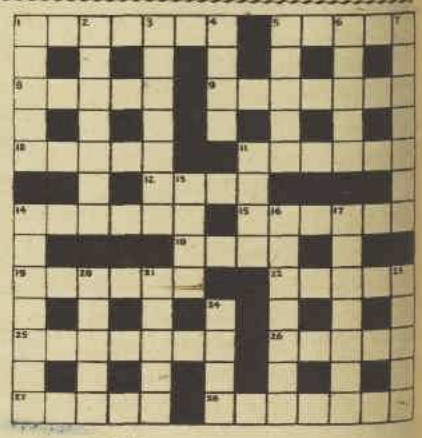
● Susan Shea, 26-year-old author of "The Peppercorn Tree" (pages 8 and 9), has expressed in it the homesickness of an Australian living abroad. Formerly a Melbourne girl, Susan Shea has been away since 1954 and has had a variety of jobs in London. She tells us that she began her literary career with an eight-line ode to spring published in her school magazine. Incidentally, the illustration for "The Peppercorn Tree" is the work of another Melbourne girl, Barbara Robertson.

Next week:

● Because we have so many men readers we thought it was time we paid some particular attention to them. Next week we have a special section devoted to men's fashions. Most men, whether they admit it or not, are interested in what they wear, and nowadays even the formerly conservative allow themselves some gaiety in their casual clothes. We asked experts to advise us and we present their wisdom in a five-page section, including two color pages.

● Gladioli are among the showiest of flowers, and are not hard to grow. See next week's gardening page for advice on how and where to grow them and how to combat the particular pests that beset them.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Girl's name (7).
5. This must be the seat of neutrality for a receiver (5).
8. Races for troubles (5).
9. He is always at the beginning of the race but not always in it (7).
10. Govern with a broken lie inside (5).
11. Ranged in a row in deal (6).
12. Poison contained in a sup (4).
14. His core is a saint, his outside can be the core of this fruit seller (6).
15. For the time being but it's short (3, 3).
18. Her champion arrived and left singing on a boat (4).
19. Originally a slogan was one (3, 3).
22. Slangy information concerning style (5).
25. Behold, a broken bile in a flower (7).
26. Useless in a nebula (5).
27. A puzzle in prose (5).
28. Angered explosive shell (7).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. In spite of appearance this bird does not come from Scotland but from South America (5).
2. S (7).
3. I use red for the remainder (7).
4. Destroy with a short line (4).
5. Fill a wooden instrument for thrashing (5).
6. Insect egg on gaseous radioactive element (5).
7. More lad (Anagr. 7).
11. Snakes introduced by a bookie (4).
13. Look inquisitively for the outside of a victim (4).
14. Domestic animal to miss its footing for a flower (7).
16. This band of Alexander was famous (3, 4).
17. Brown sailor with a sound of a trumpet (7).
20. Puzzle about a small autobus (5).
21. Sovereign help for a straight line (5).
23. Such figs are Turkish and superior (5).
24. Make a ringing noise with a strong flavor (4).

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Mr. Baldock looked furious, Miss Purdew cried, and the office was in an awful state of confusion.

By MAUREEN LUSON

Poor Miss Purdew

"I DON'T see what can go wrong with a marriage," said Laura to her reflection, "when two people are in love like Perry and I."

She admired the white ballerina gown, the tiny, flowered hat, the floating veil of the strangely beautiful mirrored Laura.

"And marriage, after all," said Laura, "is a career. I made a success of my job, and I'm going to make a success of marriage."

On the way to the church she thought of her neatly packed suitcases, mentally listing their contents, making sure no item of her carefully planned wardrobe had been forgotten; and as she arrived, looked at her new watch, Perry's wedding gift, to check that she was exactly five minutes late—no more, and no less.

It was a lovely wedding, smoothly organised—there were no uneasy hitches in the service; there was no fumbling over the ring, no waiting afterwards, and, at the reception, there was precisely the right amount to eat and drink; even the speeches, apt and amusing, were delightfully brief. Laura, said her friends, relatives, and in-laws, was really wonderful.

"Laura, darling," said her new husband, "can't we go now?"

"Oh, no, Perry. We've another half-hour. And come and talk to the Gorhams. Oh—and you haven't said a word to the Farlings yet!"

When the happy couple, on the scheduled second, left for their honeymoon, Mr. Baldock, to whom Laura had been private secretary for three years, sighed and said: "She was a lovely bride. And she was the most efficient girl I've ever had in the office. Or," said Mr. Baldock sadly, "am ever likely to have."

Laura enjoyed her honeymoon—but she did find a whole fortnight rather too long. During the last few days she chafed at the peaceful hours idled away on the sun-baked beach—she could hardly wait to be back at home; there were so many things still to be done—the spare room to be decorated, the lounge curtains made, and all those wonderful wedding presents to be arranged or put away. She said as much to Perry. He was, she thought, quite absurdly annoyed, and as gloomy as a schoolboy at the prospect of returning to the office.

The morning after they came home Laura was up a full hour before Perry; she dusted and swept the beautiful newly painted rooms, finished unpacking, and stowed away the suitcases in a cupboard. Then she made a mushroom omelet for breakfast.

Perry cut himself shaving, and Laura waited agonised minutes while he fussed with cotton-wool and disinfectant.

"Do hurry, Perry. The omelet will spoil."

He came at length, a piece of cotton-wool adhering to his chin.

"You might have helped staunch my life-blood," he grumbled.

"Darling, I'm sure it wasn't as bad as all that!" Laura bisected the omelet, slid Perry's portion on to a hot plate.

"It wasn't," Perry admitted, "but you might at least have come to see."

He leant his elbows on the table and looked at his wife.

"Darling, are you always going to be as beautiful as this at breakfast? You take my mind off food."

"Do eat your omelet, Perry." She had almost finished hers.

He shouted, "Damn the omelet!" and Laura had her first rude shock. There was silence. Perry ate, and Laura gulped coffee. Men, thought Laura, were ungrateful brutes; she had taken the trouble to cook him a really delicious breakfast, and all he could do was damn it!

"I hope you won't be very lonely here all day." Perry spoke as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Laura forced brightness into her voice: "I shall be much too busy. You haven't noticed my time-table, Perry." She glanced proudly at the wall, and there, tidily pasted on cardboard, was a list of days of the week, each with its satellite list of tasks, all timed to the minute.

"I wonder how long you'll keep that up," grinned Perry.

"Why, always, of course. Housework needs method just like office work."

"Darling, you're sweet! Leave a little time to sit and enjoy your home, won't you?"

He didn't seem to appreciate her most efficient approach to

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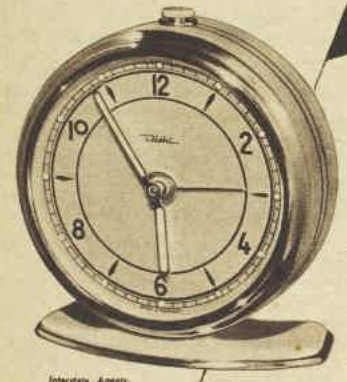

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The SINISTER STRANGERS

Third instalment of a colorful and intriguing four-part mystery serial

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

YOUNG RANGER LINCOLN SAWTELL, on duty in the Yosemite National Park, is assigned, following various suspicious incidents, to keep an eye on a group of people who are evidently not just the simple holiday-makers they profess to be.

They are haughty MRS. LETITIA POTWIN, with JOAN VANDERLEE, her attractive chauffeur-maid; LI SEOW YEN, a stately Chinese; JOHANNES VAN DER POOT, a dwarfish Dutchman, with KATRINA, his exot. daughter; ZAHARADOS, a Greek, whose boy servant is an expert knife-thrower; NATURE BOY NUSSLER, a wrestler. Most mysterious is a hidden whistler, whom some of them call "The Warbler," saying that he foretells death.

Linc also discovers that Nussler has three gangsters awaiting his orders in a cottage that is within the park but not under its control. He narrowly escapes trouble with two of them while on a picnic with Joan.

A crisis seems to come for the group with the arrival at the park's sumptuous Ahwahnee Hotel of the young SHEIK HAROUN EL SAMARI and his retinue. The young sheik seems quite unaware of it. However, Linc overhears Mrs. Potwin, who had known his grandfather, warn Zaharados not to harm him.

Meanwhile Linc is embarrassed when Katrina makes flagrant love to him. He is thankful when she transfers her attention to the young sheik, then annoyed when he sees Joan evidently bent on captivating Nussler. NOW READ ON:

THE morning started out with a slight flurry over a lost boy. Strayed youngsters are more or less routine with us; during the season we average six of them a day. Each case, of course, is dealt with promptly, and generally the stray is returned to his parents in an hour or two.

We soon found the lad, who then became well acquainted with the impact of a paternal palm. And that was that.

I carried out a routine assignment for the chief ranger which took me to the Ahwahnee, where an official of the Department of the Interior was lodged. He required certain information and assurances that he would be given a personally conducted tour of the park.

For this I made the necessary arrangements, and descended to the lobby.

There I came face to face with Katrina van der Poot, returning from an early morning ride. She was alluring in jodhpurs, petite and feminine. Her spun-silver hair was a nimbus surrounding her exotic face. No man could look at her without thinking her desirable.

Her eyes lit with welcome as she saw me, and then she frowned and became severe.

"Me," she said, "you have neglect. You do not come to me. You do not keep the promise that I shall not have ennui." She raised her brows and made her eyes big. "You do not like me, no?"

I grinned down at her. "I thought you were busy," I said.

"Busy? I? How shall I be busy, Mr. Sawtell?"

"The Sheik el Samari," I said, "seems to have been monopolising your time."

"Poof!" she exclaimed. "That boy! That pretty boy! Of him you are jealous?"

"Not jealous," I said. "Just pointing out."

"It would," she said, pouting, "be nize if you are jealous. Must we stand here? There are pleasant places to sit. I have miss you. To you I like to talk. Come; we will sit and talk."

I followed her through the spacious lounge with its huge fireplace and symbolic decorations. Beyond were smaller rooms, and in one of these she seated herself on a divan and patted the cushion beside her. I was not reluctant to sit down close to her.

"I theenk," she said provocatively, "you are jealous of this Arab boy."

"I'm not the jealous kind," I answered, and then, in my own mind, I wondered if this was true. I had been in no agreeable humor since I had seen Joan Vanderlee sitting beside Nature Boy Nussler, laughing, chatting, evidently finding pleasure in his company.

Was my feeling one of jealousy? And why should I be jealous? There was nothing—but nothing!—between me and Miss Vanderlee. We were the merest acquaintances. But I did resent her attitude towards this strutting, oddly effeminate professional wrestler.

I had not known that she was acquainted with him. I would have guessed that he would be repellent to her. In my feeling about the matter there was something besides jealousy. There was aroused suspicion.

This man Nussler was an ally or at least in the employment of the Levantine Greek, Zaharados. In whatever was going on in the park, Mrs. Potwin and Zaharados were on opposite sides. That Miss Vanderlee should, more or less surreptitiously, be on friendly terms with Nussler savored of disloyalty—possibly of treachery. It was not easy for me to think of Miss Vanderlee as treacherous.

Miss van der Poot spoke impatiently. "You have reverie," she said. "When

you are with me I wish you to think of me, not other things."

"I was merely in a sort of golden fog," I said. "You bedazzle me."

She turned to peer at me astutely.

"That, I think," she said, "is a lie. But a very nize lie. No. On your mind is something. When you are with me you are to think of not anything but me." She eyed me slantwise. "You are a beeg young man. I like beeg young men."

"Also," I said, "you like not so beeg young men."

"Again the Arab boy!" she said petulantly. "Listen to me. Listen to what I say. This Sheik el Samari is not pleasure. He is business."

"What business have you with him?" I asked.

"That I do not know. My father he directs me to be charming to thees sheik. Why, I do not know. Many times my father orders me to be charming to this one or that one. He does not tell me for what reason, but I must obey."

"You imply," I said, "that Mynheer van der Poot uses his daughter for bait?"

"Bait!" she said, and frowned as if she did not understand. Then she nodded her silvery head. "I am bait, yes. To catch the feesh. Thees I do not like, but I must do."

"Am I a fish?" I asked. "Did he order you to dangle yourself before my eyes?"

"But that is of an absurdity!" she exclaimed. "Who are you, eh? Of what importance? Have you much money? No! Have you great power? No! You

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"He who has done this thing shall answer to me," the young sheik said, raising his hand as though making a vow.

are what they call a ranger, and not even in command. In the eyes of my father you are no more than the one in uniform who runs the elevator."

"I guess I am a pretty small fish," I agreed.

"To my father," she said, "but not to me."

"Whoa!" I said. "Hold your horses!"

"I am not one to check the horse," she said, "but to spur him to the gallop."

I confess I didn't know what to say or do next. Miss van der Poot was a disturbingly direct young woman. I didn't want to make a fool of myself, but, on the other hand, I didn't want her to make a fool of me. I stiffened myself and sat tight.

"Do you know," she asked, "of the beautiful princess who was prisoner to the jinni who kept her locked in a casket?"

"I know the story," I said. "The jinni was her husband. When he was asleep she would escape and deceive her husband with the first man who came along, and take his ring as a souvenir of the deception. She had quite a string of rings. If you imply that you are a prisoner in a casket, there is a difference. The holder of the key is your father and not your husband."

"And," she said resentfully, "I have not collected many rings from my lovers."

"All of which," I asked, "leads up to what?"

"That I wish to escape," she said.

"From what, exactly?" I asked.

"I want to belong to myself," she said bitterly. "To give or to withhold as I desire. To be no more what you call the bait. With my father it is always intrigue. I wish to have no more to do with intrigue and plotting and deceiving and trickery. My father is of immense wealth, but never enough. Always more wealth and always more power. I wish to be simple and happy—what you call serene. My father seeks always to keep the world in turmoil, for then money is to be made. I long to be simple; to love some man and be loved by him."

She made a little appealing gesture. "I wish to be the housewife with children and to think of nothing but my home and to make myself beautiful for my husband. Is that a wrong desire?"

"Well," I asked, "what stops you?"

"My father," she said, "is a bad man and vindictive. He allows no man such as I desire to come near me. Where in the world is one who would dare to love and to marry me against my father's will? Father would destroy him."

"Nonsense!" I said derisively.

"Father," she repeated, "would destroy him. From malice."

"That," I said, "makes it an attractive proposition."

"Not attractive," she said, "for a man who is not brave and who is not strong."

"And you," I asked, "would be willing to give up all you have—wealth and luxury—to live in a cottage with roses climbing over the picket fence?"

She smiled up at me and there was something in her eyes that was not naive simplicity. It was an ironical glance.

"I am not a silly child," she said.

"Why, no," I agreed. "I doubt if you're a silly child."

"There would not be poverty," she said. "That I have seen to. I have cajoled my father. In my own hands, under my own control, is enough. Not great wealth, such as belongs to my father, or the Greek, Zaharados, or the Chinese, Li Seow Yen, or even this American, Mrs. Potwin. But plenty to hold up one's head among the best."

"So," I said, "if a man had the nerve to defy your father's malice, he would get himself a rich wife."

"And a beautiful wife," she said, "and one who would teach him more about love than he dreamed could exist."

"Just why," I asked, "do you tell me all this?"

She was direct. "Because," she answered, "it is possible—I do not know yet—that you could be that man."

"On such short acquaintance?" I asked.

"With a woman like me," she said, "love can come with the suddenness of the lightning."

"Would this," I asked, "be a proposal of marriage?"

She shook her head with vigor. "Not so. Not yet. It is that you have stirred me as I have not been stirred before. And I wait to see and to convince myself."

This was all incredible. I was not embarrassed by it, as one might be by such frank overtures from a beautiful woman. But I was astounded—I even looked the gift horse in the mouth. Mine is not a suspicious nature, but a tocsin in my subconscious mind warned me to be cautious. Naturally I would like to believe that I was so endowed that a girl like Katrina van der Poot could go off the deep end for me, but, thank heaven, I had enough modesty to doubt it.

Being a man with faculties quite alive and unimpaired, I was not impervious to her allure. But even with all her exotic beauty I was not in love with her nor likely to be. If she had offered brief adventure, that would have been one thing, but a permanent alliance was quite another. I could no more think of her as a wife than I could contemplate an exclusive diet of caviare.

My voice was steady, almost jocular, as I looked into her wonderful eyes and said, "Miss van der Poot, I'll take the matter under advisement."

"That," she said calmly, "is as it should be." And then: "Would you like to kiss me, Mr. Sawtell?"

"As a sample?" I asked.

"Why not?" she asked.

Her warm arms were about me; she drew me down until our lips met. In my time I have kissed a couple of girls, but this was something else again. It left me shaken and atremble.

I heard a saturnine voice and opened my eyes. In the archway of the little room stood Mrs. Potwin and her secretary-chauffeur-maid.

"Well," said Mrs. Potwin, "I do declare!"

Miss Vanderlee said nothing. She did not even raise her brows.

"The decor of this room," Mrs. Potwin said, "derives from the prehistoric."

"Certainly," Miss Vanderlee replied, "from the primitive."

They turned, not hurriedly but deliberately, and walked away. Katrina's laugh was an amused tinkle, a silvery tinkle to match her hair. "Am I compromised?" she asked gaily.

"One of us certainly is," I said unhappily.

The little adventure was at an end. I took my leave and went on my way, feeling very foolish.

Mr. Li Seow Yen, a tall, spare, arresting

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The long road back

A short short story

BY ARTHUR GORDON

THE train had brought him swiftly, he had found the school without difficulty, but now the Headmistress said, looking at him with troubled eyes:

"You should have given us some warning, Mr. Conroy. I really don't think it's fair to Lisa to have you —" she hesitated for a fraction of a second—"to have you just appear like this."

He twisted the brim of his hat, a man in his mid-thirties, rather pale and ill-at-ease.

"I know it's sudden," he said humbly, "and I thought of calling from the station. But—well . . ."

Oh, can't you see, a voice inside him was imploring her, can't you see that I was afraid to telephone? Afraid that you wouldn't let me see her, or that you'd consult her mother and she would refuse permission, or that . . .

The clear eyes behind the rimless glasses were watching him, weighing, judging, appraising. Dr. Bainbridge had warned him about that.

"You'll probably run into a certain amount of distrust and suspicion at first, Conroy. We've done our best to make people on the outside realise that alcoholism is a disease, not a moral problem. But . . ."

The Headmistress said, "I honestly don't know how Lisa feels about you, Mr. Conroy. It's hard to tell sometimes just what a ten-year-old is thinking. And, as you know, her mother . . ."

She left the sentence unfinished, but he knew what she meant. Grace was bitter, terribly bitter; she might have transferred some of her bitterness to the child. She was remarried now, she had a new life of her own, but . . .

He said desperately, hopefully, "Has Lisa been happy here?"

The Headmistress smiled, looking suddenly much younger.

"I think all our children are happy, Mr. Conroy. We try to give them the two things they need most: affection and discipline." As if his question had helped her reach a decision, she stood up, crossed the room, opened a door. "If you'll wait in here, I'll have Lisa brought down for a few minutes."

He hesitated, feeling the familiar panic grip him, the fear of physical restraints that had come upon him during those first dreadful months in the hospital, the blind, unreasoning terror at the thought of having a door close on him, of being shut in. Dr. Bainbridge had promised that some day this fear would leave him, as his other problems had left him. But it was still there.

He said, "Would you mind if—if I left the door open a little?"

If she found this request strange, she did not show it. "Do whatever makes you feel most comfortable, Mr. Conroy."

He went in, leaving the door slightly ajar. It was a long, narrow room, panelled in some dark wood, facing a courtyard. The furniture was oak, solid and uncompromising. The room itself felt unused, dead. At the far end was another door, closed.

He put his hat down nervously on the polished surface of a table, then picked it up again. How would his own child feel about him after all these months? What would he say to her?

Unbidden, the scene rose up again in his mind, the scene he had tried so often to forget, the last scene, really, in which he had any clear memory of Lisa at all.

It had been a hot summer night; the quarrel started—as so many had started—when he had objected to Grace's latest extravagance. And it had followed the grim, compulsive pattern: accusation, recrimination, fury where once there had been tenderness, ferocity where once there had been love.

On and on, until he fled to the tavern that was almost a second home by now, drank and drank until the jagged splinters inside him lost their edges and reality faded and nothing mattered any more.

Then he had stumbled back to the apartment to find Grace waiting for him, to mock him, to jeer at what she called his weakness, to lash him with her tongue until a kind of madness came upon him.

He had not offered violence to Grace; he had not even thought of touching her. But in his frenzy, his drunken frenzy, he had smashed furniture and mirrors, had ripped down curtains, had torn pictures from the wall. Until suddenly a door opened and Lisa was standing there. Lisa, with terror in her small face as she looked upon the madman who was her father. Lisa, who shrank away from him, weeping . . .

He took out a handkerchief and blotted his forehead. To steady himself he summoned up an image of Dr. Bainbridge's strong, patient face, made himself hear again the calm, unhurried voice that had reached down, down, down into the horrible pit where he had been lying: "You're in a State hospital, Conroy . . . rehabilitation programme for people like you . . . we're going to cure you, Conroy . . . but it will take time . . . time . . ."

And then later, when his mind was beginning to function again: "Your drinking wasn't caused by overwork, Conroy, as you thought. Or by lack of will-power, as your wife thought. Actually, the same set of reasons that made you work so hard made you drink too hard. It was insecurity, going far back into your childhood. Insecurity, plus marriage to a woman who failed to understand your needs when you needed her most. A woman—I can say this, now that she's divorced you—who was immature herself, and selfish and cold. But that's all over and done with now. We're going to sort out things for you, untangle the knots, put you back in circulation . . ."

And finally, only this morning: "Well, Conroy, this is a great day for both of us. You must never touch alcohol again, and I'm pretty sure you'll never want to. The main thing now is to find someone to care about, to work hard for—but not too hard!—lose yourself in trying to make someone else happy . . ."

Someone you care about . . .

The door at the far end of the room opened and Lisa came in. She stood quite still in her white blouse and dark blue tunic, facing him. She was taller than he had expected, and thinner. Her face was pale; her eyes looked enormous.

Lisa came through the door and stood quite still, her face pale and her eyes enormous.

He took a step forward.

"Hello—Lisa." The words sounded strained, awkward. So did his voice.

She did not answer him.

He stopped, feeling the hostility like a blow. Finally, with tremendous effort, he made himself say, "It's wonderful to see you after—after all this time. I missed—I missed you so much . . ." The words trailed off uncertainly.

She said clearly, "I don't think my mother would like you to be here."

"No," he said. "No, I suppose she wouldn't."

He clenched his fist, crumpling the hat he still held in his hand. The Headmistress was right: this wasn't fair to the child. This reappearance of a father who had been a disgrace, a drunkard. This stranger who once had frightened and humiliated her. No, it wasn't fair; it was expecting too much.

He said, "I'm sorry, Lisa," and went quickly out of the room, closing the door.

The Headmistress was sitting at her desk, and, seeing the compassion in her face, he felt an impulse to spare her, to make the whole sorry business easier for her if he could. He said, "It's all right; I don't blame her. I'm sorry if I've upset her—or you. I'll be going now."

She stood up slowly and looked at him thoughtfully. "The front door may be locked by now, Mr. Conroy. Will you come this way?"

She led him down a corridor, through a small chapel, down yet another passage. At the end she turned to him, her hand on the doorknob.

"I heard what Lisa said to you, Mr. Conroy. But sometimes, you know, when chidren are startled or confused, they don't know what to say or do. Sometimes it takes them a little time to readjust . . . They . . ."

"I know." He didn't want to stay, to discuss, to probe and analyse. "Thank you." He just wanted to get away, to forget, to drown . . .

She moved aside. "I think you can find your way from here."

He opened the door, stepped across the threshold, and stopped. He was back in the room with Lisa. He had come through the far door. The Headmistress had led him through the corridors and the chapel only to bring him back to this room.

The child was standing near one of the windows, her forehead pressed against the glass. She was making no sound, but her shoulders were quivering. He waited until he knew his voice would be steady. Then he said, "I'm still here, Lisa."

She whirled and came running blindly towards him, head thrown back, mouth twisted, tears bright on her face. He knelt and caught her quickly, feeling the thin, childish arms tighten around his neck, lock themselves, and cling to him as if they would never let him go. Her heart was hammering as if it would burst the fragile cage of her body.

"Oh, Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Daddy . . ."

He had no words to offer. He simply held her, feeling the love and gratitude pour through him like a mighty river, washing it all away, the barren days and empty nights, the soul-sickness, the despair. Behind him he heard the door close gently, but the sound did not frighten him now. Not now. Not any more. Not ever again.

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A charming and romantic story by the Australian author

SUSAN SHEA

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

THE PEPPERCORN

THE soft London rain began again after midnight like unquenchable tears. I watched it dimming the attic lights and the terraced silhouettes, and thought of summer rain at home, which smashes into the ground so that the smell of the wet earth goes to the head like a drug, bringing a kind of exultation.

My husband rustled the sheets protestingly and said, "Come to bed, Jill. It's nearly one o'clock."

I lay down beside him, and the soft rain nattered on outside the window. I love London, but there are times when I cannot see her for the red Australian dust in my eyes; and the sound of summer rain that night was not loud enough to drown the crash of water on the baked earth of a place called Swagman's Crossing, twelve thousand miles away. I reached out and picked up my uncle's letter from the bedside table, holding it before my eyes and seeing the words again through the darkness:

" . . . Jim died instantaneously and Maggie two days later. The coroner said that nobody was at fault. The roads were muddy and unsafe. Jane and I are doing what we can for the children. It seems worst for Jill, who is too young to understand. Though I know you had lost touch with each other over the years, Maggie seemed to think, at the end, that we were all going to be together again at Swagman's Crossing, you and Peter, too, as it used to be."

Peter's hand came silently and took the paper from mine. "Sleep," he said. "You haven't thought of all that for years."

There are some things which are too much a part of one even to be thought of, and I knew it was the same with him. I said, "Do you remember the summer of the drought?" I heard him smile in the darkness, and the smile was like a wall between us.

"Is it worse to be the winner or the loser?" I thought. In the early days there had been nothing to win and everything to share. Maggie was my cousin; Swagman's Crossing her home, and from early childhood we spent our Christmases together there. In retrospect my years seem to have been a series of Christmases, the months in between—a desert to be crossed as best one might.

I slid silently out of bed and went to my desk in the sitting-room, taking a pile of battered exercise books from the bottom drawer and turning the scrawled pages curiously to find the person I once was.

November 2. Pauline asked me to her holiday place for Christmas. Whatever they say, I will not go.

When I was sixteen years old, I remember, one of my school friends invited me to spend the summer holiday with her family at a resort on the ocean coast.

"But, darling, why not?" wailed my mother. "We can't take you anywhere because Martin can't leave town while the play is running, and it can't be good for you to stay in the city all the year round, can it, Martin?"

She had a way of twiddling her fingers helplessly and looking to my father for support, which must have given him a pleasant illusion of ascendancy, although I never knew him to differ from my mother in the slightest degree. He was a wife-made man. His career was their great interest in common, and it bored me. I went so far as to suppose that my existence was an inconvenience they would rather have been without.

"It seems very nice of the Pritchards, Jill," said my father on this occasion. "What else is there for you to do?"

"Swagman's Crossing." I brought it out triumphantly, seeing the glance that passed between them and knowing full well how they had hoped, now she was beginning to "grow up," that their daughter would outgrow her odd passion for this outback farm; her inconvenient affection for a branch of my father's family which, from his actor's pedestal, he barely acknowledged and to which he had no wish to feel indebted. I also knew how glad they had been in the early years of their marriage to park me there each summer and slip back for a while into the gay, pre-marriage whirl.

"What is there for you at Swagman's Crossing?" wailed mother, tapping one foot tiredly against her chair. "Nothing but tin shacks and dust as far as the eye can see . . ."

. . . . . .

A few weeks later, as I whirled along beside Saunders in the buggy, nearer and nearer to my happiness, I thought cheerfully of my mother's words. The dust billowed behind us in a red cloud, blurring the sunset to a pink haze and disguising the gaunt outlines of the gums. The rim of blue hills on the far horizon swayed before my eyes, and a wild happiness seized me, filling my thirsty adolescence to the brim.

December 20. Reached Swagman's Crossing at sunset. Everything just the same. I am always afraid that something will be changed, but it never is.

Maggie was waiting beside the peppercorn tree, a round little figure in the blue apron, with the figure of Saunders' boy like an extended shadow behind her. I knew there would be brown scones and apricot jam for tea. My aunt would pour boiling water into the pot as soon as she heard Saunders drop the bars of the wooden gate. My uncle would be sitting on one side of the open fireplace, smoking his pipe; he would look at me keenly, trying to detect the beginnings of sophistication and the end of my love for Swagman's Crossing.

It is conviction and not reason that shapes our ends, and, to this day, I have never recaptured the overpowering conviction of life's goodness which used to fill me as I entered that home; a conviction that the subsequent pursuit and realisation of ambition have only blurred.

"But she's almost a stranger," said my aunt, looking shyly at my powdered nose and new close-fitting hat.

"It comes off," I hastened to explain, and later, as Maggie and I sat on the hearth in identical faded aprons, I liked to think that no stranger coming into the room would know which of us was which. There on the hearth, when the others had gone to bed, we would take up our conversation where we had left it off the year before.

I hated to talk about my life in the city and Maggie had nothing to say about hers. And so we talked about the world; about all the places we should one day see together. A thousand romantic scenes passed before our eyes, like the slides of an amateur photographer, highly colored and slightly out of focus.

In particular we dreamed of London. We were avid readers and vied in the presentation of peculiar items.

"Of course, you know," said Maggie casually, "that all the houses are joined up? Not even a strip of garden in between." She glanced incredulously from the kitchen window; the light of Saunders' place was a speck in the distance. "Do you think you could hear the next-door people talking?"

"The taxi-drivers," I offered, "know London like the back of their hand. They can take you to any street in the whole city without being directed."

Maggie lifted a crumpled Museum Guide from the treasures scattered around us. "We must see the picture of Chatterton dying in the Tate. I read that he is almost green . . ." The word fell eerily between us.

"—and see the actual stone where Lady Jane Grey——"

"—and have tea in the inn where Doctor Johnson——"

"Ale, Maggie, for goodness sake."

She giggled suddenly and leaned forward to whisper in my ear. "Peter Blythe brought father a bottle of beer, and he drank it, and he was so silly afterwards that mummy said——"

For once I was unable to share Maggie's enjoyment of an anecdote. I was annoyed by something else. "Who is Peter Blythe?"

"An engineer from the new dam. He comes to talk to father——"

I frowned. I did not want any strangers at Swagman's Crossing. Nor did Maggie just then, and when I unloaded a fresh bundle of travel folders from my case we forgot him in the planning of our future dream. But that was the end of the dream and the beginning of something else, though neither of us knew it for several more summers.

Peter Blythe was an Englishman. He was twenty-one that year, and we had a party for him at Swagman's Crossing—kangaroo-tail soup, damper, and billy-tea; as my aunt put it, "all the typically Australian things that only foreigners know about." We unearthed the boomerangs that my uncle had been given by a half-caste aboriginal, and we tried to throw them in the back paddock, to the consternation of my aunt's five Jersey cows. Peter was the only one whose boomerang returned to him; the rest of us spent the evening in the creek bed, searching for ours.

January 14. Peter's birthday. Boiling hot. Picnic for Peter in the back paddock. I quite like him, but I have not told Maggie yet, but I think she likes him, too.

At first we kept our evenings secret as before, but finally we could no longer deny ourselves this first-hand source of information, and gradually there were three of us round the fire at night—two who asked and one who answered. He was fair, humorous, and quietly spoken. Knowing no others, we thought of him as the typical Englishman. He had walked down Piccadilly and across Westminster Bridge; had lived within earshot of Big Ben.

He told us stories by the hour, puffing intermittently at his pipe. He had come to Australia for "experience," an idea we found entirely new and intriguing. He told us not to undervalue the beauty of our homeland and the security of our homes, but these were meaningless words. I realise now that he was a lonely boy and shared with gratitude the family life of the homestead.

February 1. Still terribly hot. Drive to Silas Creek. I think Saunders' boy is soft on Maggie, but I don't like to ask her if she is soft on him.

I remember one particular evening. Maggie and I were sitting cross-legged at the feet of our idol. The fire, which was quite unnecessary at that time of year, had burnt very low. My aunt and uncle were wrestling with a batch of preserves in the scullery and the kitchen was quite still. Saunders' boy came in quietly and stood looking down at Maggie. He must have been about nineteen that summer; a long boy with a deeply suntanned skin, a devilish grin, and a slow habit of speech. "Lovely night," he said. "Moon as big as a buggy wheel. Come for a drive, Maggie?"

"No," replied Maggie, without looking up, and after a pause she added, "Thank you," like a well-bred child.

As she spoke I noticed two things—the look of utter wretchedness on the face of Saunders' boy, and a flash of something—was it hope or disappointment?—in the eyes of Peter Blythe.

"We shall all go!" I cried, and, leaping up with a new tingling feeling of excitement in my feet, I sped into the hall for my coat and Maggie's. She took it silently without looking at me, and followed me into the yard where the horse was harnessed and the boys already in the buggy, Jim Saunders holding the reins, and Peter Blythe behind.

What an enchanted ride that was! We whirled along the unlit roads with the cool evening air in our faces, the white shapes of gum trees leaping past us, rabbits scuttling across the road in the light of the old lantern, Jim singing quietly to himself, and Peter's arm around my shoulders.

At the end of the summer I went back to school for another year and then to the University in Sydney. During my nineteenth summer Peter was in Perth, making an inventory of equipment for his company, and I was too preoccupied with my own strange disappointment to be aware of any change in my cousin. All I noticed was that her hair was now cut short in bubbles all over her head and that she was unusually silent when Saunders' boy stayed round the homestead after tea.

I thought I detected a subtle connection between the two things, and I was pleased for Maggie's sake. I took a mild delight in refusing to answer her questions about my occasional rides with him to the township. I did not tell her that he talked of nothing and no one but herself. I thought that a little jealousy would do her no harm.

That was a summer of drought and depression for us all. One-third of the sheep died and baths were only two inches deep. Towards the end of my holiday a telegram arrived for my aunt. She read it aloud—" 'Two weeks' leave stop may I come stop Peter.' Shall we let him come, girls?"

I looked at Maggie and Maggie looked at me, and in that moment we became rivals.

Thursday, January 7. Peter is coming. Peter is coming. Peter is coming.

Maggie and I went with Saunders to meet him at the station, and as we drove back to Swagman's Crossing there was an extra sparkle in the sunshine and a heightened excitement in our voices. That was a strange summer. Something was missing from my companionship with Maggie, but something was added to our evenings all together.

February 10. Today the drought broke. Today Peter kissed me.

Came a day I shall never forget. It began like any other day to the calling of cocks, the clanking of milkpails, and a haze of heat on the horizon. There was no breath of wind, and after breakfast Maggie and I went and lay on the dry, yellow grass beneath the peppercorn tree.

Gone that summer were my attempts to look and act the part of the country girl. Without quite knowing why, I had begun to emphasise my separateness from the people at the Crossing. That day I wore a red playsuit and wedge-soled sandals, and I had pinned my hair rather negligently on top of my head. Maggie sat beside me in her inevitable blue overall, fronds of hair sticking damply to her pink face. The sky through the drooping branches of the peppercorn was heavy and colorless.

"In another week you will be gone," said Maggie. "Do you think you will come next summer?"

"Of course."

"I don't think so." I remember how sadly she looked down at me, tickling my bare legs thoughtfully with a stick of dry grass. "Everything feels very endy," she said. "Your holiday is ending, and Peter's visit, and it will be the end of the farm if the drought does not break soon . . ."

"Yes."

"I wish I could go away, too."

A shadow fell across my face. "Where would you go?" asked Peter softly. He knelt and began absently to stroke the hair

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There was an enchantment in that spring night that none of the four would ever forget.

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TREE

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"Gentle 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo keeps my hair shining clean"

says lovely Australian starring in Hollywood

Here's Victoria Shaw, with Tyrone Power in a scene from the Columbia film, "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria, formerly Australian model, Jeanette Elphick, is learning Hollywood beauty secrets, but still follows the golden rule of hair care — never wash hair with soap — *shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.*

Made *exclusively* to clean and beautify hair, 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo's super-soft lather cleanses the oils of your scalp naturally — frees them of dirt, dust and dandruff. Your hair feels fresh, soft, manageable. Use 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo this weekend — for oily, dry and normal hair.

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PAN AMERICAN

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AS a young married woman who likes popular songs as well as more serious music, I've come to the conclusion that American song-writers are much to blame for the juvenile delinquency that is getting steadily worse in America and in Australia, too.

One recent song, "Seventeen," describing a 17-year-old girl, will illustrate what I mean. "Peroxide hair," "juke-box baby," "old blue jeans," "dirty shoes, by all means." Surely any mother faced with the task of bringing up decent, well-balanced youngsters is up against it when confronted by songs like this. "Seventeen, hot-rod queen" is not the way I'd like my daughter described at that age.

If a tune is worth lyrics, why spoil it by encouraging sloppiness and recklessness, as so many "pops" do? I'm no prig, but I do think the Government should clamp down on songs that can have a damaging effect on communities all over the English-speaking world.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Wilson, 704 Merrylands Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

AS my family of boys are very close in age I found it saved time to mark their clothes. At first I put each child's initials on his own clothes, and this worked well until the time came to hand them down. The boys objected strongly to wearing clothes marked with a brother's initials. Now I mark all the clothes with ages and everybody is happy.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Longland, Kandanga, via Gympie, Qld.

MUCH is written and said about the virtues of punctuality, but what of those zealous souls who arrive early? Is there any experience more shattering to a hostess than to have guests ring the bell half an hour—or even five minutes—ahead of time? Gone is that last chance to titivate, put out the cat, tuck up the children, and the man of the house may—horrors!—still be under the shower!

10/6 to "Had It" (name supplied), Mitcham, S.A.

NOW my daughter has started school I have become aware of the peculiar spelling of our language. How many valuable hours are wasted teaching that "one" and "won" are pronounced the same, and that "autumn" is pronounced "ortum"! I wonder what other parents think about it?

10/6 to Mrs. S. Hawley, 6 Meagher Rd., Lower Ferntree Gully, Vic.

NEWLY engaged or married girls proudly show their lovely engagement rings to all who are interested. But how many girls look after them? To wash-up, scrub floors, and even garden with an expensive engagement ring on is scandalous. The girl who treats her ring like this wouldn't wash-up wearing an expensive frock. But a £50 ring is forgotten after a short period.

10/6 to "Preserver" (name supplied), Moltema, Tas.

I THINK young girls learning a trade these days are very fortunate. When I was 14 years of age I was learning dressmaking; I worked a month for nothing, then for 2/6 a week for the first 12 months and a rise of 2/6 a week each year afterwards. No doubt times have changed a lot, and now young people start where we older ones leave off.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Goodwin, Jerrold St., Sherwood, Qld.

Youthful grandmothers

MRS. FERGUSON'S recent letter about their grandchildren's views on the age of their grandmothers (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/7/'56) reminded me of something said by my sister's small boy. One day his mother gave a heavy sigh and remarked, "I think I must be getting old." At this her young son looked up and said, "If you get old, Mum, I'm not staying with you, I'm going to Nanna." Nanna happens to be over 60, so I don't think all grandmothers must appear to look aged in the eyes of the youngsters.

10/6 to Mrs. I. Dewar, 9 Westborough St., Scarborough, W.A.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR teenage daughter always seemed to find an excuse for not appearing when washing-up started after dinner at night. This left the same old team of Mum and Dad to do it every time, until both of them decided it was time for daughter to lend a hand.

A scheme was devised whereby each of us had a night off. The first night Mum and Dad washed up, the next night Dad and daughter had the job, and the third night daughter and Mum did it. This way everyone had one night off in three and a break from the chore. Woe betide anyone who has a night off out of turn. Whoever does manage to sneak an extra night off always has to make it up some other time. The three of us soon got into the routine, and it works very well.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Staples, 93 Stirling Highway, Nedlands, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

FEW things get on my nerves so much as chatty, cheerful articles about dieting and reducing.

You know the kind of thing—"Starving Is Fun" — "So Long, Spud!"—"Is Food Really Necessary?"

These articles are usually written by fat men who munch pies and pasties as they work.

Food, as I see it, is glorious stuff.

To push it away when you want it is unnatural and hateful. It's no good pretending otherwise.

Unfortunately, there are some people who ought to eat less, and I'm one of them.

So I have taken a gloomy interest in the new Rockefeller Diet

This was invented at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, U.S.A.

As the name suggests, it contains rich food.

You can tuck into all the sweets, puddings, pastry, and cream that you want.

In fact, it is the dead opposite of ordinary diets.

DIET IS AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT

It sounds too good to be true—and it is.

The catch is that you've got to lay off meat, eggs, and cheese.

That means, of course, they can count me out.

The separation from cheese alone would be unbearable.

I have often sampled the Rockefeller Diet at children's parties.

It makes you feel you never want to see a hundreds-and-thousands sandwich or a cream puff again.

There is only one helpful thing about it.

It will enable a married couple to live on the Jack Sprat basis.

Jack Sprat, who is on an orthodox reducing diet, can eat no fat.

His wife, who is on the Rockefeller Diet, can eat no lean.

Between them both they could lick the platter clean, if it were not for their fastidious table manners.

In a few days, or even hours, the Sprats probably get sick of the arrangement. Any sane people would.

But when that happens they can swap diets—Mrs. Sprat will eat no fat and Jack will eat no lean.

Here, I think, we are close to a solution of the problem of dieting without misery.

It is simply to switch your diet half-way through a meal.

You follow an orthodox reducing diet until the meat course is over.

Then you switch to a Rockefeller Diet, and get stuck into some apple pie and cream.

That is probably what the Rockefeller family do themselves, if they've got any sense.

And there's no doubt they feel like a million dollars.

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WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE OUTBACK. Children all over the world love to play hide-and-seek, but these young Australians — on holiday from school in Darwin — found a unique hideaway behind a big anthill near Mataranka, in the Northern Territory. The Territory covers an area of 523,620 miles, much of which is track-less and undeveloped. There, enormous anthills are familiar sights. Many of them rise to a height of more than six feet, and some form fantastic shapes. But the ants (or termites) which build the hills are a menace, for they destroy woodwork and plants. This picture was taken by Bill Dalzell, of Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

● **See page 39 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia book.**

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Why let your child suffer?

LISTERINE

will protect ALL your family from so many illnesses

Listerine gargled 3 times daily fights illness originating in the mouth

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity.)

TESTS PROVE IT!

Exhaustive tests show that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs *before* they start their deadly work.

The gargling of Listerine, three times a day, is a potent protection. Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7%, 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour later.

"SECONDARY INVADERS" QUICKLY REDUCED

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that such germs as Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzæ, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II and Streptococcus salivarius can be quickly reduced in number by the Antiseptic Listerine gargle.

87% of all infections initially attack the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are those responsible for:

Hepatitis • Poliomyelitis
Scarlet Fever • Pneumonia
Influenza • Common Cold

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions—instantly!

Listerine is so easy and pleasant to use. All you do is gargle it undiluted three times a day . . . it's as easy as that! And Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

Guard against winter ills—keep Listerine handy!

Aspirin, sprays and non-antiseptic drops often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does, germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs so little compared with the protection it gives.

IT'S SAFE!

The Listerine treatment is safe . . . it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kiddies' sake, Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

CONTAINS PROVEN GERM-KILLING INGREDIENTS

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a proven, tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not. Here is proof positive that Listerine will protect *all* your family from so many illnesses.

DOUBLE PROTECTION

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours. You don't risk offending.

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Available in 3 oz., 7 oz. and 14 oz. bottles.

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ANTISEPTIC
LISTERINE

Concluding Diana Dors' life story

EXPELLED but it didn't keep Diana down

The difference between Diana Dors and the Girls She Left Behind Her was plain to see in her home town, Swindon. She got married and got thinner and more shapely; they got married, many of them, but did not, like Diana, go on a diet.

SHE found that her excellent statistics, which she took care to display, brought her a fortune and fun, Cadillacs and contracts.

But it didn't bring her popularity back home in Swindon, about 50 miles from London.

There are some ladies who profess to be a little shocked by her, especially the old schoolmates from Selwood, that so-select school in Bath Road.

Diana Mary, the beautiful five-year-old daughter of Bert and Winnie Fluck, wore an eyeshade over one blue eye when she started at Selwood House.

It gave the fiery child a sense of drama, it is said in Swindon.

A slight cast in one eye is now corrected, though still half-hidden under the peekaboo blond hair-do.

But Diana, mother's darling girl, favorite pet of Auntie Katharine from Cardiff, and beloved of Grandma Payne (from whom Diana was later to take the maiden name of Dors), had a Temper.

She sometimes banged doors or stamped her little feet.

It led to the drama whereby six years later she left the narrow, three-story, greystone house which housed the school, the Misses Cockey, and the 40 paying pupils.

It is a mixed school, includes tuition in French and algebra, tennis and drawing, plain and fancy needlework, and physical culture.

The usual extras of pianoforte at two guineas, elocution at a guinea, and dancing at

By
OLGA FRANKLIN

30/- also mention instruction in percussion band at a mere six shillings.

The gentle, white-haired and very charming ladies, the Misses Ruth and Daisy Cockey, principals of the school, would, of course, never use a word so crude as "expelled."

There was a slight argument—but nonetheless Mrs. Fluck, now a tall, stout lady, collected her cherished Diana.

They stalked up the garden path and, heads high, passed through the gate and into Bath Road. They left a rather shaken class behind them.

Yet there was no doubt, however indelicate the phrase, that Diana had been asked to leave.

Miss Daisy paled and shuddered as I wrenched the veil from the past to disclose this painful scene.

"Oh, please, please," said Miss Daisy Cockey, "we do not like publicity; this has always been such a NICE school, hasn't it, Ruth?

"Our mother ran a very exclusive school in Frome, and then we took over and came here about 1890.

"There are three rear-admirals in our family and one long-dead uncle, a Bromwich connection, carried Nelson in his arms when he fell ill with malaria during one of the battles."

I looked round the tiny parlor on the first floor of the schoolhouse, with its portraits and its pretty china.

Not a sight of Miss Dors—not a gleam of that ash-blond hair, not even a camera-snap.

"You see, we do not NEED or like that kind of publicity," said Miss Daisy. "We think Diana an extremely clever girl, oh, extremely brilliant even.

"But we also think she has spoiled herself . . .

DIANA'S HUSBAND, Dennis Hamilton, former manufacturer of water softeners, former cinema commissionaire, former sales promoter, now Diana's manager and the brains of her "act." He has gone into training for Hollywood, now looks harder, tougher, a more than adequate protector.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4807048

Her formative years

DIANA'S COSSIE was worn to get wet when she was seven, but even then she knew it was the right thing to wear before the cameraman.

THE SHAPE of things to come. Di at 12 prepared to slay them at Weston-super-Mare in her midriff model. It was striped in blue and white, and she'd just learned to set her hair.

SHE WANTED to be Miss Venus at 14, but she came only third in the competition held at Weston. Results might have been different if she'd decided at that stage to blond the brown hair she inherited from her Mum.

THE BATHING SUIT that never got wet. It cost 50 guineas, is turquoise nylon shot with silver and embroidered in crystal and sequins. When Di promenaded in it at the Cannes Film Festival in May, police were called so that she could get across the street from her hotel to the beach.

"You know the sort of thing . . . portraits in the papers that are, well, so difficult for us to describe—so revealing, shall we say? Why, her own mother used to encourage it . . ."

A pause. The clock chimed and upstairs there was the sound of children assembling in the classroom.

"We do not want publicity, oh, dear, no," Miss Daisy added.

"We are rather surprised to hear that Diana remembered us. The first mention was when she told a Canadian newspaper about the essay she wrote in class at this school.

"Our brother sent it to us from Canada. Quite a surprise for us.

"We have never seen her on the films, Ruth and I, but I know that our elocution teacher, Miss Leason, who taught Diana here, went backstage at a play in Brighton and told Diana that films had spoiled her style.

"Such a pity. We are very particular here about elocution. Diana had a splendid training."

But at last it had to come out. Miss Daisy confessed:

"The trouble happened over Miss Knight, who taught French. Diana told her mother that teacher had said 'Oh hell' in front of her. Not a very terrible thing to say, I think.

"Well, Mrs. Fluck came here and said that Diana had complained about this bad language spoken in front of her.

"Miss Knight denied it absolutely. There was an argument and we had to ask Mrs. Fluck to withdraw her daughter from the school."

The sequel came a little later when Diana, unhappy at her new school, which was partly "commercial," wanted to come back.

"We were very sorry, but we said we did not want her back."

Though the Misses Cockey ("the pupils call us Miss Daisy and Miss Ruth because it seems warmer") have no portraits of film-star Dors, they had a large collection of photographs of school pantomimes.

"Diana was splendid in all of these," said Miss Ruth. "We had no doubt but that she would go very far."

In the opinion of the Misses Cockey, Diana Fluck was always a pretty, delightful little girl in spite of her "self-will."

Yet there is nothing sour or prejudiced about the Misses Ruth and Daisy Cockey, who have all the old-world sweetness and charm of figures out of Cranford.

"We want to be quite fair to Diana, our old pupil," said Ruth, "and we know that there is some criticism and prejudice against her in the town, but we think, Daisy and I, that it is simply jealousy and nothing else.

"People will always envy those who have gone so much further than they could ever do."

The Misses Cockey—reared in another world with other manners and other ways, where girls showed not an ankle, let alone a bosom — agreed with me that Diana Dors had shown not only her talent but also her courage.

Why is Diana Dors—the former Diana Mary Fluck—important?

Is it because she has proved that any ambitious schoolgirl can do what she's done, without money, prestige, or influence?

That you can get to the top with the loving affection and help of simple parents?

They least of all expected that within five to seven years

An instinct which spelled success

their little girl would own—among other things:

- A Rolls-Royce, a Cadillac, and a £6500 car with gold dashboard and door handles.
- Several homes, property, shops, and businesses, including a brand-new home at Maidenhead, with white penthouse on top of the marble swimming-pool, 4½ acres of lawns and orchards, two tennis courts, fives and squash courts.
- A £3500 mink coat, some diamonds, and a mink bikini.
- And earnings that sometimes run to £1000 a week, and more.

Nine years ago the teenager from Swindon had hair less fair and an income to match. She was given work by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation at £15 a week.

Seven years after this Rank was offering her a £33,000 contract—and being turned down. Later they did agree—on HER terms.

It has not been easy for a young girl of no experience, special talent, or beauty to amass a fortune quickly.

But if diamonds are a girl's best friend, Diana has not only plenty of good friends but has made it respectable to have them.

It was hard work. In ten years (and she is not 25 until October) Diana boasts of having made more pictures than Garbo and Dietrich in their whole careers.

She began with nothing.

The Rank Organisation picked her for their Charm School. When that fizzled out, they dropped her.

Little Miss Fluck was on her own again, starting heartbreakingly almost from scratch. Some girls might have given up.

Then along came a Hollywood offer at £400 a week and it looked like a lifeline. Diana, fairly stunned at her own cheek, turned it down. She didn't want the dumb-blond parts they offered.

But then, Diana has never been short on cheek.

She was young, blond, and healthy. She could afford to wait.

It was superb cheek, a magnificent gamble. And it worked. For when Hollywood's third offer came a few weeks ago it was a different kind of money . . . £27,900 for one picture, plus £250-a-week expenses for a ten weeks' job.

Perhaps absurd, gallant, cheeky little Miss Fluck had above all one infallible instinct which spelled Success.

She picked first the right parents, the loyal, loving Albert and Winnie Fluck. And then she picked the right husband, Dennis Hamilton.

Five years ago they met, married within three weeks, bought a Rolls and a superb house at Esher. Dennis became her manager and the brain behind her act.

Diana worked and worked. There were setbacks. Dennis matched his young bride in cheek, shared her own dislike of dignity.

Back in Swindon, anxious Mum and Auntie held their breath. Once it was a near thing.

A scandal flared, and faded. Diana, husband, and friend were charged with breaking into a friend's house at Blackpool and stealing liquor.

It all turned out to be a joke, but it got the wrong kind of publicity.

Yet nothing could stop them now. There was the mink bikini, there was Cannes, and in the centre of it all Diana Fluck, talking fast and wittily in a fair imitation of an American accent.

There was "An Alligator Named Daisy," "A Kid For Two Farthings." Diana had ARRIVED.

But the beautiful Mrs. Winifred Mary Fluck, who died in April, 1955, aged 65, had not lived long enough to see Diana rise to the peak of her success . . . "Yield To The Night," the praise of the critics and the applause of Hollywood.

HER SCHOOL UNIFORM was her pride before she was sent down from exclusive Selwood House. She wore it promenading (above) at Weston on a day too cold for swimming. With her is her Mum (carrying umbrella) and two friends. A Selwood teacher who taught Diana elocution says films have spoiled her style.

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DR. MACE'S MAILBAG

● Two women, both desperately unhappy, have written to Dr. Mace this week about their problems. The effect of their emotional troubles on the lives of their children is adding to their unhappiness. Here are the letters and Dr. Mace's advice:

Jealousy can wreck a marriage completely

MRS. S.J. writes: "I am 36 and my husband is a few years older. We have three children, aged 14 to 18. My problem is that my husband is a very jealous man. He won't go with me to dances, though I love to dance. If I go alone he accuses me of playing up to other men. He won't take me to movies—he says they give him a headache. I'd love to go and visit my parents, who live 100 miles away. But he won't let me go alone, so the only time I see them is when he takes me on his holidays. Even if I am ill he objects to my going to a doctor, and accuses me of making love to him. The result is that I often suffer severe pain and great weakness without relief. Each time I became pregnant he wouldn't speak to me for weeks. It seems he even resented my having children. Sometimes I think I only stick it out for the children's sake. I don't want them to experience the misery of a broken home. Do you think I have brought these troubles on myself by letting my husband dominate me as he does? What is the best thing to do in such a situation as mine?"

Dr. Mace says:

It must indeed be hard for Mrs. S.J. to live with a man who treats her thus. Freedom of personal choice and action is a fundamental principle of life in the Western world today. This husband is acting like some Oriental despot.

But why is he acting thus? Nearly always a husband behaves in this way because he is lonely and afraid. He is obsessed with the idea that he lives in a hostile world where everyone looks down on him and where he has to cling desperately to what he values lest it be taken from him.

So he mounts guard over his wife. She must not have any chance to be alone with other men. She must share his own withdrawal from social life because people are not to be trusted and they are best kept at arm's length. He cannot see that the more he restricts and restrains her the more he stirs in her the desire to do exactly what he fears—to break loose and make a bid for freedom.

This is really a form of mental illness. It is a distorted view of human life and of human relationships. The victim is to be pitied rather than condemned. Think how terrible it would be to believe all the time that people were looking down on you and conspiring against you.

What is Mrs. S.J. to do? It isn't easy to decide.

Her present course of placating her husband is certainly the best way of keeping the peace. If she defied him and did what she liked, his condition would become worse—because he would then believe that his wife had joined forces with those who were opposing him. This might result in violent action on his part, or in complete withdrawal. A man obsessed by fear cannot act rationally.

So open rebellion on the part of Mrs. S.J. might well mean the break-up of the home. The ideal solution, of course, would be for her husband to have extended psychological treatment. That is what he needs—and I think it represents the only hope of a lasting change in him. But, unfortunately, these fear-ridden, suspicious people are very reluctant to admit that they need help.

It may be that Mrs. S.J.'s best course is to work gradually for minor improvements in her situation so that life can become more tolerable for her. This could be done without involving the children in a major upheaval. At the same time she might try to understand her husband, and through that understanding might one day find a way of encouraging him to seek help. This sort of policy seems to me to be the only alternative to risking an open break.

The torture caused by an unfaithful husband

MRS. E.A. writes: "My husband has fallen in love with another woman. She is a lovely person—all that I could never be: very attractive, kind, intelligent, highly thought of by men and women alike. Added to that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper, and unattached. Quite apart from this other woman, our marriage has been a very unsuccessful one. Our frequent rows upset the children terribly. My husband isn't at home much now, but even in the short while he does spend with us we fight and quarrel continually. I'm afraid I feel vindictive when I realise that he is finding happiness with someone else. My husband loves our children, but he has never made them a great part of his life. I believe they would be happier and better off without him now. They would soon adapt themselves to his absence, especially if the home were quiet and contented. This affair has now gone on several years, and they seem so well matched that I'm afraid it will not die a natural death as other affairs sometimes do. Day by day my husband and I draw farther apart. Something must snap soon. Should I approach one or both of them and bring the whole matter out into the open? Or would it be better to catch them out and get a divorce?"

Dr. Mace says:

This unhappy and tortured woman needs a wise and trusted friend or counsellor. I believe she is beyond the point at which she can help herself, because she has lost faith in herself. She not only sees her marriage slipping away from her, but feels hopelessly outclassed by her rival. Her self-esteem is shattered.

The result is that she is making her situation worse and worse. She is fighting and quarrelling with her husband. Through these quarrels she is causing strain to the children. The whole situation is getting beyond her.

This can happen to any of us. There is a limit to what we can endure.

It is difficult to judge what her husband's attitude really is. He continues to come home despite the quarrels. He seems to care for the children. At least he has not yet made an open break. Whether he could be persuaded to consider an attempt to rebuild the marriage I do not know. From Mrs. E.A.'s account this seems unlikely. But it is possible that she is not seeing the situation very clearly.

I don't think she is in a fit condition emotionally to grapple with the situation alone. This is definitely a job for a marriage counsellor. Someone must give her the guidance and support she needs. That same person should also talk to her husband and find out his side.

If there is any chance of reconciliation, of course it should be taken. But if there is none, I think it would be kindest to put Mrs. E.A. out of her present misery and uncertainty. If she must face the collapse of her marriage, she will have to do it as best she can, with all the help she can muster.

The present state of agonising doubt in which she finds herself is sheer torture, and should be brought to an end, one way or the other, with the least possible delay.

HELP FOR LOVE AND MARRIAGE

● Dr. David Mace, world-famous marriage counsellor, now on a Commonwealth-wide lecture tour of Australia sponsored jointly by The Australian Women's Weekly and the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia, has helped many couples find new happiness in marriage.

As a service to The Australian Women's Weekly he has agreed to advise on readers' personal problems.

You may use pen-names and disguised addresses for publication if you wish, but no letter will be considered unless your full name and address are given confidentially as a guarantee of good faith.

Address your letters to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will be delivered to him.

Letters with problems that have the widest possible application will be chosen for reply.

Awaken your skin to spring with

Cyclax

extra nourishing TISSUE CREAM

*Helps restore youthful contours — smooths away tiny wrinkles.

*Revitalises your skin with moisture-restoring oils.

*Penetrates deeply, easily — leaves the skin soft, glowing.

Lanolin-enriched Cyclax Extra Nourishing Tissue Cream works wizardry on winter-dried skins . . . restores glowing life as it penetrates deep down . . . nourishing, enriching, awakening tired skin to youthful beauty 19/9

Cleanse with Cyclax Cleansing Balm. Protects and beautifies as it deep cleanses. 19/6

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Here's a Spot for BRASSO

BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

HEENZO for Coughs & Colds

YOUNG MOTHERS! Read Baby Magazine, the informative, entertaining magazine devoted specially to mothercraft. Price 2/- at all newsagents or send 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.

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FAMOUS STAGE COUPLES MEET

MARILYN finds something amusing during her boisterous reception at London Airport. Vivien Leigh, who welcomed her with husband Laurence Olivier, had something confidential to say behind her hand to a police inspector there to keep the welcome orderly.

★ **With Diana Dors flapping the Union Jack in Hollywood, America's Marilyn Monroe carried the Stars and Stripes across the Atlantic to England, where she is to make a film with Sir Laurence Olivier, England's leading screen and stage star.**

The film is to be called "The Sleeping Prince."

Her arrival and Press conference with the Oliviers were colorful affairs, as the pictures on these pages show.

Marilyn was accompanied by her newest husband, playwright Arthur Miller, who was presented with a nice wedding present in the form of a passport by the U.S. State Department just before he left America.

Sir Laurence's wife, actress Vivien Leigh, nearly stole Marilyn's thunder by announcing that she is expecting a baby around Christmas time.

LEFT: While the flashbulbs pop, Marilyn takes time out to have a chat to husband Arthur Miller, who later changed to a dark suit for the joint Press conference. Vivien Leigh smiles at the newlyweds while Laurence Olivier looks on.

ABOVE: Part of the crowd which welcomed Marilyn and Arthur at the airport. Marilyn was in fine fettle with London's columnists. When asked to define what an intellectual was, Marilyn told her questioner (another woman) to look it up herself.

RIGHT: Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier snapped during their joint Press conference, which they held shortly after Marilyn's arrival in England. The man between them is a TV commentator. Marilyn is showing an almost bare midriff.

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OVALTINE is made from the concentrated extracts of malt, milk and eggs—gives you all the vital vitamins these essential foods contain, plus *extra* vitamins added! Ovaltine's high vitamin content and nutritious goodness sustain physical energy and mental effort throughout the day.

Give each one of your family Ovaltine every morning—keep them alert, on their toes—ready for work or play. And a cup of Ovaltine at night promotes sound, restful, healthy sleep, because Ovaltine is Nature's most easily digested tonic food. Bring good health to all your family with Ovaltine.

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT

OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development, Magnesium to aid digestion, Iron for the blood, Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.

MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS, providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMINS A, B, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

2 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of Malt, Milk and Eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves, and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

IT'S FORTIFIED WITH ADDITIONAL VITAMINS

NEW REDUCED PRICES....

OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Cards tonight? Sounds swell, Jim. Just a second and I'll ask the little woman."

MOTHER

"Of course I will give you the recipe . . . Go to the refrigerator, and get all the old scraps, and . . ."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

"AN experience awaits you—the excitement of being conservative," were the words that leapt out to me from the glossy pages of a high-toned fashion magazine the other day.

They were used to advertise an expensive car, and provided a most interesting commentary on Western civilisation in general and American advertising in particular.

You can picture the ad. men sitting round in conference.

"How do we appeal to the readers of this magazine?" asks one. "They're the kind of people who have everything . . . mink coats, diamonds like rocks, heart-shaped swimming-pools. They already have plenty of cars."

"What we ought to do," says another, "is somehow convince them that the cars they have are vulgar. Too showy."

"Got it!" cries a third. "Let's plug the conservative line. Appeal to the snobbish instinct."

"But to be really conservative," pipes up a soured ad. man named Featherstone, "they'd have to ride bicycles or walk."

"There is no need to be too literal, Featherstone," says the first speaker in a tone of rebuke. "I think we can regard the word in its broader sense, meaning a man or woman who does not shoot out electric light globes at night-clubs."

So an idea is born, though, as one reader, I'm on Featherstone's side.

★ ★ ★

STUDY of the ads. this week provided another rewarding item. It's a steel filing cabinet, recommended for home use and labelled the "Personal Executive cupboard."

It was, so the ad. says, originally designed for an executive's private use, but is ideal for keeping family documents and to lock away poisons beyond the reach of children.

It is easy to imagine this cupboard after a few years' use, choked with medicines, bills, receipts, and old snapshots.

"Where are the sleeping-tablets?" asks father. "I've looked under 'Medicines.'"

"Try under 'I'," says mother blandly. "Insomnia, of course."

"I should have known better than to marry a filing clerk," mutters father under his breath.

"That's enough," says mother, who has ears like antennae when it suits her, "and I'd remind you that I'm not a filing clerk any more. Someone has to be a Personal Executive round here and it seems to be me."

★ ★ ★

DISCUSSING an outdoor living area in the backyard, American decorators say that the charm lies in the difference from the indoors. "Remember you are outdoors," they advise.

Perhaps this can be achieved by concentrating on the fact that indoors is indoors and outdoors is outdoors.

If uncertain, you will know when you come in out of the rain.

TELEVISION is becoming a staple part of conversation in Sydney and Melbourne now.

Whether or not you are actually buying a set yet, it doesn't take long to acquire enough surface knowledge to be able to take part in discussions of screen sizes and reception problems.

Of course, you have to be careful. I have a friend who 20 years ago was buying a radio set and happened to ask a young man how radio worked. He told her.

Some three hours later when he went off into the night she made two resolutions. One was to be careful about asking questions and the other to choose a husband who didn't know about such things.

She kept both resolves, but the other night at a party I saw her edging nervously out of a TV conversation and hiding behind a bowl of flowers.

"I was afraid," she said to her husband later, "that someone might explain television to me."

★ ★ ★

TAXI-DRIVING seems to allow long periods for brooding about this and that.

The other day I met a taxi-driver who had used his meditation to evolve some very clear-cut opinions.

"The day I become dictator," he said as I gave him my address, "I'm going to abolish newspapers."

I hastily explained to him that unlike some newspaper writers I was all for multiple hiring within reason, but it didn't placate him. He was against multiple hiring himself.

"Yes," he went on as I paid my fare, "I'm going to abolish newspapers, universities, and biscuit and lolly factories."

"Why biscuit and lolly factories?" I asked.

"Well," he called back as he drove away, "they ruin people's teeth, don't they?"

He never did explain about the universities, but I suppose they ruin people's minds.

★ ★ ★

AN American research scientist announces that mice don't like cheese much. They prefer strawberry jam and bacon.

"About time, too," said the well-fed mouse
As he browsed on papers around the house
"I read what they write before I chew,
And for many a year it has been my view
That they base too much of their human advice
On the kind of reactions they see in mice.
We are mice, not men, and it's good to learn
That they've noted at last the food we spurn.
I am skilled, myself, at releasing a trap,
But I cannot be bothered for any old scrap."
And he laughed with a wily and whiskered wheeze—
"The thing that I scorn is mousetrap cheese."

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from top to toe

FRAGRANT TALC - cooling, absorbing - perfumed by GOYA. Wonderfully refreshing in hot weather.

DEODORANT. Goya's talc contains an effective modern deodorant to check and destroy every trace of perspiration and odour. Price 5/7

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COCOA
is good for you

Helps to build healthy, bonny children. More mothers today are giving Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa to their growing children. They realise that active young bodies need easily digested, nourishing food. It's no trouble to get them to drink cocoa at any time. Make sure you have a packet in the house — use it regularly. Remember its economy — 120 cups to the pound.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

There is still time to enter The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest. See details in this issue.

TEST PROVES
"STOPPERS"
STOP ODOURS
Rub a piece of onion on your hand. Moisten a Stopper. Rub it over the spot. Onion odour disappears at once. Swallow one and all odours disappear from your breath the same way.

Our £2000 Portrait Prize

The winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956, are Charles Doutney and Judy Cassab, both of Sydney. Judy Cassab won the same award in our competition last year.

CHARLES DOUTNEY has won the main award of £1500 for the best entry in the competition with his portrait entitled "Dita."

Judy Cassab, with her portrait of fellow-artist Elaine Haxton, is the winner of the second award of £500 for the best entry by a woman artist.

Last year she was awarded the £500 prize for her painting of Sydney mannequin Judy Barraclough.

After viewing all the portraits entered for the Prize, the judges narrowed down their final selection to 10 paintings.

As well as the paintings by Doutney and Cassab, these are:

"Judith," by James Boswell, of London.

"Elizabeth," by Nornie Gude, of Victoria.

"Kate Hodgkinson," by Frank Hodgkinson, of N.S.W.

"Edda," by Michael Kmit, of N.S.W.

"Mrs. D.", by Jon Molvig, of Queensland.

"Wendy Whiteley," by William Pidgeon, of N.S.W.

"Miss Ester Young," by Clifton Pugh, of Victoria.

"Portrait 1956," by J. Carington Smith, of Tasmania.

Carington Smith, head of the art department at the Hobart Technical College, won the main award of £1500 last year with his portrait entitled "Arrangement in Green."

He chose the same sitter for this year's "Portrait 1956," and also sent in a second entry.

Charles Doutney, this year's main prize-winner, is married with two children—a boy and a girl.

An ex-serviceman, Doutney suffers from a recurring war injury, which has prevented him from taking regular work. He lives on a war pension.

Born in Brisbane, Doutney studied at the J. S. Watkins Academy in Sydney and at the East Sydney Technical College.

In 1952 he won the coveted Sulman Prize, which is awarded annually together with the Archibald and Wynne Prizes.

At the East Sydney Technical College Doutney was responsible for the foundation of the Strath Art Group, a band of ex-servicemen studying art under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme.

Doutney organised the first co-ordinated outdoor art exhibition in Sydney by the Strath Group in 1949, and exhibited regularly himself at the shows in Hyde Park.

JUDGING PANEL. In a court at the National Art Gallery in Sydney, judges view some of the entries in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956. The judges are, from left, Dr. W. Bryden, of Hobart, Mr. Laurence Thomas, of Perth, Mr. Hal Missingham, of Sydney, and Mr. Eric Westbrook, director of the National Gallery of Victoria.

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THE WINNERS

A popular member of Sydney art circles, Charles Doutney has paintings hanging in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., the National Gallery of Victoria, and the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

He has become known for paintings which depict life as he sees it around the Potts Point locality where he lives.

Judy Cassab is one of Australia's best known women painters.

Born in Hungary, Judy came to Australia with her husband, John Kampfner, and two sons, Peter and John, five years ago and now lives in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra.

She studied art in Budapest, Prague, and Paris, and last year won the Perth Gallery Open Oils Prize.

Judy submitted two entries this year. The second is a portrait of Lady Slim (wife of the Governor-General.)

This year the judging of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize was done by four Gallery directors—Mr. Hal Missingham, of Sydney, Mr. Eric Westbrook, of Melbourne, Mr. Laurence Thomas, of Perth, and Dr. W. Bryden, of Hobart.

Mr. Robert Campbell, director of the National Gallery of South Australia, is at present abroad, and Mr. Robert Haines, director of the Queensland National Art Gallery, who has recently returned from overseas, was unable to come to Sydney.

As is the custom, the four remaining members of the judging panel formed a quorum and were unanimous in selecting the winning paintings.

After the final judging, the directors chose the paintings for hanging in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition, which is being opened officially by Sir Thomas White, former Australian High Commissioner in London, at the National Gallery in Sydney on August 16.

Again this year, only 50 of the entries were selected to be hung in the travelling exhibition because of lack of space and transport difficulties.

At the end of the exhibition in Sydney, these paintings will be sent to Brisbane, Canberra, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.

The travelling exhibition is expected to last for nearly a year.

In addition, 43 other entries will be hung separately in Sydney at the National Art Gallery.

The two prize-winning portraits and four others will be reproduced in color in our next issue.

Awarded £1500 prize

CHARLES DOUTNEY, of Sydney, right, was awarded the main prize of £1500 for the best entry with this portrait entitled "Dita." Doutney won the coveted Sulman Prize in 1952.

Awarded £500 prize

JUDY CASSAB, of Sydney, right, won the prize of £500 for the best entry by a woman painter with this portrait of fellow artist Elaine Haxton. Judy won the same award last year with a painting of Judy Barraclough.

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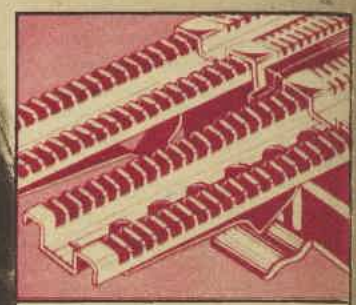
WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO START FATHER'S DAY!



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LOUISE HUNTER SAYS:

Here's your answer

Girls often seem to be more preoccupied with the opposite sex than boys. But it's not true. The boys are the same; they worry and wonder whether they should ask a girl out, whether they're too fat or too thin.

TO prove my point, the first two letters that arrived this week were from boys who are unsure of themselves.

Here's the first letter:

"I AM 14½ years of age and, seeing we are having a teenage dance, I am writing to seek your advice. The boys all have to ask a girl and take her home afterwards and call for her beforehand. Am I too young for this? The other children are from 13 to 17 years old."

"Wondering," Adelaide.

No, you are in the age group that is attending. Don't forget, when you call for the girl, to say, if her parents open the door, "Good-night, Mrs. X, I have called for Verlie." And before you leave, say goodnight to the parents and say, "The dance is over at 11.30; we should be home by 12," or whatever it is. You must never keep parents in the dark; you must announce your intentions. And to answer your unasked question—you don't have to kiss her goodnight; that's silly until you're older. But you do have to thank her for going with you.

"COULD you please tell me a way to get fatter? I am terribly skinny in a bathing-costume, and no girls like me, as they prefer my more muscular friends. I am told I have good looks, but at dances I am so skinny the girls keep away."

"Andy," Moree.

There is an easy way to get fat. Eat more. And eat fattening foods. Although you haven't said how old you are, you sound to me as if you are still in your teens, and at that time I think boys go through a terribly stringy stage. To help you over it, you must eat more, and if you say you can't, I'll scream. Add to your present diet, every day, at least two flavored malted milks, chocolate for preference. If you're on a tight budget, second helpings at meals are the shot, an extra piece of cake and extra butter and milk. Even when you feel full, eat more. Try it for a month and see what the scales say. I don't believe about girls keeping away from you at dances because you are skinny. Are you a good dancer? Perhaps some dancing lessons would be good with that extra food.

"JUST over two years ago I met and fell in love with a boy two years my senior. He went home, nowhere near my home. By mutual agreement and for various reasons we decided not to write for 12 months. The 12 months have passed and he has not written. I love him dearly and have tried time and again to forget him and to return the affection given me by one or two local boys. What should I do—write?"

"Broken-hearted," Brisbane.

I feel like saying, "No"—obviously he doesn't feel about you the way you feel about him. But if you really are broken-hearted about it, write him a note, if you can do it without being dramatic. If he doesn't answer it—well, you'll have to nurse your broken heart. It's a gamble, though. He may be pleased to get your letter and amazed that you still remember him. Actually, it is impossible for me to give you any real advice. I don't know what the extent of your friendship was, but, honestly, I do think two years is a long time to wait around. On reflection, I'd say don't write, forget him, and try to find a man who is heart-balm.

"I AM 19 and am very fond of a boy of 25. We have both been friends for some time, but he hasn't asked me out. One night I was at a turnout in another town and he walked around with me and held my hand and asked me to go back with him the next day, but I was unable to go. He understood this. I know he doesn't go out much and has no girl-friend. We are both to have a birthday soon on the same day. Do you think it would be all right to ask him over that night? Do you think he is in love with me? How can I show him I care about him?"

A.H., Perth.

It would be quite all right to ask him to your place on your joint birthdays. I think it is a perfect excuse for an invitation — if an excuse is needed. I don't think he is in love with you yet, but he seems to be interested. Your invitation to your home shows that you are interested. After that it's up to him. Remember, it is his privilege to pursue you.

"I AM a girl of 16 and I have been keeping company with a boy of 18. I am expecting a baby in seven months' time. We are not married, but we are in love with each other and want to get married. Please tell me which would be the best way to approach our parents about this. My parents do not know of my child."

"Kindred," Canberra.

The best thing to do is to approach them with hope in your heart and tell them all about it. Parents are wonderful people and it is very rare when they don't rise to the occasion and help and support their child. They will probably be sad for a while, but their main thought, I am sure, will be to soothe your worries. I'd arrange to tell your parents alone, and tell them that your boy-friend would like to call and see them when it suited them to talk things over. Tell them as soon as possible. Remember, nothing is ever as bad as it seems.

A word from Debbie . . .

AN American boy who has made a study of that fabulous creature, the girl, says that after the initial blow between the eyes, when he's got used to her being pretty and gay, a boy goes for a girl who can cook a little and sew a little.

He reckons that the cooking should cover three things cooked well: a dinner dish, a supper dish, and a lush cake with all the trimmings.

The sewing stops short at a button on his coat—but if you consider that remark a moment it is sheer male shrewdness. He probably knows that to sew a button on securely with the correct length of cotton shank, and without a knotty hillock on the wrong side, is skill indeed. Try it some time.

DISC DIGEST

THIS year, the bicentennial of the birth of Mozart, is being marked by the most lavish feast of gramophone recordings ever issued to commemorate any composer. Every company has issued commemorative recordings—operas, chamber music, symphonies, concertos, complete piano works, etc.—and if a Mozart enthusiast had bought even one quarter of them he would now be sitting dejectedly in the Bankruptcy Court.

There are many worthwhile "compendium" Mozart discs now available, but one of the most satisfying I have heard is called "In the Gardens of Mirabell" (KLC.514). The name was unfamiliar and I thought perhaps it was one of his ballet suites, such as "Les Petits Riens" or "L'Epreuve d'Amour," but actually it is a concert by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, under none other than the famous Bruno Walter, and named after the gardens of the Castle Mirabell, show-place of the town of Salzburg, where Mozart was born. The notes on the back of the album about this 18th-century dream garden are particularly interesting.

This 12in. LP is really a gem from all angles, and especially if you're looking for value for outlay. It opens with a spontaneous performance of "Eine Kleine Nachtsmusik," surely Mozart's most popular composition, and this is followed by two minuets and three German dances.

Side two opens with my own favorite among his shorter works, the ever-beautiful "Masonic Funeral Music." The name does sound grim, but don't be deterred on that account—merely regard it as a solemn march. The balance of the record is made up of four overtures: the often-heard "Marriage of Figaro," "Magic Flute," "Cosi Fan Tutte," and "The Impresario." When you recall that each overture once occupied a 12in. standard record you'll have some idea of the amount of music which has been captured in this valuable commemorative disc.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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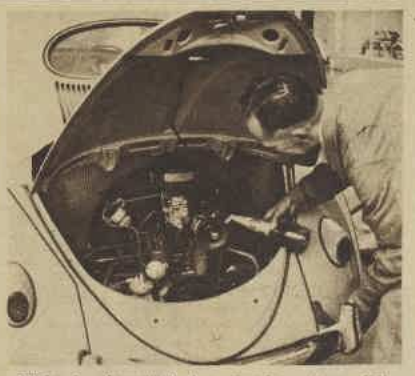

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SYDNEY VISITORS IN ADELAIDE. Mrs. James Furber (left) and Dr. Furber (second from right) with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Page at a buffet dinner given for the Furbers during their visit to Mrs. Furber's mother, Mrs. M. D. Salter, of Adelaide. Mrs. Furber and the two children returned to Sydney this week.

GUEST OF HONOR Philip Moulton with Faye Elliott (left) and Diane Chiplin at the party given by Philip's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Moulton, of Bellevue Hill, at the Pickwick Club to celebrate his coming-of-age.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WITH two big polo carnivals within three weeks polo enthusiasts in the north are having a very busy time.

After weeks of bad weather the sun shone for the three-day carnival at Quirindi and everybody agreed that it was the best polo weather since the war.

Twelve teams competed for the Northern Challenge Cup at the carnival and it was carried off by the Wirragulla team for the fourth time.

Mr. Bob Simpson, of "Moreduval," Quirindi, is the president of the Quirindi Polo Carnival Club.

Everybody is hoping that the good weather will last for the three-day carnival to be held at Goondiwindi, South Queensland, on August 23, 24, and 25.

• • •

LOTS of Melbourne people will be visiting Sydney next week for the wedding of Judy McMillan and Lieut. Chris Green, of Beaumaris, Melbourne. Judy is the elder daughter of Mrs. P. McMillan, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. W. H. McMillan, and she will be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on August 25.

• • •

MICHAEL and Hugh are the names that Mr. and Mrs. Len Bligh, of "Pejar Park," Woodhouselee, have chosen for their twin sons, who were born recently at St. Luke's. Mrs. Bligh, who was formerly Beatrice Gordon, of "Werriwa," Bungendore, left hospital last week, but will spend a few weeks in Sydney before returning home. The Blighs have two young daughters . . . Diana, aged ten, and Lucinda, who is eight . . . and Mrs. Bligh tells me that they are very excited about their two little brothers.

• • •

THEY'RE engaged . . . Wilma Duvlin, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duvlin, of Agnes Banks, via Richmond, to Denis Kelly, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Kelly, of Haberfield.

DATES for your diary . . . August 22 for the Royal Empire Society reception for the Acting Prime Minister, Sir Arthur Fadden . . . and also on August 22, the Alliance Francaise Ball, which will be held at Prince's. This year the theme of the ball will be the French theatre.

• • •

I LIKE the elegant full-length dress that pretty Janette King, of Vaucluse, wears to formal parties . . . in a glorious shade of peacock-green delustred satin, it has a deep scoop neckline and the lowered waistline ties at back.

• • •

ENTHUSIASTIC letters are arriving at the Killara home of the Consul-General for Sweden, Mr. Ivar Stenstrom, and Mrs. Stenstrom. The letters are from their younger daughter, Maud, who is revisiting Sweden after ten years abroad. And her brother Lennart, who left Sydney for Sweden last October, was there to welcome Maud in Stockholm. Janette Hack, of Mosman, travelled over with Maud, and as she celebrates her twenty-first birthday this month, Maud is giving her a small party.

Anne

RECEPTION FOR SUBMARINE PERSONNEL. Lieut. Dick Potter (left) and Lieut. Dan Leggatt, who are both from R.N. submarine Telemachus, with Charmian Hudson at the reception given by the Overseas League for officers of the R.N. Submarine Flotilla.

COCKTAIL PARTY. Captain Beresford Nyman and Jennifer Hunter at the cocktail party given at the Royal Empire Society by the Australian-American Society in honor of the Commercial Counsellor for Canada, Mr. James Britton, and Mrs. Britton.

DANCING at the "Down Under" ball held at Pickwick in aid of the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind children are Margaret Noble, of "Hillcrest," Jamberoo, and Colin Sharpe.

ENGAGED. Dr. John Purnell and Maureen Firmage, both of Mona Vale, are engaged. John leaves soon for post-graduate medical studies in England and America.

LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cliff after their wedding in London. Walter is son of Mr. C. H. Cliff, of Longueville, and Mrs. F. V. Long, of Manly. Bride was formerly Heather Collins, of Adelaide.

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Stop— and love your "new look"

No "heavy make-up" maskiness. No powdery dryness

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go sweet . . . go fresh . . . go young!

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Blue-and-gold "Dressing Table" Box with dainty puff 5/11
Available in 7 skin-flattering shades.

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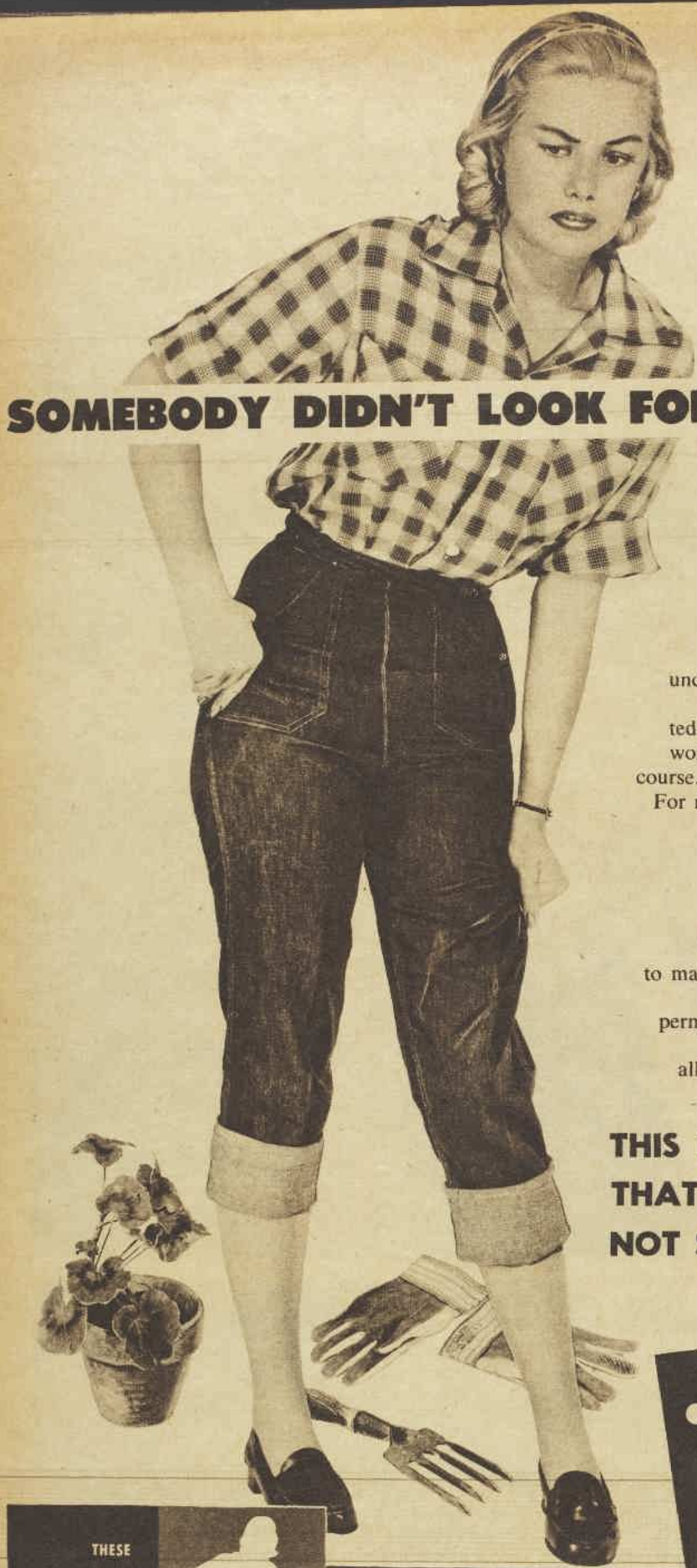

SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

Poor Mary! She bought a pair of jeans for working in the garden, washed them once, and now look at them. Shrunk up and too uncomfortable for words! Obviously, she didn't look for the "Sanforized" label. If you don't buy "Sanforized"-shrunk cottons—no matter what tedious washing precautions you take—your garments may easily lose that wonderful first-day fit. Looking for the "Sanforized" label is the answer, of course. And don't be misled by labels that merely bear the words "pre-shrunk." For many of these general promises are made, knowing that shrinkage may be as high as 5% —enough to take a garment down two whole sizes.

THESE COTTONS WON'T

"Sanforized"-shrunk fabric is processed on special machines and tested to make absolutely certain that shrinkage will not alter the fit of a garment in the slightest. The "Sanforized" label is your assurance of permanent protection against shrinkage. When shopping for jeans, dresses, shorts, overalls, pyjamas, work trousers, shirts—any cotton at all—ask to see the "Sanforized" trade-mark on the label before you buy.

THIS LABEL IS THE ASSURANCE THAT THE GARMENT WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT

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Cricket fans are asking

CAN LAKER DO IT AGAIN?

At home the ace bowler is typical calm, dry Yorkshire

From BETTY BEST, in London

● Wherever cricket is played people are asking: "Can Jim Laker, the English spin bowler, knock out the whole Australian team in the Fifth Test as he did in the Fourth?"

FAMILY GROUP. Devastating English spin bowler Jim Laker at home with his wife, Lili, and daughters Fiona, 3½, and Angela, 2.

AFTER his record Fourth Test performance at Manchester when he took 19 wickets, 10 of them in one day, Laker was besieged with telegrams, phone calls, photographers, reporters, and cameramen.

Comparative peace reigned in the Laker home when I called there after his record-breaking bag.

"We've just had our first breakfast away from the phone," his attractive Viennese wife, Lili, said as she turned from clearing away the cups in the breakfast-room to greet me.

Their two-storied, six-roomed maisonette had been overflowing with Press cameras, reporters, newsreel and television cameramen, telegram boys, and every other type of disruption to the home routine.

Over 100 telegrams and a sack of letters have bombarded the house from early morning till late at night.

The Lakers' two daughters, Fiona, 3½, and Angela, 2, have had their sleeping times shattered.

In spite of the upset routine, both the little girls were happy and well-behaved and still shy when having pictures taken, although lately they must have faced more cameras than Shirley Temple.

Although he had to rush off to The Oval within 10 minutes of our arrival, Jim was unflurried and patient with questions and pictures, but his inherent Yorkshireman's modesty would not allow him to comment on his future.

Only an accident could stop this tall, handsome record-beater being a dead cert for future teams.

Yet when I asked him about going to South Africa this year and Australia for the next Test series, he wagged his head slowly and smiled. "Well, I can only hope I'll be going—the selectors haven't made their choice yet, you know."

The subject was closed.

Lili took the same line when asked if she would accompany Jim on future Test trips.

"Of course I should love to go, especially to Australia, but we will just have to see if Jim is lucky," she said. But her proud smile showed that she at least was quite confident about her handsome husband's chances.

"BIG JIM" Laker in action.

Mrs. Laker was with her husband in 1951 when he went to New Zealand for a few months' coaching and they came back through Australia, spending a few days in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth.

They made many friends both in and out of the cricket world and are both anxious to return one day.

"It is always nice to have friends out of cricket as well as in it," says Mrs. Laker, "and it is almost best when they don't like cricket at all, because then one knows that one is liked for oneself and not for one's bowling."

These days it would be hard to find another woman as knowledgeable as Mrs. Laker on the sport, but it was not always like this.

When she met her husband in Egypt during the war Mrs. Laker had never seen a match and hardly knew what the word meant.

"Vienna couldn't be further away from cricket, could it?" she laughed.

"I was so stupid about it that I just hoped no one would bring up the subject.

"It was not until after we married in 1951 that I saw my first game of cricket.

"I am not at all sporty, so I had to be careful not to make an absolute fool of myself.

"But Jim was awfully good and patient with me.

"First of all he explained everything very slowly in theory and then later in practice.

"I avoided ever asking him any questions in public because I did not want to look stupid in front of all his cricketing friends.

"With his help I managed to pick it up bit by bit and now I'm not frightened when the subject comes up.

"But thank goodness this is not all we talk about.

"You see we are really very often out at night for cricket dinners and club functions, but, fortunately, there are always many other cricketing wives there, too, and when we get together the pitch is often forgotten and the conversation is just like any other when a lot of women get together.

"Jim and I are really very normal family people and life is not always as mad as this."

It is this very normality and accent on family life which makes itself most felt in the Laker home.

When Jim took off for The Oval there were no cries of "Good luck, Daddy," from Fiona and Angela. They just went to the top of the stairs, gave him a hug and kiss, and waved him off.

For a minute I found it hard to believe that this hero of the hour was not just popping off to the bank job he used to have.

Only his height, athletic stride, and tanned face reminded me of the enthusiastic crowd packing the stands at the other end of his journey.

Perhaps this lack of fuss has a lot to do with his success.

When he left, Mrs. Laker took me around the sitting-room to admire the newly decorated walls.

"We do it all ourselves," she said proudly.

"Jim is the paper-hanger and I do the painting."

FAN MAIL and phone calls have made big demands on Jim Laker and his wife, Lili, since his Test success.

I asked her if she finds it lonely when Jim is playing nearly every day in summer.

"Well, I have little time to be lonely," she replied, "with two children to keep me busy, quite a lot of housework to do, and shopping — I am fully occupied.

"That is why I was a bit cross when all the papers said I sit glued to the television when Jim plays.

"This, of course, is ridiculous.

"I would never get anything done.

"They said the children watch all the time, too. This is certainly not true. They play at their own games just like all little girls of their own age, and, anyway, they are too young to understand very much what it is all about.

"Of course on a very exciting day like last Tuesday I do have the set on and I try to plan my jobs around it so that I'm not out shopping when Jim is bowling.

"For this last match, too, I went to Manchester for the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday because there was someone here to look after the children.

"When Jim is playing in county matches sometimes I take the girls along for the last couple of hours to watch.

"But any longer would be boring for them, because they so hate to sit still for long."

It was one of the women in young Jim's life who started him off as a full-time cricketer.

He had no brothers and no one in his family who played cricket, but an aunt who was a schoolteacher was an ardent cricket enthusiast.

When all the other kids at his school in West Riding (Yorkshire) went on summer trips to the seaside, Jim stayed home trying to bat balls bowled to him by his aunt.

Later she gave him money to see some big matches and provided him with his first kit.

Jim was so devoted to the game that he never missed the seaside holidays. He still doesn't like the sea and can't swim.

When he left High School Jim went to Herbert Sutcliffe's indoor cricket net and learnt off-spinning from veteran B. B. Wilson.

It was not until Army games in the Middle East that he concentrated on the deadly spin which assured the Ashes for England this year.

Gave up job

AFTER the war he was given a chance to play for Surrey, and he gave himself a probationary period to see if he could make the grade, and finally gave up his job in a bank and took to professional cricket.

Laker hasn't always been the pin-up cricket boy.

He has had plenty of failures on his way up the ladder, and the one which worried him most was when in 1948 he allowed Australia to bash 404 runs for three wickets off his bowling in the Leeds Test.

"It's taken me a long time and a lot of work to live that one down," says Jim with a rueful smile, "and it wasn't till the 10th wicket fell at Manchester that I felt I'd done it at last."

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Gary Hordern's

● Spring evening frocks are demure, romantic, and ethereal. They can be short or long, in chiffons, organdies, and crisp flouncing. The Empire influence is strong.

● Balmain's short evening frock (above) made in fine organdie. The low neckline is softly draped, the moulded bodice heavily embroidered with appliqued flowers which become more sparse towards the belled-out hem-line.

● Lanvin's dramatic floor-length evening frock (above) has a draped scarlet satin bodice and stiffened skirt of heavy white satin which folds to a bow on the left hip.

● Lanvin's romantic, short-cut white chiffon Empire-line frock (above) has a swathed bodice, bared shoulders, and an airy, full-floating skirt.

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Paris Notes

● Christian Dior designed this fresh young demure ballgown in white embroidered organdie. Slotted ribbon threads the flouncing on the bodice and skirtline.

● Dior's short evening frock (left) is made in heavy ottoman silk, the bodice is strapless. The fullness of the skirt starts from the high Empire bodice, which forms a bow and long streamer ends.

● Charmingly reminiscent of the 18th century is the delicious white organdie frock (right). The bodice has a Marie Antoinette fichu and is tied at the waistline with satin ribbon spiked with a single rose.

Dorothea Johnston

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"Cottontails"

BRIEFS
for women
and children
from
5/11

Another
Munsingwear (U.S.A.)
design brought to you by

Here is a brief that has been styled to give longer wear and more comfort. It has these exclusive features:

BOND'S

- **Knitted of pure combed cotton.**
- **"Action gusset."**
- **Stretches with every movement.**
- **Every garment guaranteed.**
- **Features the famous 'NYLARIB' (nylon reinforced) leg bands.**

See these cotton briefs at all good stores. In crisp white. Sizes 3 to 7 are 5/11; sizes 9 to 13 are 6/6; SSW to OS are 7/6.

it's knit... it's nice... it's **BOND'S**

COTTONTAILS. Designed by Munsingwear Inc., U.S.A.
Prices subject to price control in each State

21

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● The Empire-line dress illustrated at right is chosen to camouflage a young reader's figure fault.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I HAVE a problem and I am hoping that you can find a solution. I have quite a nice figure, but am very flat-chested. Would you design me a style, suitable to wear for parties, which would disguise this fault? I will need a pattern for 32in. bust. I am very broad across the back."

The Empire-line dress (right) is a perfect design to camouflage your figure fault. The gathers over the bosom will make you appear larger than you really are, and the fitted midriff will be flattering to your figure.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in size 32in. bust. Lines under sketch will give further details on how to order.

"COULD you please tell me what is the correct stitch to use to turn up the hemline of a lightweight woollen frock?"

The hems of most well-made garments are slip-stitched. Slip-stitches are small stitches made by hand which can hardly be seen on the right side of the garment.

"WHAT colored shoes, bag, hat, and gloves would you advise me to wear with a yellow wool dress? I am fair with brown eyes."

I suggest a matching shade for the hat and gloves, and chocolate-brown for shoes and handbag.

"I WOULD like your advice re color and material for dresses for my bridesmaids. I am wearing a formal gown, but I wondered would it be correct for the bridesmaids to wear ballerina-length. My dress is white embroidered organdie. The wedding is in November."

It would be perfectly correct for you to wear a formal floor-length wedding gown and your bridesmaids to be dressed in ballerina-length dresses. As the wedding is in the summer, why not have an all-white wedding, with you in white embroidered organdie and your bridesmaids in plain white organdie. It would be pretty, too, if you and your maids carried Victorian posies of gardenias tied with pink satin ribbon.

DS201. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"DO you think I could wear blue? I have a rather sallow complexion."

If you have blue eyes, yes. But, personally, I think pink is easily the most flattering color for any woman who has a sallow complexion.

"HAVING received an invitation to go out sailing, I am wondering whether I should wear a frock or slacks."

A good way to sail is in slacks, tapered, but not too dramatic, plus a shirt and a blazer for warmth.

Beauty in brief:

PLAN YOUR HAIR CARE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Do you know that shampooing the hair too often is an error if you persist without regard for oily or dry scalp conditions?

HAIR experts constantly advise avoiding scalp irritants. Not the least of these is the tendency to wash the hair just because it looks dull.

Their object is not to put an end to hair-washing altogether, but merely to put across the fact that planned hygienic care is needed to gain real hair beauty.

Remember, if hair has a natural tendency to be oily, there's always the chance that the oftener you wash it the more you will need to do so as time goes on because of increasing oiliness.

By the same token, the owners of dry hair are simply begging for trouble if they shampoo it too much.

A lot of people will remember the young star of a musical comedy staged in Australia a few years ago who was compelled to shampoo her hair on stage every night and twice on matinee days.

When she was asked what had been the effect of all this washing, she said that her hair had turned into straw.

This serves to emphasise that lots of shampooing is apt to change well-behaved locks into a problem.

How often should you shampoo? The answer varies from head to head. For normal hair, once each week or ten days is adequate. For hair that is a mild problem, not oftener than once in two or even three weeks.

Where exaggerated conditions of oiliness or dryness exist, shampoo only as directed by your hairdresser.

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This space reserved

for a second tooth that must last for 68 years

Protect your child's teeth with *Ipana* the toothpaste that fights decay with every brushing

YOU: Yes, second teeth are *meant* to last a lifetime—but *will* they?

US: That depends. It may shock you to know that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay. On an average, a 14-year-old child has already lost two PERMANENT teeth.

YOU: Does that mean tooth decay is *inevitable?*

US: Not at all. It just points up the fact that children, particularly must take *better care* of their teeth.

YOU: What's the most important thing to remember?

US: That the surest way to avoid dental decay—and your dentist will support this—*is to brush the teeth right after eating.* And when you choose a family toothpaste—do remember this: *8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA.*

YOU: Why IPANA in particular?

US: There are many good reasons. To you, perhaps the most important thing is that Ipana fights decay with every brushing. Ipana contains WD-9—an anti-enzyme which destroys tooth decay bacteria. It's effective even in spaces too tiny for the brush to reach.

YOU: Mmm—that *is* important, especially with children.

US: Fortunately youngsters don't need coaxing to use Ipana. It has such a sparkling-fresh flavour they all love to use it. *You* will, too.

YOU: Yes? Anyway, I'm convinced it can do nothing but good to start using Ipana. In fact, I'll go to the chemist for Ipana *now.*

***Ipana* is recommended by 8 out of 10* dentists**

*According to independent surveys, 8 out of 10 dentists recommending a toothpaste recommend Ipana above any other brand.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

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£6000 Cookery Contest

One simple recipe can win three big prizes

● It's easy to enter our £6000 Cookery Contest. All you have to do is send in your favorite recipe containing eggs, bananas, rice, cheese, or dried fruits.

AND, of course, if you combine any two or more of these ingredients you are eligible, not only for the section first prize of £400, but for the special combination prize of £600.

In addition, there is a special section for the best use of butter in any recipe. The first prize in this section is £100.

So that if your recipe contains butter, or any two or more of the listed ingredients, you could win £1100.

Remember—and this makes it easy—you do NOT have to submit separate entries for these special sections.

Readers will be considered automatically for those prizes if they are eligible.

Act now. Simply send a recipe or recipes using bananas, rice (whole grain), eggs, cheese, or dried fruits (seeded raisins, sultanas, currants, mixed fruits), or any combination of these.

Write clearly, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

Write your name, address, and section in which the recipe is entered at the top of EVERY SHEET OF PAPER.

Attach your recipe or recipes to the coupon below.

Mark the envelope containing your entry "Cookery Contest" and address to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

This week's £5 progress prize-winners are:

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

In each of the five sections:

First Prize	£400
Second Prize	£200
Third Prize	£100

One prize of £50 — Five prizes of £10
One prize of £25 — Five prizes of £5

Ten progress prizes of £5.

Best recipe which also uses butter:

First Prize	£100
Second Prize	£30
Third Prize	£20

Special prizes for best recipes combining two or more listed ingredients:

First Prize	£600
Second Prize	£100
Ten Prizes of	£5

RICE SECTION

MALAYAN FISH DISH

Three-quarters pound cooked fish (filleted and skin removed), 2oz. butter, 2oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder or more according to taste, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 3 small slices pineapple cut finely, 2 cups milk, ½ cup rice (about 1½ cups when cooked), 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 1 teaspoon salt, lemon juice, 2 slices crisp toast.

Melt butter, stir in flour, and mix well, add curry, then milk; stir until boiling, simmer gently five minutes. Add flaked fish, pineapple, and cooked rice. Season with salt and add lemon juice to taste. Fold in sliced eggs carefully; heat and serve garnished with toast cut into triangles.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. French, Marine Esplanade, Stanley, Tas.

BANANA SECTION

BANANA BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Pastry: Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons iced water.

Filling: Two cups milk, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1½ tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2oz. castor sugar, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 3 firm bananas, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Rub butter into sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat egg-yolk, mix with iced water, add to the flour mixture, and mix to a firm dough. Turn out and roll to fit a 9in. tart-plate, prick well, and trim the edges neatly. Bake in a hot oven until light golden brown. Cool, and prepare filling.

Mix brown sugar, flour, and salt in a saucepan; add the milk gradually, stirring all the time. When mixture thickens, remove from heat and add beaten egg-yolks and butter. Return to heat and cook gently 3 minutes, then cool thoroughly. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add the castor sugar gradually, and beat until it stands in peaks.

Place half the butterscotch mixture in the tart-case. Arrange sliced bananas sprinkled with lemon juice on top of the filling in the tart-case, cover with the remaining mixture, and pipe or spoon the meringue over the top. Sprinkle with coconut, place in a slow oven until the meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve cold with cream.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Rogers, Albury St., Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

DRIED FRUITS SECTION

RAISINS IN GRAPEFRUIT

Three grapefruit, ¼ cup sweet sherry, ½ cup seeded raisins, sugar, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons cake crumbs, whipped cream, 3 tablespoons condensed milk, pinch salt, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, nuts.

Add sherry to chopped raisins and allow to stand 2 hours. Cut grapefruit in halves crosswise, scoop out pulp, and sprinkle each case with 1 dessertspoon sugar and allow to stand while preparing filling. Take juice from grapefruit pulp and place in saucepan with condensed milk, egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, and salt.

Stir over low heat until well mixed and slightly thickened. Stir in dissolved gelatine, cake crumbs, and raisins, drained from sherry, which is saved and used later. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Fill into cases and allowed to set in refrigerator.

Pour a little sherry from the raisins over the filling and sprinkle with sugar. Serve topped with whipped cream (flavored with vanilla) and crushed or chopped nuts.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Rice, P.O. Biggenden, Qld.

CHEESE SECTION

GOLDEN CHEESE BAKE

Two cups cooked rice, 3 cups shredded carrots, 2 cups grated cheese, ½ cup milk, 2 beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, butter.

Combine rice, carrots, 1½ cups of the cheese, milk, eggs, onion, and seasonings. Pour into ovenware dish well greased with butter. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup cheese. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Grimsey, 40 Sampson Pde., Midland Junction, W.A.

EGG SECTION

SAVORY BAKED EGGS

Quarter cup butter, ¼lb. fresh mushrooms (cleaned, peeled, and sliced), ¼ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, 2 cups milk, 1-3rd cup cheese spread, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 6 hard-boiled eggs (sliced crosswise), 1 cup small bread cubes, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon onion juice or scraped onion.

Heat butter in saucepan, add mushrooms, cover and saute 5 minutes. Remove mushrooms; add flour, salt, and paprika, stir well and brown slightly; add milk slowly, stir constantly until thick. Stir in mushrooms, cheese, and green pepper. Arrange eggs in shallow greased casserole; cover with sauce. Toss bread cubes in mixture of melted butter and onion juice and sprinkle over top. Place under griller or in moderate oven until brown on top (about 10 minutes).

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozone St., Alberton, S.A.

CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about that decision.

All entries become the property of Consolidated Press.

Closing date of this contest is September 3. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

ENTRY COUPON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

COOKERY CONTEST

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS .....

..... *STATE* .....

Mark each recipe for the section in which it is entered.

"NU-FITS" JACQUARD BUDGET SOCK 4'11

Bond's wool mixture socks combine the wearing-strength of nylon and the absorbency of wool mixture. There are dozens of patterns from which to choose

Gentlemen prefer... BOND'S

SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE GO IN A FEW DAYS

MAKE THIS 7 DAY TEST

Skin complaints like spots and pimples don't heal unless you get at their cause — the germs beneath your skin. Valderma*, the wonderful new, double antiseptic balm, gets right under the pores giving quick relief and promoting early healing.

See for yourself how effectively Valderma works! Try this simple 7-day test on your skin. Rub on a little Valderma where the trouble is. Do this several times a day for a week. Within a day or two you will see and feel the difference Valderma makes. Often in only a few days your skin will be clear and healthy again. By regular applications of Valderma you can help avoid any recurrence of your skin trouble.

DOUBLE ANTISEPTIC ACTION

No single antiseptic can possibly destroy the whole range of germs causing your skin trouble. That's why Valderma contains two powerful antiseptics to penetrate deep under your skin and give prompt relief from your complaint. Its non-greasy emulsion base does not clog the pores, and allows septic matter to escape.

Gentle, healing, Valderma relieves itching and irritation. You simply rub it in, then watch your skin troubles go. Valderma is the perfect after-shave antiseptic for the man with the sensitive skin. On sale at all chemists and stores; jars 3/6, tubes 2/6.

*Reg. Vic. 4659. Q128

TRY VALDERMA FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

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Chase your cares away

Gallop off to your confectioner's for a Mac.Robertson favourite...

Get more fun out of life

Eat a **Mac. Robertson** confection whenever the going gets tough. Choose your favourite — and if it's MILK CHOCOLATE then you know **Mac. Robertson's** give you the fresh-flavour-blend of creamy country milk and choicest cocoa beans. Tastes just right! Only **2/-**.

Overcome those little daily hurdles

Worked hard today? Feeling a little bit "down"? Then give yourself a break — look over this page, pick out a **Mac. Robertson** favourite or two — relax and enjoy it. That's the way to brighten up — and it's the way to get quick energy and nourishment, too, because **Mac. Robertson** confections are packed with the finest, wholesome ingredients selected from all over the world!

Mac. Robertson's "CHERRY RIPE" gives you a wonderful run for your money! Ripe, real cherries, pure milky coconut and an Old Gold chocolate coating. What value — and flavour! Only **8d.**

Here's the prize catch for your "sweet tooth" — "SNACK". 12 novelty-shaped pieces . . . 6 different centres. It's the economical way to enjoy high-grade chocolates. Just look at the flavours waiting for you in every "SNACK" block — French Nougat, Pineapple Cream, Turkish Delight, Strawberry Cream, Cream Caramel, Fruit Sundae. Only **2/-**.

Hunting for something different in nut blocks? Then try **Mac. Robertson's** "HAZEL NUT" — find out why it is Australia's favourite nut block. You'll know the reason when you taste those deliciously crisp hazel nuts set in that thick, creamy milk chocolate. Ask for **Mac. Robertson's** "HAZEL NUT".

All made by

MacRobertson

Retail prices may be slightly higher in certain distant country areas.

The Great Name in Confectionery.

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Worth Reporting

"SORRY, chaps, but I must go and do some of my homework."

Anne Matheson, of our London staff, reports that this is the sort of remark the Duke of Edinburgh's friends have been hearing at the end of a polo game or party.

The Duke then disappears into his study to work on his Award to Youth Scheme. This, like the recent Commonwealth Industrial Conference, was designed by the Duke to help the young man of today become a better citizen tomorrow.

Officials freely admitted that the Duke really ran the whole show for the industrial conference. During the opening day he met and talked with representatives of all types of workers from the Commonwealth.

The Duke's youth awards have a long-term view. First boys, and later girls, all over the country will be able to enter for training to win the award. For youngsters of 14 this will be a certificate signed by Everest conqueror Sir John Hunt, a close friend of the Duke. Older boys will get a parchment scroll signed by the Duke and permission to wear his cipher in silver or gold as a buttonhole badge.

Conditions for the awards, designed to test the all-round capabilities of the boys, have been worked out, again by the Duke himself.

Long hours of talks with Sir John Hunt, headmasters, youth club leaders, and other experts have taken up most of the Duke's spare time in the past four months. The result is a 16-page pamphlet on the scheme, with every detail worked out.

★ ★ ★

FROM an American source we hear of a woman who gave a dance for 700 in honor of her debutante daughter. "I was so nervous during the day," she said, "I didn't know what to do with myself. So I washed out the fishbowl!"

No "bombs" in this rally

TO foster discrimination in the car tastes of the younger generation is one of the aims of the Vintage Car Club of Queensland in organising a car rally from Brisbane to Murwillumbah on September 1 and 2.

The rally will be a highlight of the Tweed Banana Festival's 9-day carnival beginning on August 25.

The club was formed last year by enthusiasts dedicated to "quality motoring."

"Bombs will have no place in the rally," said the club secretary, Mr. H. O. Woodhouse, a Brisbane engineer. "Neither will comic or period costumes for the drivers and passengers.

"Our club deplores exhibitionism. We're concerned with good taste, well-designed cars, craftsmanship in manufacture, performance, and drivers' ability to handle a car.

"We hope some cherished museum pieces, such as a 1901 Toledo, will come out of cotton-wool for the rally. Others, including my 1926 Bentley, are in everyday use.

"In showing the public what 'old masters' can still do we hope to foster discrimination.

"A generation has grown up of young people ignorant of the difference in enduring values between an automobile aristocrat which has stood the test of time and common, mass-produced cars with ridiculous shapes."

The rally is open to veteran cars built before 1905, 1905-1916 models, vintage cars of the 1916-1930 period, and post-vintage thoroughbreds manufactured before 1940.

They will make the 85-mile trip after exhaustive checking to ensure their roadworthiness.

★ ★ ★

Shopping by automation

THE American housewife, already the most pampered shopper in the world, is to have still another luxury service—an automatic supermarket that will reduce shopping time by at least 85 per cent.

In the new supermarket are glass display cases containing banks of tins, bottles and packages, all of which are identified by a letter and a number.

The shopper, armed with a large metal disc, selects her purchases by pressing a bank of letters and numbers corresponding to those displayed on the merchandise.

These automatically register on a tape inside her disc, along with the price.

When she has finished she takes her disc, now bearing a record of all purchases, to the cashier.

The cashier inserts the disc into a master slot and begins to turn it. At every click of the disc an individual item is released electronically on to a chute, which delivers it to the shopper's side.

The first units will be introduced this year in 12 major American cities.

Book News

By AINSLIE BAKER

IMPERIAL WALTZ, by William Abrahams (Robert Hale). Historical fiction set against the background of Franz Josef's imperial Vienna, with the young Empress Elizabeth as the central figure. First-rate for lovers of costume romance.

SON OF STALIN, by Riccardo Bacchelli (Secker and Warburg). The strange story of the capture in 1944 by the Germans of two young Russian officers, one of whom proved to be Stalin's son, and of his escape (invited by his captors) that led to his death on the third day of freedom. Men will like it.

FRIENDS AT COURT, by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph). The author of "Brothers in Law" again deals humorously with the English legal profession, taking up the characters of the previous book several years later. No need to have met these amusing people before.

Lampshades go to the head

IF your budget won't stretch to one of the hatty hats this spring, try a lampshade.

As a gimmick for the opening in Sydney of a new showroom for Australian-made Swedish-type lampshades, four attractive models paraded in lampshade "chapeaux", in Martin Place.

They paraded again later when the Minister for Housing, Mr. Landa, officially opened the showroom.

The "hats," made of lightest aluminium, enamelled or with a bronze or silver finish, varied in shapes and sizes from small cloche styles to the big coolie and mushroom shapes.

They looked wonderful . . . on the models, that is.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

Bring DAD up-to-date—

—with a Joyce Sports Shirt

Full marks for the family that gives Dad a JOYCE Sports Shirt for Father's Day.
Now, *there's* a gift that really *will* go on giving—every week-end, every time he wears it . . . giving pleasure, smartness and comfort. JOYCE shirts are *precision-tailored*—by trained craftsmen—specially designed and cut from rich, colorful fabrics for men who want to be *up-to-date* in their dressing. That means Dad's JOYCE shirt will look smart and stay smart under all conditions. You just couldn't find a more attractive, more acceptable present.

Joyce SPORTS SHIRTS

TRADE ENQUIRIES: H. S. JOYCE & CO. PTY. LTD., BOX 84, P.O., REDFERN, SYDNEY

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MAKE A ROOM DIST

Curt
of Cha

● Curtains, skilfully chosen and hun
gay and cheerful, frivolous, or restful
and are now used in many modern h
curtains are included on this page. Hov

PROVINCIAL PRINT in blue-and-white unglazed chintz is used in this restful room. A large picture window and french windows that open on to a verandah are unified and dramatised by floor-to-ceiling curtains. A deep shirred valance breaks the width of the window, and the curtain print is also used on a chair.

KEYNOTE of this pretty bedroom is the pink-and-white tiered cafe curtains at the window. The print used is repeated on the bedhead and in the bed-cover ruffle. The pattern of the print has also been painted on the doors of the toy-chest.

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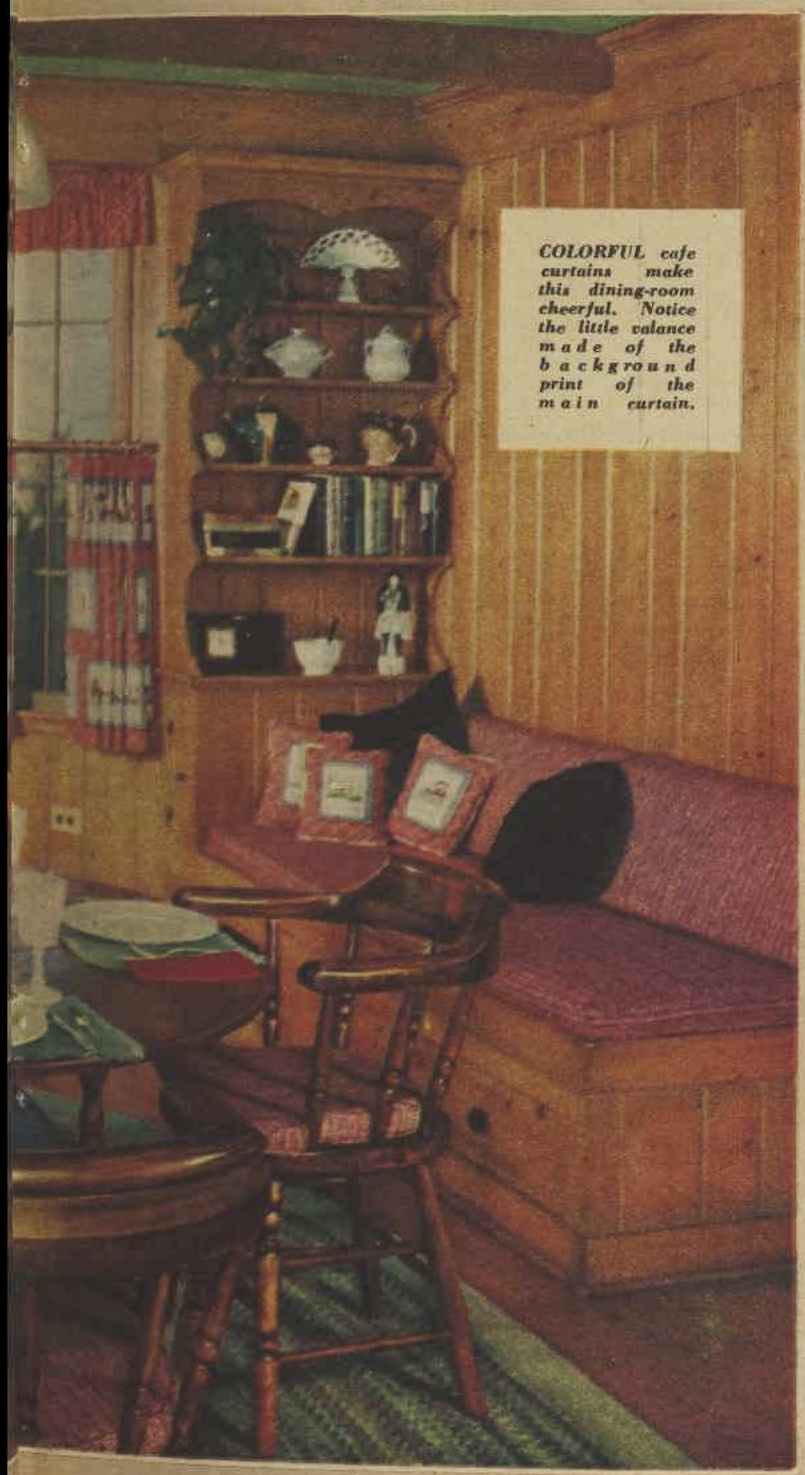
NCTIVE WITH . . .

ains
racter

g, give a room character, make it
Cafe curtains have special charm
omes. Intriguing pictures of cafe
-to-make instructions on page 38.

UNUSUAL USE of cafe curtains over french windows. The curtains, of mid-window length, give the narrow room the appearance of greater width. Colors used in the room, the golds, the mustards, and browns, are combined with red to give a wonderfully warm effect in this living-room-study.



COLORFUL cafe curtains make this dining-room cheerful. Notice the little valance made of the background print of the main curtain.

HIGH WINDOWS used today in many modern homes demand special treatment. Cafe curtains are used here and are repeated in the ruffle of the bed-cover. The engaging material for the curtain is made from an old pair of pink linen curtains patterned into strips with black-and-white bobble fringe and braids.

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Take the "dead tired" feeling out of ironing and pressing!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN BLESS THE DAY THEY DISCOVERED THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW WAY TO IRON

EASY! You simply pour cold water through the easy-to-get-at porthole in front of the handle, plug in the iron and it's quickly ready for steam-ironing. No need to empty the tank when you change to *dry* ironing.

LIGHT! Weighs less than 4 lb. with the tank full! Not as much as a full teapot of tea. Yet this marvellous Hoover Steam and Dry Iron gives perfect results without hard pressure from you.

HOOVER
STEAM AND DRY IRON

PRICE 9½ GNS.
OR EASY TERMS

THE MIRACLE IRON THAT STARTED A NATION-WIDE SWING

Now you can get Hoover results and reputation in IRONING as well as washing and vacuum cleaning. Test this iron any way you like, make any comparisons you wish — you'll decide that Hoover has made the best again.

1. YOU'LL GET A REAL PROFESSIONAL FINISH and save on pressing bills. Press suits, skirts and school tunics to perfection; put in creases or pleats like a tailor. *And you won't have to use a damping cloth for a thing.*

2. YOU SAVE DAMPING DOWN when you *steam-iron* with Hoover. As you iron, steam is gently fed into the fabric, damping it far more evenly and thoroughly than you ever could by hand. You *steam* the wrinkles out of the clothes.

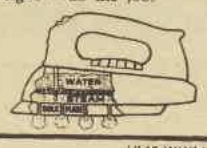
3. NO TIME WASTED! When steam-ironing you can change from one fabric to another without altering the temperature setting of the iron. No need to wait for the iron to get hotter or cooler. You can go straight from woollens to linens — from nylon to a suit.

4. YOU CAN SIT DOWN TO IRON and get perfect results. With steam-ironing, it's heat and moisture that do the job, not a heavy iron or hard pressure from you. The Hoover simply glides over the fabric.

5. NO MORE SCORCHING! When it's a dry iron, Hoover's efficient "Dial the Fabric" control gives exactly the right heat for whatever fabric you're ironing.

HOW THE HOOVER STEAM IRON WORKS

Steam is formed by water dripping from the tank on to the hot interior of the iron, one drop at a time. Grooves in the sole-plate of the iron are arranged to distribute the steam evenly. With the Hoover Iron, heat and moisture — not weight — do the job.



HI.10.WW143g

Make your own cafe curtains

• Versatile cafe curtains (as illustrated on pages 36, 37) may be made up in almost any fabric — even old curtains that are partly worn may often be successfully converted into curtains of this type.

BE careful when measuring the quantity of material required for curtains.

After you decide the finished length, add the depth of the bottom hem, top hem (a casing wide enough to hold the rod and allow for a heading).

If you do not know whether or not the material shrinks, allow an extra inch per yard and make double hems.

For the average window two widths of 36in.-wide material or one width of 50in.-wide material are sufficient; but if the window is oversized, measure the width and make the curtains two to three times as wide. The sheerer the fabric, the fuller the curtain should be.

Sketches on this page show some different valance treatments for cafe curtains.

For a cafe curtain-drapery, as shown in Figures 1 and 2, add 16 inches to allow for seams, hems, and valance.

For the valance, cut off 13in. from the end of the fabric. With the right side of the valance and the wrong side of the curtain facing each other and with the top and side edges even, insert a piece of carbon paper, face down, on to the wrong side of the curtain between the valance and the curtain; moving the carbon paper as needed and following figure 1, mark the scallops on the valance.

Cut out scallops.

If your fabric is not exactly 36in. wide, make the width of the scallops twice the width of the space between scallops; and make the space between the scallops and the edges half the width of the space between scallops; keep the depth of the scallops the same as shown in Figure 1.

Turn the bottom edge of the valance ¼in. to the right side of the material and hem. With the wrong side of the fringe and the right side of the valance facing each other and with the top and side edges even, stitch around top and side edges.

Clip seams wherever necessary. Clip the sides (selvedges) of the curtain just below the bottom edge of the valance. Turn the valance to the right side and stitch (see Figure 1) if you prefer; cut the selvedges and hem.

To form loops, turn the top flat edges 3in. to wrong side and stitch those flat edges to curtain (see Figure 2). Slip loops on to the curtain-rods; mark the curtain for proper length. Hem the curtain; attach fringe as for valance.

To make a bound scalloped edge, shape the scallops, using a compass or plate; or cut a circular piece of cardboard to size. Bind scallops with bias tape (single or double); or bind with self-fabric cut and folded as shown in Figure 3. Apply bias as shown in Figure 4. The mitred corner will form of itself as the tape is creased for each scallop (see Figure 5).

Straight edges, too, are effective and easy to make if you use a braid heading as shown in Figure 6; and if you use rings as shown in Figure 7.

If you want to scallop the bottom of the curtain, Figures 8 and 9 show the hand-sewing method of binding the scallops with the self-material cut on the bias.

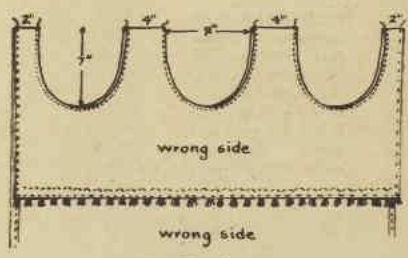


Fig. 1

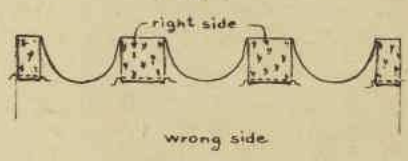


Fig. 2

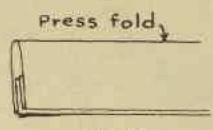


Fig. 3

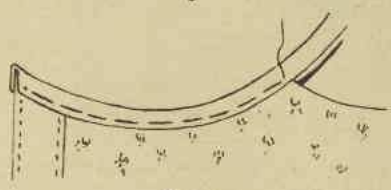


Fig. 4

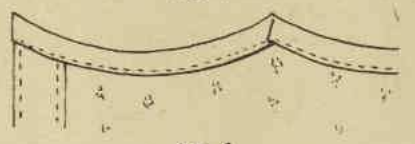


Fig. 5

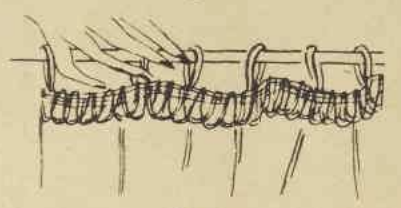


Fig. 6

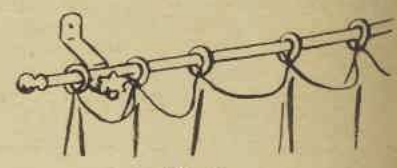


Fig. 7

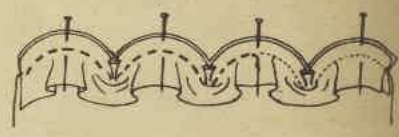


Fig. 8

Fig. 9

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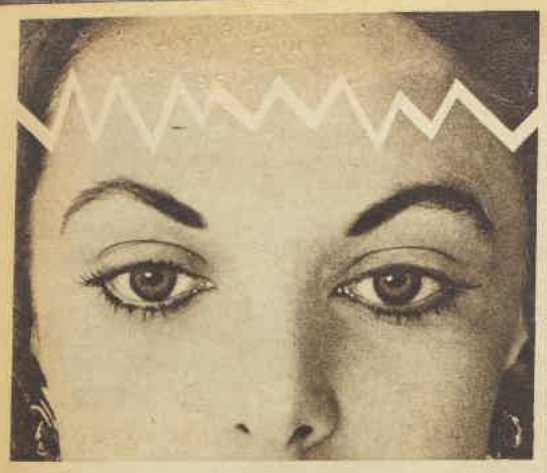

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Continuing . . . .

Poor Miss Purdew

married life, thought Laura indignantly. But she kissed him goodbye, and went to the gate to wave him away.

When he came home she was ready to welcome him with fresh make-up and a smile; the house gleamed, there were flowers in the wedding-present vases, and his favorite meal of veal cutlets, baked new potatoes, peas, and apple-pie with ice-cream was waiting.

"Hallo, darling."

"Laura, darling!" He enveloped her in a vast hug, from which she emerged trying to smooth down her hair. "Did it seem a very long day?"

"Long? Why, no, Perry. The time just flew. How was the office?"

"Just the same."

"Was Mr. Baldock glad to see you back? Is Mr. Dickinson's bronchitis better? How is the new girl going?"

"Not particularly. Yes. Pretty well."

"Oh, Perry, can't you tell me any more than that?"

"How do you mean? You look lovelier than ever tonight, darling."

"I want to hear details—whether that deal with Newman's went through, if Dickie passed those new filing cabinets as O.K., if Hal Mayhew's copy for Baring's Beauty Bath Salts is good. Oh, and all about the new girl—"

Perry's hands dropped to his sides.

"For heaven's sake, Laura. Look, I'm home now. I've had the office!"

"But, Perry——? Oh, well, never mind." She was puzzled and upset; one of her maxims was that husbands liked to discuss their day's work with their wives—and expected them to take an intelligent interest in it. And her interest was intelligent—after all, she knew as much about the office as Perry.

They had their meal; Perry watched her, smiling again, but seemed unnoticing of what he ate. "You look good, darling. I love that dress. And I love you."

Laura, who had exceeded her allotted shopping-time by twenty-five minutes searching for a butcher who sold veal, finally inquired: "Don't you like this recipe, Perry?"

"What? Oh, yes, it's fine. When do we start on the spare room, darling?"

"We? I'll be able to manage it perfectly well by myself. I'll begin as soon as I've finished the lounge curtains and those covers. Oh, and I want to make some small cushions for the dining-room chairs."

Laura cleared the table and started the dishes; she refused Perry's eager offer of help.

"You've done your work for the day. This is my job."

Perry said nothing, and went out into the garden.

The days slid by; there were a thousand novel things to do around the house, and there were relatives and friends to be entertained. They came, saw, and praised.

"What a charming home!"

"How cleverly planned!"

"The color schemes are so pretty, Laura. What have you in mind for the spare room?" That was her mother-in-law.

"One wall olive-green," said Laura, "and the others grey. Purple floor - coverings, and lime-green accents, and——"

"Very attractive, but—not quite the thing for—well, won't this be the baby's room?"

"The baby's room?" Laura smiled. "Not yet. There won't be a baby for two years. Perry and I think we'll need two years to pay off the washing-machine and the refrigerator. And to get adjusted to being married, you know."

"Really?" her mother-in-law gazed at her admiringly. "How matter-of-fact and sensible you are, Laura. You're such a splendid wife. When I think what a muddle-headed little bride I was——" She shook her head.

Mr. Baldock came to dinner. Laura prepared eye-catching savories, cooked chicken Maryland, a lemon meringue pie, and had his wedding present, the silver candelabra, on the table, flanked with flowers, gay with tall, yellow candles.

Mr. Baldock ate largely, told Perry he was a very lucky man, and Laura that the office wasn't the same without her.

"We miss you very much," said Mr. Baldock. "I am afraid poor little Miss Purdew will never learn. There are times, frankly, when I lose patience with her."

"She's very willing," said Perry unexpectedly.

"Undoubtedly," agreed Mr. Baldock. "And she never means to make absurd typing errors, or mix up appointments, or forget important messages. I expect," said Mr. Baldock to Laura, "that Perry has told you of our trials and tribulations over Miss Purdew."

"She's sensitive," said Perry before the astonished Laura could answer that Perry had never mentioned Miss Purdew. "And it terrifies her when you bawl her out."

"My dear Perry, to my knowledge I have never, as you so inelegantly put it, 'bawled her out.' Sometimes my self-control has amazed me." Mr. Baldock tapped his fingers together. "However, I have reason to hope that I shall not have to undergo the ordeal of giving her notice. I understand from Dickie that she has a fiance."

"She has," said Perry. "But they're saving to build a home. They don't plan to marry for at least two years."

Laura, listening, was stunned. Perry, who had never so much as told her the new girl's name was Miss Purdew, not only defended her against Mr. Baldock, but was obviously in her confidence.

"Two years?" Mr. Baldock raised his eyebrows ruefully. "I shall be forced to give her a most undeserved rise in sheer self-defence, then. I am sure she will make a charming little wife—but as a secretary——" Mr. Baldock rubbed his hand over his chin.

Laura interposed: "But if she's so incompetent in the office she'll be just as incompetent in her own home."

"Oh, I don't think that follows," said Mr. Baldock

from page 3

easily. "There is something very—very appealing about Miss Purdew, very appealing. And efficiency isn't the first essential of a happy marriage, is it, Perry? Now you didn't marry Laura because she's efficient, I'll be bound!" Mr. Baldock chuckled. "More likely because she has lovely, sparkling eyes!"

Perry said seriously, "Laura prefers her pies, rather than her eyes, complimented."

"Both," said Mr. Baldock gallantly, "are delectably sweet."

Laura whisked away the plates and went to make the coffee.

When Mr. Baldock had gone she said impulsively to Perry, "Why didn't you tell me about Miss Purdew?"

He shrugged. "I like to forget the office when I'm home. I never thought about it."

"You seem to know all about her."

"She brings her troubles to me, poor kid. She has plenty of them."

"But why should she load them on you? Why not her fiance?"

"She doesn't often see him. He's a research chemist working on infectious diseases. At some isolation hospital miles from anywhere."

"What about her family?"

"Her only relative is her mother, who is an invalid, and mustn't be worried. Miss Purdew does all the housework and cooking when she goes home at night. And she shops during the lunch hour."

"Oh. What's she like, Perry? To look at?"

"She has brown eyes and brown hair. She's small and very slim. I wouldn't call her pretty, and I didn't notice what she wore today. Any further questions?"

"Why, Perry!" Laura drew away from him. "You're—angry!"

"I object to being cross-examined like a bad witness in a murder trial. I'm sorry, darling. But everyone's always down on poor little Miss Purdew."

"Except you," cried Laura. "You seem to have done all the sympathising any girl could want!"

"Just exactly what do you mean by that, Laura?"

"You never told me anything about her. Mr. Baldock must have thought that was queer. You listen by the hour to her troubles—the whole office must think that's queer. You never took any interest in any girl at the office before—before." Laura choked back tears, "you fell in love with me. And that took nearly three years!"

"You think I'm falling in love with Miss Purdew?" Perry stared at her and then laughed, putting his arm round her. "Darling, be your age!"

"What else am I to think?" Laura shook his arm away. She thought, this can't be me, and heard herself say, "What else is there to think?"

Perry stood over her, glowering. Then he said: "How much longer have you allowed on your time-table for this nonsensical discussion?"

Laura fled into the kitchen and banged the door. She did the washing-up, weeping into the suds. When she went past the lounge to bed, Perry was sitting reading. He did not look up.

In the morning, to Laura's stupefaction, Perry behaved as though no cataclysm had occurred. He even kissed her goodbye, if, thought Laura, you could call touching her cheek with his nose a kiss.

It was Thursday. The time-table said severely: "Baking, 9.30-11.30."

The clock ticked away the minutes, and Laura sat before the uncleared breakfast table and the ruins of her marriage. It was almost noon before she stopped asking herself how Perry could have been so utterly unfeeling and horrible and hurting, so utterly foreign to the tender, adoring Perry with whom she had fallen in love.

But by the time she had done the housework and the baking, and eaten a kind of lunch - cum - afternoon-tea, she was asking herself how she could have been so utterly childish and unreasonable and unlike the capable Laura who had determined to make a success of marriage.

What had Mr. Baldock said? "Efficiency isn't the first essential of a happy marriage." Of course it wasn't! Love was.

Then it dawned upon the unhappy Laura that, intent on her fetish of efficiency, she had neglected to demonstrate her love for Perry—she had shut him out of her home and out of her heart.

No wonder he had been angry at her ignoble suspicion! Perry, whose aloofness to female wiles had been a byword in the office!

Softened and chastened,

To page 41

Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

EXPECTING friends to tea, I made a fruit cake which unfortunately went down a little in the centre and was slightly burned on top. I decided to cut off the top, ice and decorate it, and was very pleased with the finished result.

Sitting down at the table, my guest remarked how nice the cake looked. My husband looked up in amazement and said:

"Gosh, is that that burnt old cake in disguise?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. G. Boes, 16 Hampstead Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DURING the first two Test broadcasts I had been teaching my wife the finer points of cricket and thought that she now understood the game. But while we were waiting for the last Test to begin, it was announced, "The umpires are out." My wife, with a look of amazement on her face, asked: "Goodness, do they have to get the umpires out, too?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. A. H. Groves, 28 Potter St., Dandenong, Vic.

● Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Continuing . . . .

Poor Miss Purdew

from page 40

Laura understood now that her whole conception of marriage had been wrong. Perry, big and quiet and very masculine, didn't want a super-efficient housekeeper—he wanted love and companionship, and he wanted to be protective. And there, in the office, pleading for protection, was poor little Miss Purdew.

Tonight, thought Laura, she would ask Perry to help with the clearing-up. And instead of flying to her sewing-machine in the spare room as soon as the dishes were done, she would wander round the garden with him, admiring his shrubs or helping to water his seedlings.

And she would consult him about spare-room decorations—perhaps, after all, pastel colors would be more practical—blush-pink for a girl, or delicate blues for a boy . . .

Perry was late.

The meat dried slowly in the oven, and the hands of the clock crept to half-past six, to seven.

Laura, worried and upset, paced restlessly from room to room, wishing they had a telephone; horrible visions of crashing trains and overturned buses filled her mind.

At half-past seven she heard his key in the lock.

"Perry! What happened?" She rushed to the door.

"Sorry I'm late. There was a bit of trouble at the office." Perry was unsmiling. "Miss Purdew——"

"Miss Purdew!" Laura began to laugh. "I might have known it would only be Miss Purdew." The memory of the anxiety she had endured so needlessly blotted out all her good resolutions. She burst into furious tears.

And all at once Perry's arms were tight around her, and he was murmuring: "Darling! Poor little darling! Take it easy. Look, come and sit down."

He made her lie on the sofa, fetched one of his own large handkerchiefs, knelt beside her, holding her hands.

Laura, her defences down, wept, her head on Perry's broad shoulder. "Oh, Perry, why am I being such an idiot?"

"Because you love me, I hope," said Perry.

"Yes, that's right. Because I love you. Because I was so worried, darling. And I'd meant to be so different!"

Perry kissed her wet eyes, and, smiling down at her, said: "Now may I explain why I was late? And I warn you, I'll have to mention Miss Purdew. Can you bear it?"

Laura blew her nose and managed a rainy smile. "Of course I can. I can bear anything now that you're safely home."

"Darling. Well, this afternoon Baring's representative called to see the layouts for their new campaign. And they couldn't be found. He had to go back to Sydney without seeing them."

"Perry!" Laura sat bolt upright. "How awful! Was he raging? And if you lost Baring's account——"

"He wasn't pleased. Anyway, the whole office was turned upside down, and in the middle of all the turmoil Miss Purdew disappeared. She should have had the layouts ready on Mr. Baldock's desk, as you always did, darling. But she's so hopelessly unmethodical. No one was surprised when they didn't turn up at first, and we all hunted in the most unlikely places. When it was found that she was missing, too, we thought, naturally, that she just hadn't been able to face Mr. Baldock."

"Poor little Miss Purdew," whispered Laura.

"Yes. Poor little Miss Purdew. She turned up a couple of hours later, drowned in tears, but with the layouts. She'd suddenly remembered she'd taken them home to finish typing the specifications, and, being Miss Purdew, she'd quite forgotten to bring them back."

"Oh, Perry! What did Mr. Baldock say?"

"Very little. But he looked a lot. He told her she could collect a month's pay in lieu of notice. She was so upset I said I'd stay and help her straighten up the mess—all her files and things were all over the place."

"That was nice of you, Perry."

"And, Laura, I didn't feel too good over what you'd said last night. I suppose I'd been thinking about it all day — I couldn't understand how you, always so level-headed, could fly off the handle like that. Well, I told Miss Purdew about it——"

"Oh, no, Perry!"

"Listen, darling. Do you know what she said? 'She must be awfully in love with you to be jealous of anyone like me.' I hadn't thought of it in that way, darling."

Laura said slowly, "She was quite right. But, Perry, I've had a perfectly dreadful day realising it!"

"It's wonderful," said Perry into her hair, "to know that you have human failings, darling."

Much later Laura said: "Perry, I've been thinking. I must do something to help poor little Miss Purdew. I mean, supposing she hadn't said what she did—why, we might have had another quarrel—a really serious one—and, well, anything could have happened. Do you think, if I came into the office for a few weeks and worked with her, showed her how to go about things the right way, Mr. Baldock would take her back?"

"Laura, darling, you'd do that?"

"Why not? Three weeks should be long enough. And then, darling, we ought to begin on the spare room. I thought a blue ceiling and blush-pink walls—then it would be all ready if we needed it," said Laura, "for an—expected guest."

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that she doesn't mind

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The lady I bark for has a Bentley. Her costume jewellery—take it from me—is set with real jewels. She has everything that you, or any other woman, could dream of wanting. Except servants! And who can keep servants these days?

So we had to face up to it. We had to buy a washing machine and we considered only the best.

The Malley's Automatic looked best. Smart as our Bentley. Its performance proved to be just as beautiful, too! We can put 12 lbs. of wash into it at a time. Then we press a button and out we go to lunch.

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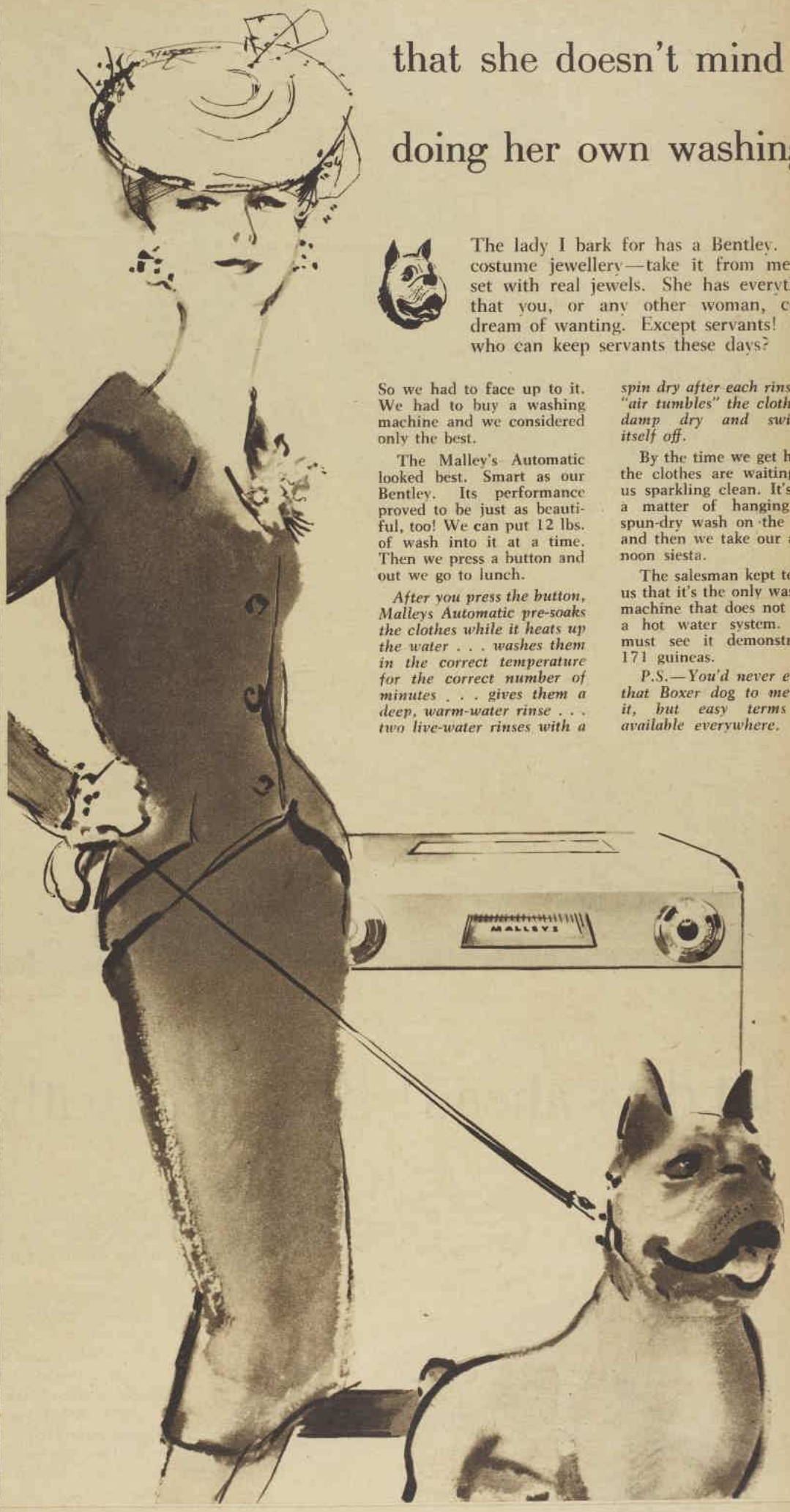
By the time we get home, the clothes are waiting for us sparkling clean. It's just a matter of hanging the spun-dry wash on the hoist and then we take our afternoon siesta.

The salesman kept telling us that it's the only washing machine that does not need a hot water system. You must see it demonstrated. 171 guineas.

P.S.—You'd never expect that Boxer dog to mention it, but easy terms are available everywhere.



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Hot days ahead! Beat heat with canvas

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS

The brilliant colours of the new awnings give the outside of your home a dash and gaiety that nothing else can equal. They can give you privacy on a hot summer night yet still let cool air come in windows.

In a month or two that harsh white summer light will be beating at your windows, heating the house, fading your furnishings. Keep out up to 20 degrees of that heat, with Canvas awnings. All the family will feel cooler, fresher all summer long. Visitors will enjoy calling when your home gives a cool welcome.

Canvas awnings are so adaptable—give you as much or as little shade as you want at any time—allow the air to circulate freely—roll right up out of the way if necessary. And they are so colourful! Your Canvas awning dealer will be glad to show you a wide range of designs, colours and styles. You can suit your awnings to the colour scheme of your home.

You can have your Canvas awnings almost immediately if you order right away. Once the heat arrives other tardy Thomases will be in the market, too. You may have to *wait* through the hottest time of all. Don't just long for coolness — order now!

CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA

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Continuing . . . .

The Peppercorn Tree

from page 9

away from her forehead. Every touch was like the flick of a whip in my heart. Maggie turned fiercely and I knew what she wanted to say. I knew she was remembering our dream of London and asking why she had been excluded from it. But the thought of her in that great city—indeed, anywhere else in the world—seemed suddenly so incongruous that I turned away in embarrassment, and was glad when I heard her stand up with a little catch of the breath and walk away towards the homestead.

That day was so hot that my Aunt Jane allowed her belief in hearty eating to lapse for once and came out to the peppercorn tree at midday with a tray of iced drinks and salad.

We sat there all together, too lazy to talk, watching the hens' desultory pecking at the dry earth, and the dog's exhausted pilgrimage from the sun to the shade; the shade to the sun.

Peter and my uncle smoked continuously in an attempt to ward off the swarms of little insects that hovered above our heads. Watching the smoke from Peter's cigarette move vertically upwards in the still air, I fell asleep.

I woke suddenly to a sense of some peculiar change around me. I sat up. Peter and I were alone beneath the peppercorn. The dog was on his feet, warily sniffing and sniffing at the air which felt as heavy as mercury. The sun had gone in. Even the sleepy chirping of the sparrows had ceased.

Suddenly the branches of the peppercorn began to beat against each other, and my hair was whirled across my face. I turned to Peter dumbly. His shining face was turned upwards to the sky. A great gob of water splashed on my forehead, and seconds later another on my foot. Faster and faster they fell. Unable to believe my senses, I watched the water sliding off our arms and legs, plastering our clothes to our bodies.

I gazed at Peter, waiting for some explanation of the miracle. His hair was glued to his forehead in a ragged fringe; like me, he sat stunned with joy and soaked to the skin. Suddenly we were clinging to each other in the pouring rain, laughing helplessly and then not laughing any more. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me, and the rain ran down our backs and into our eyes.

"Young fools!"

It was my uncle, a waterproof over his head, angrier than I had ever seen him, and shaking us apart. Extending the raincoat to shelter the three of us, he marched us across the paddock to the homestead. I saw then why he was angry. Maggie stood on the verandah with her mother and Jim Saunders. Her eyes were very still, and she leaned in the doorway, looking out towards the peppercorn as if she would never move again.

"It's raining, Maggie," I said. "Everything will be all right." Without speaking, she went down the steps into the yard, calling to the little dog who ran round and round in circles, maddened by the downpour. After a minute, Jim Saunders took my uncle's waterproof and followed her into the rain.

Three days later Peter and I left together for Sydney. We have not been back to Swagman's Crossing since. We saw a great deal of each other through the following months while I worked as a librarian, saving my passage to England, and Peter completed his assignment as a civil engineer.

I lost touch with Maggie, and her name was never mentioned, but somehow she was always between us—a little outback girl who had known no way of fighting for the thing she wanted most. I was sometimes terribly afraid that what Peter wanted most was symbolised by that old homestead, and that I should never succeed in holding his love.

"Should I bring a colouring book?"

One evening two months before Peter was due to sail for home, I was waiting for him at his flat, specially dressed and specially excited because he had called this a "special evening," and I could think of only one explanation. Among the letters in the hall I noticed one in Maggie's large, careful hand. Perhaps there is no excuse for what I did. I only know that a reasonless panic overcame me and I tore open the letter and read the short paragraph inside.

I know of no more chilling experience for a woman than to read a love-letter to the man she loves. I tried to imagine the extremity of loneliness which had enabled Maggie to overcome her native shyness and send out this plea. What she hoped to achieve I did not know. Does one ever know what may be achieved by the impulses of love?

". . . Your letters are the nicest things that happen now. I am very lonely here. Father says there is just enough money now for me to go abroad, if that is what I want. You will be going home soon, too. Jim Saunders wants me to marry him and stay here. I always wanted to see London. You know the world. What do you think? Please write. I miss you very much and have no one else to go to for advice . . ."

"You know the world." Perhaps he knew the world, but did he know his own heart? Without pausing to think, I destroyed the letter and tried to forget it. But to this day I do not know what right I had to play the part of Fate and terminate Maggie's dreams, refusing her her chance of moving into a wider world.

At other times I have been glad that Maggie never came; never discovered that when the fog comes down like a dirty blanket on Leicester Square London can shrink to the size of a grey bed-sitting-room with a shilling-in-the-meter fire.

I like to think of her beside an open hearth, with the sap crackling in the wattle logs. She was used to a golden sunlight poured mercilessly out over a dry earth. What would London have done to her? Made her one of its army of anonymous Maggies, sleeping in basements beyond the lukewarm glance of the northern sun?

Peter and I were married in London. I wrote to Maggie finally, and she replied years later to tell me that she was married to Jim Saunders and that their second child was on the way. There was not a single question about Peter or London.

As I sat looking at the words that told of Maggie's death, I thought about her uneventful life and wished I could have exchanged it for my own. I wanted to tell her how impossible it sometimes is to transplant happiness from one environment to another, and how barren can be the realisation of a dream. All at once I knew that happiness would return only when I had restored to Maggie what I had taken away. I went to Peter and woke him softly. I told him about Maggie's love and the letter I destroyed.

"You had no right," he said. "We must never choose for other people. All we can do is to stand by and hope that they will find the wisdom to choose right."

"What would you have chosen, Peter?"

"This," he said.

"Yet you loved that life."

"I loved you more, and this was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"This was what I wanted."

"Jill?"

"Darling?"

"Shall we go back?"

June 6. We sail in a week's time. I have had welcoming letters from them all, even from the little girl who is called after me. My aunt says that we will hardly know the place, it has become so civilised. But she says the peppercorn tree is still standing.

(Copyright)

A BEAUTY HINT

By
MARGARET MERRIL

Your skin, like delicate plants that thrive in cold countries, is not really fitted for the drier, hotter climate of Australia, but a little daily trick can give you a complexion like the women of the colder regions, without wrinkle worries and with a healthy pink clarity.

All you do is bathe your face in ice water twice a day for one minute at a time, in the morning and again at night when you have removed your make-up. This is a simple but wondrous skin tonic. Keep a special bottle in the fridge for your cold complexion water and bathe on with a face-cloth.

An important thing to remember is to protect your skin from the climate between whiles so that the good of the ice tonic is not undone.

After each ice tonic bath anoint your skin with a tissue protector. If you can get OIL OF ULAN this is best. It is the nearest substance to skin tissue itself. It does not interfere with make-up and keeps the complexion young. The only trouble is the expense and difficulty in obtaining supplies, but perhaps you could persuade your chemist to secure a small supply for you.

(Copyright: Margaret Merril Beauty School.)

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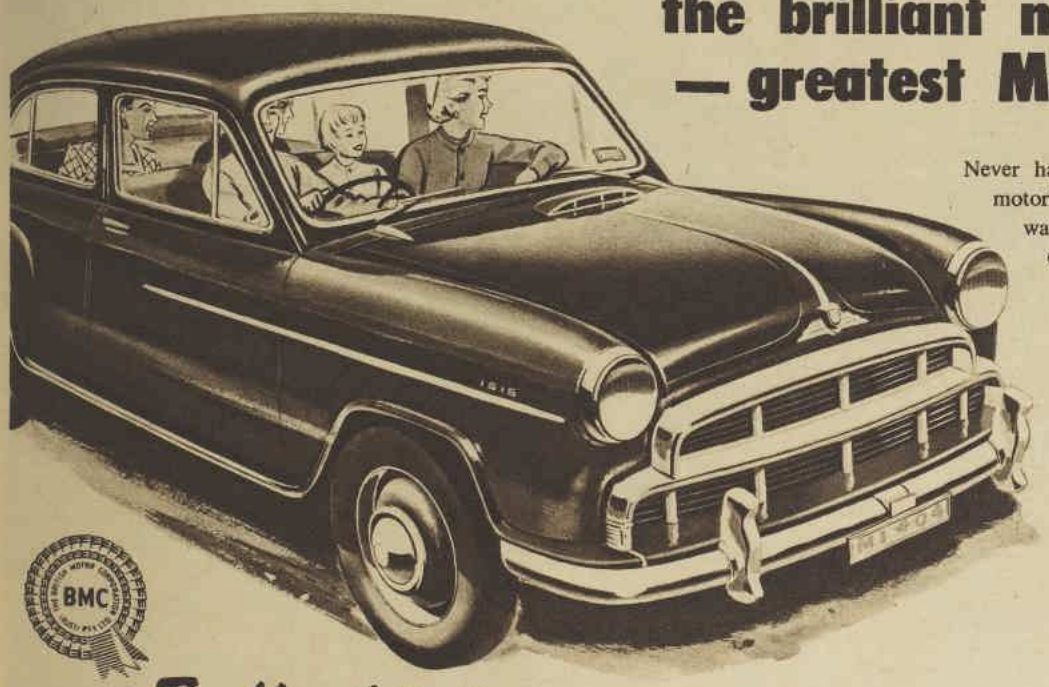

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DREAMS COME TRUE FOR A ROYAL GARDENER

My Garden Part 2

● Last week, in pictures and story, we told how the Duke of Windsor had always wanted to "garden as one should, in old clothes, with one's hands . . ." At his present home, The Mill, outside Paris, he has achieved this ambition, turning the old mill and its woodland setting into the garden of his dreams.

By THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

● *Here is the rock-and-stream garden only two months after the first plants went in. A lot of these plants came from Windsor. I am cleaning out among the rocks alone.*

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● *Above. You can see how the garden changes. This picture is taken in August, and the blues have gone . . .*

● *Left: In this dark and shady corner off the hall of the main house the basic planting is fern and variegated ivy. We change the flowers in the pots to give color variety.*

● *Right: I've livened up the simple roughcast walls of our small guest - house, called "The Stables," with large-flowered purple clematis. The narrow border below has white petunias in summer. They're followed in the autumn by dwarf pompon chrysanthemums of white and yellow.*

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—says Joan Bilceaux President of Victorian Mannequins Association

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PAA PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

FELLOW WORKERS Bob Hope and negress entertainer Pearl Bailey chat happily between scenes of Hope's latest comedy, "That Certain Feeling," now shooting in Hollywood.

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ *A Day to Remember*

J. ARTHUR RANK'S offering, "A Day to Remember," is a treat for lovers of the little English comedy.

It's one of those modest and refreshing comedies of people and events for which the English studios have become justly renowned.

Filmed on authentic, sunny locations of France and in London, it is very well cast and so smoothly performed that you are apt to leave the theatre with a feeling of warm indulgence towards everyone in it.

The story shows with humorous side glances what happens to the various members of a London pub darts club during their annual day's trip to Boulogne and back.

It is indeed a day to remember for Donald Sinden, an ex-serviceman returning to the scenes of wartime action, and charming French actress Odile Versois, who find true love.

Among the others who enjoy separate adventures there will be remembered with affection and amusement Stanley Holloway's tripper with an oo-la-la "line" for the girls of the country, the rotund pub-keeper of James Hayter, and Harry Fowler as a fast-talking Cockney spiv with a spot of smuggling on his mind.

To balance the film comic capers there is a rather touching small cameo by Bill Owen as Shorty, a little man who gets drunk and joins the Foreign Legion.

Joan Rice, as the girl Sinden leaves behind in London, and Vernon Gray, as the American whom she meets while the rest are away, round out the cast.

★ *Out of the Clouds*

IN "Out of the Clouds," Ealing takes a peek behind the scenes of London's great, modern airport, and comes up with a cross-section type of story that is fairly entertaining.

It mingles the drama and comedy of the passengers who pass in a steady stream through the terminal with that of the airport personnel, and also touches on some of the technical problems encountered along the way.

Because of the necessity to keep some of the human stories to a minimum of running-time, the film's impact is rather blunted.

However, the aerial vistas, filmed in color, fill the screen agreeably, and sequences showing the organisation of the airport itself are engrossing.

Leading the passengers in romantic drama are David Knight, a young American Jew bound for Israel, and dark and handsome Margo Lorenz who plays a stateless Jewess making her way to America.

Their romance blooms during the hours that they are grounded in London by a pea-soup fog.

Sharing the plot in different ways are Anthony Steel, as a playboy pilot flying the Cairo run, and Robert Beatty, who plays the airport duty officer grounded for health reasons.

Hulking James Robertson Justice has a telling small part as the company's austere senior pilot.

Much - publicised Eunice Gayson is a pretty air hostess.

★ *Texas Lady*

IN prospect, R.K.O's widescreen color adventure, "Texas Lady," is interesting because it stars a Hollywood first-lady, perennial Claudette Colbert, in the title role.

But in reality the film falls a long way short of anticipation. The plot is far-fetched and Claudette brings neither color nor strength to her first Western assignment.

The story tells how a gentlewoman of New Orleans (Colbert) goes West to claim an inherited newspaper and manages to oust a couple of local beef barons from power.

A weary-looking Barry Sullivan plays the professional gambler, surely the most unlucky player ever to draw cards in a game, who arrives on the scene to help the Texas lady with this task.

Among the collection of somewhat stock sagebrush characters, newcomer Gregory Walcott is perhaps the most interesting.

He plays a young and cold-eyed killer who takes a shine to Miss Colbert out West.

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OATMEAL LACE COOKIES

½ cup plain flour, ¼ teasp. baking powder, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 2 tablesps. evaporated milk, 2 tablesps. golden syrup, ½ cup melted butter, 1 teasp. vanilla.

Sift together the dry ingredients, add rolled oats, milk, golden syrup, melted butter and vanilla. Mix well together and drop in teaspoonsful onto a greased tray. Bake in a moderately hot oven 10-15 minutes. Loosen and leave on tray until crisp. Store in airtight tin.

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NEW THRILLER

★ The surprise casting of boyish Robert Wagner as a screen killer is a feature of the United Artists' thriller "A Kiss Before Dying." In the story Wagner plays a college student who is far more interested in finding a rich wife than in winning academic laurels. When this plan fails, the scene is set for murder. Joanne Woodward, a relative newcomer to the screen, plays the unfortunate girl in the case, and Virginia Leith is cast as her sister who suspects foul play and does something about it. Veterans Mary Astor and George Macready have main feature roles in this color CinemaScope thriller.

1 OFFERED so-called vitamin pills by her beau, Bud Corliss (Robert Wagner), Dorothy Kingship (Joanne Woodward) reluctantly agrees to take them later. The pills contain arsenic. Bud, fearing that Dorothy will be disinherited because she is pregnant, plans to fake a suicide note and then kill her.

2 THAT NIGHT Bud tells his doting mother (Mary Astor) that he's leaving college. Neither she nor anybody else knows of his friendship with Dorothy. Next day he is shocked to find Dorothy didn't take the pills.

3 LATER the same day, Bud entices Dorothy to the roof of the 14-story municipal building, where they have gone for a marriage licence. After kissing her tenderly, Bud pushes the girl to her death below. It looks like a perfect crime, but things go wrong.

4 UNEASY about the verdict of suicide, Dorothy's sister Ellen (Virginia Leith) accepts an offer of help by Gordon Grant (Jeffrey Hunter), at back, in case new evidence is found. Gordon is a university instructor.

5 ELLEN, suspicious of Dwight Powell (Robert Quarry), left, sends for Gordon. But Powell clears himself and promises them the address of Dorothy's last boy-friend. Bud, after forcing him to sign a confession to killing the girl, shoots Powell.

6 FREE now, Bud courts Ellen openly. But things look bad again when Gordon discovers that Powell was in Mexico when Dorothy died. Gordon also recalls seeing Bud with the girl in class. Nevertheless, Ellen goes on a trip with Bud.

7 ON INSPECTION TOUR of a family copper mine, Ellen learns that Bud is the real killer when he tries to push her over a precipice. She manages to break loose just as Gordon arrives. Bud is knocked into the pit by a truck.

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Prove this yourself by trying a 1/- bubble of Egg Creme Shampoo . . . then buy it in the more economical 4-oz. or 8-oz. bottles. And remember, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated — costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. You will never be without it once you've seen how truly beautiful it makes your hair.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Aug. 20

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a job well done.	★ It's goodbye to fun and games for the present. You will have to knuckle down to hard work and routine. You accomplish quite a lot of odd jobs.	★ Home ties may keep you more in the domestic sphere than usual, possibly because you wish to be of service to your loved ones. The main emphasis could be cooking.	★ Love may show through a job completed for the beloved or through a kindness done the beloved's family. Expressions of affection may be taken for granted.	★ Unless you are serving on a committee as a voluntary worker for a good cause your social activities are likely to be limited to casual encounters.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in loving and being loved.	★ There are some bright lights ahead to cheer you. A new element comes into the set-up. It could be a new workmate, a new gadget which adds to your efficiency.	★ If a parent it's a children's party. If a teenager it's a record session, if older it might take the form of a bridge evening. There is plenty of casual hospitality.	★ Here comes a whirlwind of romance. You're in love. The world has suddenly become wonderful. You may spend time thinking up excuses to see the one and only.	★ In a competition of any kind, especially in a mixed team, your prospects of a prize are bright. A mild flutter should include at least one other person.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck on the front doorstep.	★ Homemakers, young and old, in tiny flats or big old-fashioned houses have a field day. Should you be shifting you will be dashing around in circles.	★ Buying or selling of property, long-term plans for your home, either present or future, may have an important bearing on family talks. Newlyweds are favored.	★ If engaged, or about to be, plan for that future home. If middle-aged and long married, the handyman and the clever little woman will be doing their bit.	★ Weekend trips, any outing with a few friends to new scenes and different activities will give your spirits a lift and inspire you to carry out new ideas.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, purple. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a book or magazine.	★ You are on the go if concerned with commercial activities, if you meet the public, or if you must catch buses or trains. Allow sufficient time.	★ Many buzz off on outside affairs, leaving the house to take care of itself. Some learn new skills which can later be applied to home comforts.	★ You may meet a fascinating stranger in a bookshop or on an outing which brings unplanned adventure. This is certain to lead to a date.	★ You can be stubborn when you want to be, and intend to make sure your plans are accepted. Results are likely to be so enjoyable that friends will praise you.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in buying or selling.	★ A practical attitude is needed. If job-hunting or saving money, watch for details. You are more likely to miss out on them than on the main issues.	★ Shopping for your home may require thought. Carry samples of materials and colors with you, for an unexpected bargain discovery must fit in with other furnishings.	★ Going to a shop with the best beloved can thrill if it is to buy an engagement ring, choose a present, or furnish your new home. Otherwise, domestic amenities.	★ Buying for a group of people or an organisation is not easy. If put in charge you will try to please everybody, but bills are going to be higher than you anticipated.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in being independent.	★ Push your interests, use quick wits and commonsense to conclude business arrangements, make agreements, and contact useful people. Stand on your own feet.	★ Should you want to get something done in a hurry, chase after it in person. Stand over the job while the work is being carried out. Sending messages is unsatisfactory.	★ If you love her tell her so. If you care for him create the right atmosphere. Choose your best frock. Place yourself in the setting which suits you best.	★ Out-of-doors amusements may be preferred by you, especially if you can take an active part in whatever is going on. At least one new friend bobs up on your horizon.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, cream. Gambling colors, cream, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in steady savings.	★ Don't give advice unless it is asked for. Avoid putting money into schemes which are up in the air. Don't gamble with security, with popularity, or with prestige.	★ Faced with a home problem you may stew over it on your own. An ingenious solution can be found if you use your wits. The matter concerns you more than others.	★ If young and impressionable a love affair may be slowly developing almost without your knowledge. Should it be one-sided it would be kinder to make it just friendship.	★ If blamed for something in which you had no hand don't allow it to break a friendship. Explanations may not come immediately. Tangles will be straightened out soon.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a romantic episode.	★ Working hours are likely to just fly past because you are genuinely interested in what you are doing. Voluntary workers are under favorable stars.	★ Home should be bright. People come and go, either friends or pals of other members of the household, who turn out to be exceptionally congenial.	★ Outwardly you are just pals. Deepest emotions are below the surface. A minor incident may reveal to both of you how much you have come to care.	★ Kick up your heels and have a little fun without responsibility which has recently weighed on some of you. Any amusement which does not involve work is welcome.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23— DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Knowledge is power.	★ A better job, an increase in pay, a shift to another department, or, if a homemaker, an agreeable or practical change. Self-confidence wins many a battle.	★ Perhaps your home is going to be on display. This could be a visit from an important person or from an organisation. Prepare to make a good impression.	★ It may take persuasion to get the one you love to attend a formal function. Once there he, or she, will be a credit to you and will enjoy the thrilling evening.	★ Here you are centre stage. Be ready with your cues so that you can speak up convincingly. When in a tough situation, follow the reaction of the old hands.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck on the broad highway.	★ It is not what you are doing now that counts most, but the goal. Size up possibilities, bend your efforts towards easier working conditions and greater scope.	★ Make holiday plans well in advance. Don't leave it until resorts are booked up and travel reservations hard to get. Investigate propositions which appeal.	★ There's travel in it. The heart is involved whether it's a short trip with the beloved, an out-of-town visit, meeting someone new, or seeing an old flame again.	★ If you have been busy acquiring skill through study, classmates may be thinking about an exhibition of their work. Otherwise your hobbies take on new significance.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in playing safe.	★ Having come to a decision you may wish to cut out time-wasting people or interests and concentrate on what matters most to you. A savings campaign produces results.	★ Many projects at home depend on what you can afford. If you want something badly you save systematically. Major purchases should be discussed.	★ Relations with the loved one may be strained through interference of an older person or through tactless criticism. Keep on a level keel—it's a tempest in a teapot.	★ Should your mind be more concerned with private affairs than social activities it would still pay you to indulge yourself in a small luxury or outing.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a partnership.	★ There will be more than one pleasant interruption on the job. Tasks may be completed more slowly than usual, but your "public relations" are valuable.	★ Whether it is the boy-friend or the marriage partner you pull together as a team. If a parent you meet the little heartbeat or the glamor boy for the first time.	★ There will be no wallflowers among your sign. Romance springs up suddenly. Wedding bells are in the distance. If older, domestic harmony.	★ Your sign is incurably hospitable. Whether it's an old friend or a comparative stranger with a hard row to hoe you will put yourself out to be kind and generous.

You can actually feel what's going on inside you ...that dangerous congestion breaking up

Science hasn't yet solved the problem of how a cold is caused. Only this much *is* certain . . . the faster you get rid of germ-packed congestion the faster you'll get rid of your cold. Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of dangerous congestion faster than *anything* else you can take. It's the pectoral oxymel of carrageen* in Bonnington's that does this. You can actually feel what's going on inside you . . . you can feel the congestion breaking up. Harsh, hacking coughs quickly take on a different, "relieved" character as the cold breaks up. You can see for yourself that the more often you sip the more often the congestion comes away!

**Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.*

Keep up that steady Sip Sip Sip

You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.

IT PENETRATES!

If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time you'll probably be surprised by its pleasant taste. Although it gets the better of the very worst colds, you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the hurt of the most violent coughs.

Sip... Sip... Sip

straight from the bottle of

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS

100 soothing sips in every 3/- bottle

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KRAFT GUIDE to delicious, nourishing snacks

Here's the easy, money-saving way to make cosy fireside suppers . . . nourishing breakfasts . . . tasty party savouries . . . and quick, sustaining lunches for yourself at mid-day. Open a packet of mild Kraft Cheddar—slice off golden goodness—and follow these simple recipes.

How to make the perfect grilled cheese on toast

You'll receive compliments for this snack or breakfast treat—it certainly is a praise winner. It's just the thing for you, too—when you break off for a snack at mid-day.

For each serving . . . Butter a slice of toast. Cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar and top with a tomato slice. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Slip under a medium grill and grill until cheese is golden brown. Garnish with parsley. Serve at once.

How to make a real 'Giant-Size' cheeseburger

Here's a snack for hearty eaters—it's giant-size in nutrition. That's because Kraft Cheddar is wonderfully rich in Vitamins A, B_2 and D, body-building protein and milk minerals.

INGREDIENTS: 2 round rolls, split in half, toasted and buttered. 4-oz. Kraft Cheddar, sliced; ½-lb. hamburger-steak; ½ onion, finely chopped or grated; 4 slices of tomato; salt and pepper.

METHOD: Season hamburger-steak well with salt and pepper. Add onion and mix thoroughly. Form into 4 round flat cakes and fry on both sides. Place one hamburger on each half roll. Cover with a slice of tomato and top with sliced Kraft Cheddar. Slip under a grill until cheese is bubbling and lightly browned.

How to prepare Australia's most popular savoury tray

You won't see any guests standing back when you serve this Kraft Savoury Tray. Looks so tempting, but takes only minutes to prepare. Cut Kraft Cheddar into different shapes and place each piece on a buttered cracker biscuit. Spread more savoury biscuits with delicious Kraft Spreads. Six wonderful flavours—including Sandwich Relish, Cream Cheese Spread and Gorgonzola Spread. Now—garnish your biscuits with slices of gherkin, tomato, sliced stuffed olives or small sprigs of parsley and a sprinkle of paprika. Arrange your savouries in rows on a tray—and prepare for more compliments.

Available in the familiar blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size, economy 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Have you tried these other Kraft packaged cheeses?

Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves you money because you don't need butter when you spread delicious Velveeta.

Kraft "Old English"—for those in your family who like a cheese with a stronger flavour.

CHEESE IS A WONDERFUL FOOD — AND KRAFT MAKES WONDERFUL CHEESES

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Debbie makes . . .

CUSTARD TART

● This week Debbie, our teenage chef, shows, in step-by-step pictures, how to make a delicious custard tart.

All spoon measurements are level.

Pastry: Three ounces plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons water, good squeeze lemon juice, a little egg-white, smooth jam.

Custard: Three tablespoons powdered milk, ¾ pint milk, 2 large eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, vanilla, nutmeg.

Pastry: Sift flours with salt. Rub in shortening until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Mix to a dry dough with the water and lemon juice. Knead slightly on floured board, roll out thinly, and line 8in. tart-plate which has been moistened around the edges. This helps to stick pastry to plate and helps to prevent it shrinking into the centre. Brush sides and base with a little egg-white (taken from one of the eggs for custard). Allow 15 minutes to dry. This prevents crust absorbing the custard. Spread base of tart with smooth jam.

Custard: Beat the powdered milk into the warmed fresh milk. Add beaten eggs, sugar, and vanilla. Mix well. Using a tablespoon add custard, a little at a time, to the pastry-case. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg. Place in hot oven for first 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook 40 to 45 minutes longer until custard is set.

VELVETY smooth custard tart is always a popular dessert. To make a tart that looks as good as the one above, and tastes delicious, follow the step-by-step instructions below.

RUB the shortening into the sifted flour and salt, then mix to a dry dough with the liquid. Knead and roll on a floured board, line an 8in. tart-plate, trim the edges.

PINCH a frill around the edge of the pastry, then brush all over base and sides with unbeaten egg-white. Allow to dry for 15 minutes to form a seal.

PREPARE custard in a wide-necked jug or basin. Sprinkle dry, full-cream powdered milk on to warmed fresh milk, beat well with a rotary beater. Avoid over-heating the fresh milk. Add beaten eggs, vanilla, and sugar, mix thoroughly to dissolve sugar.

SPREAD base of tart lightly with smooth jam, such as plum or apricot, then with a tablespoon carefully add prepared custard a little at a time. If custard is poured into tart it is likely to break the pastry and allow custard to seep through on to plate.

TEST custard after it has baked about 40 minutes. Insert a stainless knife blade into centre. If custard is cooked no liquid will be visible.

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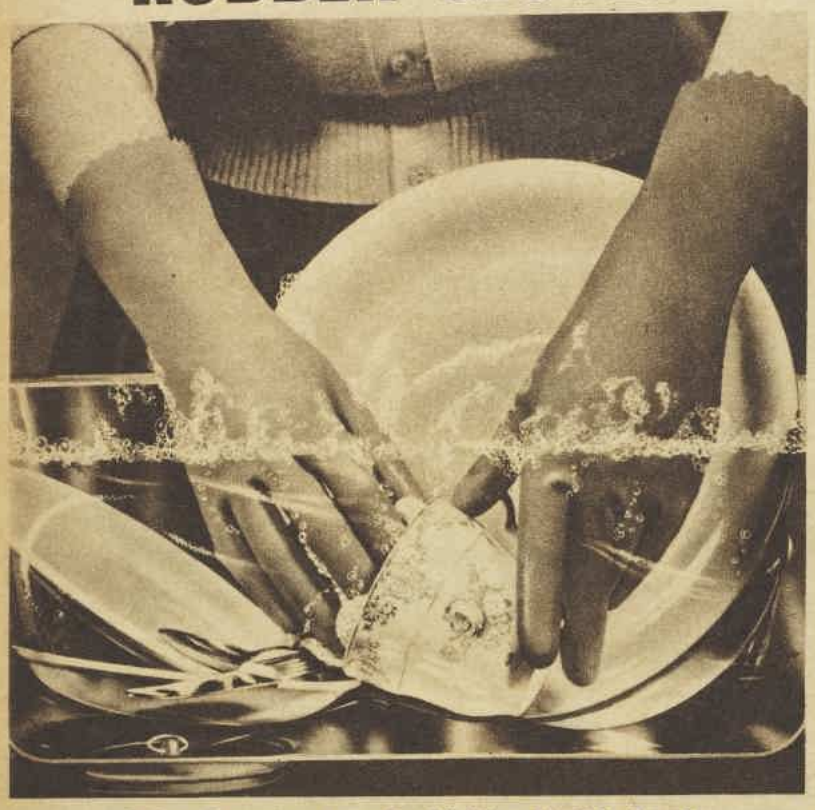
ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES



Slip them on and off like lightning!

With Ansell's crepe surface, you can handle the most delicate china in the hottest soapy water with the sureness of bare-hand touch. They're tough — yet so light and cool! And only Ansell give you the magic smooth-as-satin silver lining. You slip them on and off like lightning — no powder, no tugging! And remember — Ansell's silver lining always stays fresh and clean. *Now* you need never touch harsh detergents, skin-drying soap powders, cleansers, paint, dirt or grime. With soft, 'Silver-Lined' rubber gloves your hands stay smooth and beautiful. So be sure you insist on the original . . . Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves. Only 3/3.

3/3 A PAIR

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves

Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.

Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.

Keep your hands free from "washer-lady's fingers".

Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

Architect's Diary

MAKING A CONCRETE FLOOR

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

A reader, Mrs. V. Mitchell, echoes many requests when she asks how to put down a waterproof concrete floor.

IT is not economical to build a concrete floor directly on the ground where much levelling is involved, because this introduces some complicated drainage problems.

An ideal site for this type of floor is a gently sloping one with a maximum fall of nine inches in the length or width of the house.

The site should be on high ground where surface water is disposed of quickly.

The bottom of the main floor slab should be kept at least four inches above the natural ground line by means of ashes, broken stone, or blue-metal covered with a layer of waterproofed paper.

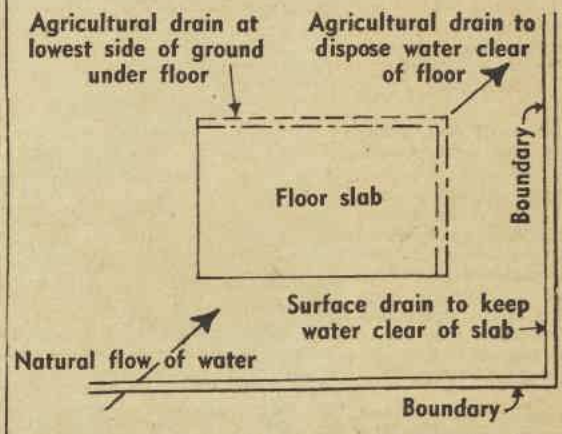
This allows the water under the slab to drain away through a pipe in a trench at the lowest point of the building.

The top of the 5in. main floor slab should be covered with a bituminous felt layer, which acts as a dampcourse. It is advisable to protect this waterproof covering with a further 3in. layer of concrete.

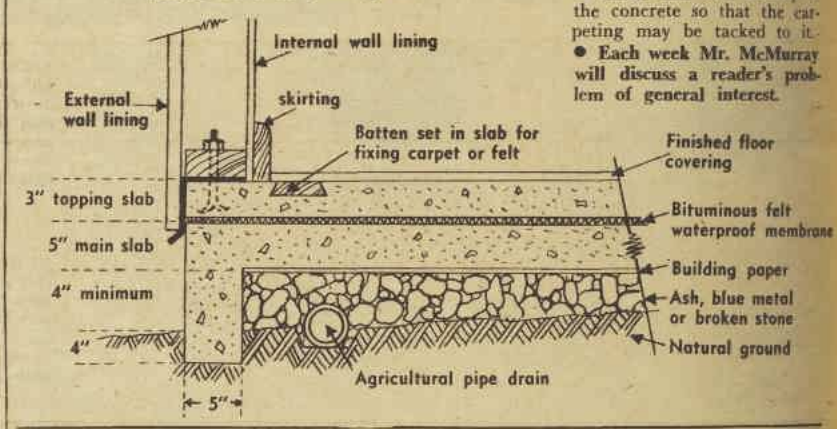
The finished surface can be covered with any material such as parquetry, linoleum, lino floor tiles, asphalt tiles, cork tiles, carpet or felt.

If felt is used, special battens should be set in the floor to finish flush with the top of the concrete so that the carpeting may be tacked to it.

● **Each week Mr. McMurray will discuss a reader's problem of general interest.**



ABOVE: Diagram shows how drainage is arranged to keep the concrete slab free of water. BELOW: Sketch illustrates the various layers needed for the construction of a waterproofed concrete flooring slab.



PRIZE RECIPE

This week's readers' recipe prize of £5 is awarded for apple-almond turnovers.

GROUND almonds are used to flavor the apple filling, but they may be omitted and a few drops of almond essence used instead.

Here is the recipe. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. cooking apples, peeled and cored, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon water, grated rind ½ lemon, 1oz. butter, 1oz. whole blanched almonds, 2oz. ground almonds, 1 egg-white, castor sugar.

Place thinly sliced apples in saucepan with sugar, water, and lemon rind; cook gently until soft and pulpy. Add butter, chopped almonds, and ground almonds; mix well. Allow to become cold. Roll out pastry thinly, cut in 4in. squares. Place a little apple mixture in centre of each, moisten edges, fold in half diagonally. Pinch edges together, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with castor sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Williams, 126 Gloucester Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

SCOTCH SAUSAGES are this week's family dish and they are very satisfying and economical. They cost 5/6 and serve four.

One pound thin sausages, 1½ cups mashed potato, 1½ cups mashed pumpkin, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper to taste, egg-glazing, dry breadcrumbs.

Parboil sausages 10 minutes, remove skins. Combine potato, pumpkin, shallot, onion, parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Coat sausages with potato mixture, dip in egg-glazing, and cover with dry breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Serve piping hot with brown gravy.

TONY'S LUXURY DISH

"RICE MILANAISE is one of the most popular of all Italian rice dishes," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur.

For six persons you need:

One pound rice, 2 medium onions chopped finely, 6 to 8oz. butter, 3oz. beef marrow, 4 tablespoons red wine, 2 quarts chicken stock, a little saffron (if available), salt and pepper to taste, 8oz. grated Parmesan cheese.

Put 2oz. of the butter and the beef marrow in a deep frying-pan and, when hot, add the chopped onions and cook until they begin to brown, then add the rice. Stir well with a wooden spoon and cook slowly for about 15 minutes. Add the boiling chicken stock, wine, a pinch of saffron, salt and pepper, and mix well. Simmer gently for 18 minutes, stirring continuously. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and the remaining melted butter. More grated Parmesan cheese may be added if desired.

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"What's wrong with our marriage?"

Jean looked across the room at Roy—buried in a book as usual.

"Roy — there's something I must say to you."

"Huh? What's the matter now?"

"I'm sick of being nothing but a housekeeper to you! You — you never bother to talk to me nowadays. What's wrong with me? With us?"

Roy sighed. What could he say? What he **wanted** to say was: "If I **do** start a conversation you'll only nag at me. You're so tired, irritable and nervy these days." But he couldn't say that. Instead he said: "Darling, you're imagining things," and returned to his book. But that wasn't good enough for Jean . . . and so started another bickering quarrel which finished with Roy saying: "You're always tired and nervy! Why don't you see Doctor Hardy?"

• • •

"Mrs. Graham," said Doctor Hardy a few days later, "there is nothing organically wrong, but your symptoms of tiredness, even waking tired, nerviness and irritability all point to 'Night Starvation'. You see, while you sleep your heart and lungs go on exhausting energy from your body. This, in addition to the day's activity can start a chain reaction of being tired, worrying about being tired and waking up tired, nervy and irritable, that's 'Night Starvation'. Try a cup of hot Horlicks before bed every night."

Today, Jean is full of fun and life. "Just like the wonderful girl I married," says Roy.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains: **protein** — essential to the growth of the body . . . **carbohydrate** — probably our best source of energy . . . **mineral salts** to help build tissue and regulate body activities . . . **calcium**, to build sound bone and good teeth . . . **Vitamins** A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW IN RE-USABLE JAR!

only Horlicks guards against "NIGHT STARVATION"

Heartburn ? Indigestion ?

YOU NEED Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

H7.55

Continuing . . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 5

figure in white linen that seemed to gleam metallically, stood on the walk outside the museum, blocking my way. He bowed graciously and smiled.

"Yes, Mr. Sawtell," he said, as if reading my thoughts, "I have been seeking you. Have you leisure?"

"I am at your service, sir," I replied.

"If one fears listening ears," he said, "it is wise to seek a spot where walls cannot conceal a spy."

"There is the old cemetery yonder," I told him, and pointed.

"A suitable spot," he said, and fell into step beside me. We crossed the road and walked between the ancient graves, halting in the middle of the plot.

"Mr. Sawtell," he said, "for days you have not carried on the routine duties of a ranger."

To this I made no reply, wondering what was to follow.

"Would I," he asked, "be correct in assuming that you have been assigned to a special duty?"

"You would not expect me, sir, to answer that question."

"Your words are a sufficient answer. Experience teaches that evasion is an affirmative reply. Your sharp eyes have discovered that there is a group now visiting in this park whose activities merit attention, if not suspicion."

"It is you who make that assertion," I answered.

"This group," he continued, "consists of the Greek Zaharados, the Dutchman van der Poot, Mrs. Potwin, and me. I do not include the wrestler who exhibits his nudity. He is a hireling."

"So odd a collection of human beings," said I, "would arouse curiosity."

"Especially," he said, "if it be established that these four have come together in the past in many undertakings, either as partners or rivals."

"It would be stretching the long arm of coincidence," I said, "to believe their arrival here at the same time was purely accidental."

"Therefore," he said, "the reasonable suppositions are: first, that they are here by arrangement, to make some plan or carry out some purpose; second, that two or three of them have met for a purpose, and that the other one or two have journeyed to the park to frustrate that intention."

"Or," I said, with a grin which I fancied was sardonic, "to set up a rival business and toss monkey-wrenches into the machinery."

"An expressive idiom," said Mr. Li. "Which of these suppositions do you accept as fact?"

I saw no reason why I should not be frank. "The Dutchman and the Greek," I said, "are in cahoots. Mrs. Potwin is the opposition party. As for you, sir, I have not made up my mind where you stand."

"Where," he asked, "do you think I stand?"

"On incomplete evidence," I told him, "I think you and Mrs. Potwin are together." I paused for a moment. "But that," I went on, "doesn't mean that I think you are on the side of the angels. I'm certain the other two are up to skulduggery. Judging from your past histories, it is possible that you and Mrs. Potwin are not oozing with virtue, but have some overripe fish of your own to fry."

His face was bland, but I thought I detected a gleam of humor in his eyes.

"Neither Mrs. Potwin nor I," he said, "has ever been known to decline a profit."

"Exactly," said I. "It won't surprise you that I look on with jaundiced eye."

"In which," he said without offence, "you are astute."

"I doubt, sir, if I'm astute. I'm inexperienced. Maybe I'm naive. But my old grandmother had a saying."

"I'm interested in the sayings of wise ones," he said.

"Whenever she was in a quandary she used to sit back in her rocking-chair and say, 'There hain't no pattern to a crazy quilt. So ye better wait till it's all pieced before ye praise it.'"

"An aphorism," he said gravely, "worthy of the great Ling Po." He peered at me appraisingly. "Have you considered," he asked, "that this crazy quilt is near to completion?"

"There's the time limit," I said. "The stay of all of you in the park is limited by regulation. Only a few days remain of the period you are permitted to stay. So matters must be approaching a climax."

"Have you deduced," he asked, "what brings us all together here in Yosemite?"

"Oil," I answered promptly.

He raised his brows. "How," he asked, "did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"By various paths," I said. "I saw a map, marked in red ink, on Zaharados' table. He concealed it quickly. At first I did not recognise what part of the world it represented. I guessed it to be in the Near East, so I studied the atlas. It was a portion of the Persian Gulf. When the Sheik el Samari arrived I looked again to find out where his principality or sheikdom or whatever it is called was located," I spread my hands and shrugged.

"Did your reasoning go further?" he asked.

"I doubt if any of you four would have visited the park if it hadn't been on the sheik's itinerary," I said. "If there's a mouse to be caught, he's it."

"Again I repeat that you are an astute young man," said Mr. Li. "I did not think you could have reasoned so far."

"Or so correctly?" I asked.

"Or so correctly," he said. And then: "What do you think of the young Arab?"

"I think he had better do some spring house-cleaning," I answered, "and eradicate the vermin in his rugs. I think his grand vizier, or whatever he is, or some of the bewhiskered gents in his entourage are doing him dirt. That doesn't answer your question as to how I assay the sheik himself. First, I like him. He and I could be friends. On even short acquaintance I think we are friends. As to appraisal, one will win you five that anybody who picks him up as a silly ass will drop him with burned fingers. He wasn't born to be anybody's cat's-paw. He's a holy man back home, and he realises his responsibility. When he gets into the game he'll play it on the level. Also—and of this I'm positive—he never heard of any of you four dubious characters, except Mrs. Potwin, who almost married his grandfather."

"Young man," Mr. Li said, "I am the head of a great organisation in which are splendid opportunities. In that organisation you can be useful to me and to yourself. Before we part, I shall make a proposal of employment to you."

"Is this," I asked, "in the nature of a bribe?"

"Why," he asked, "should I bribe you? To do what?"

"I withdraw the question," I said, "but I won't be interested in your proposition."

"It will lead to wealth," he said.

"Maybe you won't believe me, sir, but I'm not interested in wealth. It couldn't buy me what I want of life. And maybe, as the world is moving, wealth won't be any good to anyone in a few years. No. I've a job I like in a service that's worth while."

I did not expect understanding from this vastly rich man, but he nodded his head in comprehension.

"What says Ling Po?" he asked. "'Contentment is a possession that cannot be sold in the market place, nor can it be bought with bales of rich silk or precious jewels.' My congratulations are yours, Mr. Sawtell. You are young to have achieved such wisdom."

"You've asked me a snag of questions, sir," I said. "Why?"

"I need not answer that question," he said smilingly.

"I'll answer one you haven't asked," I told him. "I've become rather fond of Mrs. Potwin. She's a personage. Zaharados is something slimy that crawled out from under a rock. The Dutchman is pure poison."

"And I?" asked Mr. Li.

"I'm inclined," I said, "to admire you."

"Half praise," he said, and seemed to be amused.

"It's as far as I can go," I told him. "But this you can write down in your book: Horse, foot, and artillery, I'm against anyone—any of you—who means harm to the young sheik."

"I'm content," Mr. Li said. "Also I have reached a decision."

"What decision, sir?"

"To ask you to be one of my guests."

I waited for him to continue.

"I am arranging a dinner party," he said. "At the Ahwahnee. The other guests will be Mrs. Potwin and Miss Vanderlee, Mynheer van der Poot and his daughter, Zaharados and the Sheik el Samari."

"But," I objected, "will those two men come?"

"They will not dare to decline."

"Just what do you hope to accomplish?" I asked.

"To borrow your words," he said, "I may be able to toss a monkey-wrench into the machinery, or possibly to amuse myself."

"When is this dinner to be?" I asked.

"Tomorrow evening at eight. Will your duties permit you to be present?"

"It can be arranged, sir," I said.

"I am gratified. I thank you for the time you have given me. I will welcome you, then, tomorrow evening."

I walked with him out of the cemetery. He turned to the left and I to the right towards the administration building. There I asked to see the chief ranger, but was told he was driving the visiting dignitary around the park. I had wanted to report to him and have his advice. Lacking that, I would have to continue on my own.

I walked briskly down the road, past Camp Curry and obliquely towards Camp 14. No duties called me there, but it was a place I felt urgent need to be. This urgency had no relation to the problem that existed here on the floor of the park, but was personal and almost subconscious.

If I had been sleep-walking my feet would have carried me there. In a sense, I was ashamed of myself, but I was forced to admit that it was Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee that drew me.

I had little doubt that I should be ill received. It was not, strangely enough, that I wanted to find out what effect upon her the finding of Miss van der Poot in my arms had

To page 55

Everyone knows!

that washing alone cannot make white clothes a dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

. . . only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

No matter what you use or how you wash your clothes, washing is to get them clean. But clean is not enough for white things; they must sparkle with whiteness, and only Reckitt's Blue does that. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds. Then into RECKITT'S BLUE. That's how you keep whites fresh and lovely, beautifully white.

. . . and for perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

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Remember! **Reckitt's Blue** and **Robin Starch** —*your perfect washday companions*

Protect your precious silver with

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had; it was rather that I wanted to see what I would think and how I would act when I saw her again, after the sight I had seen in the shade of the great rock on the river's bank. I wanted to be reassured. I had an odd feeling that to see her would be to dissipate my suspicions of her loyalty to Mrs. Potwin and my fears that there existed between her and Nature Boy Nussler something unworthy and unthinkable.

I approached the trailer from the rear. Mrs. Potwin sat sturdy and erect in her camp-chair, knitting as she seemed always to be doing. At the sound of my footsteps she turned.

"Hello, lover boy!" she said, giggling.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Potwin," I replied sheepishly.

"Come here and bend down," she commanded. "Lemme see if you got the lipstick off of your face." My visit, I saw, was going to be more unpleasant even than I had anticipated.

"Why not," she asked, "do your lallygagging out on the front piazza? I can't say I go in for public necking, but better public than not at all. You've gone up a notch in my estimation. Didn't think you had it in you."

"But, Mrs. Potwin——"

"Hush your noise." She leered at me. "That tulip-raising little brat is quite a dish. Good luck to ye, lad." She turned her head and bawled, "Hey, Joan, Don Juan's here! Looks kind of hangdog, but he's all in one piece! That man-eater didn't dismember him!"

There was a stirring within, and Miss Vanderlee appeared. She was wearing her chauffeur's uniform without the cap, and was neat and trim and self-possessed. It seemed to me she had never been so delectable.

"Hello, Mr. Sawtell," she said indifferently.

"He came through it pretty well, didn't he?" Mrs. Potwin asked.

Miss Vanderlee's eyes appraised me. "His ears aren't quite so red," she said.

"And his asthma's subsided," said Mrs. Potwin. "You do have asthma, do you not, Mr. Sawtell? I thought I heard raucous breathing."

I hunted around for shreds of dignity, but didn't find any. I could think of no counter-attack that would not savor of the "You're another" retorts of quarrelling young brats. I turned around abruptly to stride away.

"Come back here!" Mrs. Potwin said imperatively.

"You've had enough fun for one day," I answered.

"Don't be so young!" Mrs. Potwin snapped. "What would you say if I told you I had discovered Jim Savage's buried gold?"

"I don't believe there ever was any buried gold."

She picked up a book from the table. "Listen. 'Under a brushwood tent, supported by upright poles, sat James D. Savage, measuring and pouring gold dust into the candle-boxes by his side. Five hundred or more naked Indians, with belts of cloth bound around their waists or suspended from their heads, brought the dust to Savage, and in return for it received a bright piece of cloth or some beads.' End of quote. That's from a reliable witness. There's no doubt he had an enormous amount of it."

"You read me that passage before. So what?" I asked.

"So it existed. Savage never disposed of it. If he didn't dispose of it, he kept it. After he was murdered, it wasn't found. Therefore he must have hidden it, and it still remains buried. The place where he collected it was about fifteen miles from here."

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"Again, so what?" I asked.

"Barrels of gold dust!" she said.

"Which," I said, "if it exists will never be found."

"What one man hides another can find," she said sententiously. "What would happen if word got to certain people that I had found a million dollars' worth of gold?"

"You probably," I answered, "would get knocked on the head."

"Exactly," she agreed, and grinned rather wolfishly. "It's been tried before, and my head is still unbashed. My secret's going to leak out."

"Why," I asked, "do you tell me this nonsense?"

"Because," she said, "I want you to watch the results of the leak."

"To what keyhole do I place my eye?" I asked.

"In the house," Mrs. Potwin told me, "where Nature Boy Nussler is keeping his Chicago hoodlums."

At the mention of that name I glanced quickly at Miss Vanderlee. She seemed to pay no attention. It was as if she had not been listening, but was concentrating upon something at a distance—waiting for something. From far away and very faintly came a sound. It was that strange, beautiful trilling — birdlike, but more wonderful than the song of any bird.

"The Warbler!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Potwin was tense, not with fear, but with a concentration of all her faculties.

"The Warbler," she said, "who never is heard except as a herald of tragedy."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," she said. "There are those who hold it is not mortal—that it is a disembodied sound."

"I'm not superstitious," I said sharply.

"That," she said, "is because you are young, because there are so many things you haven't seen. So many inexplicable things. Ears will be hearing that trill today whose owners will cower with superstitious terror."

"Balderdash!" I sneered.

"Wait and see," she answered.

. . . . . .

That night, I lay on my bed in the darkness, typing up into a mental bundle the faggots of fact that had come into my possession. I tried to include every item that seemed in any way to be connected with whatever it was that was going on in the park. My consciousness that there was something in the wind commenced with the arrival of Mrs. Potwin and Miss Vanderlee. It included the fact that they had moored their trailer in a parking space adjacent to that occupied by Li Seow Yen.

The pattern spread to include the Greek Zaharados, and my first interview with the man, in which he had hoped to impress me with the knife-throwing art of his fat boy. And it also included the map of the Persian Gulf on his table. I had to find a place for my first encounter with Johannes van der Poot and his exotic daughter, and my encounter with Nature Boy Nussler and his purposeless challenge to me to wrestle with him.

And there was the night when I had followed Nussler to the house in that area outside the jurisdiction of park officials, and there was the authority exercised by Nussler over the Chicago gorillas who lived there. There was the knife thrown that day, which might have been aimed at Mr. Li or me—or which might not have been aimed at either of us, but might have been a sort of warning.

There was Mrs. Potwin's call upon Zaharados when she had spanked the fat boy, and my first call upon Katrina van der Poot when her father had been summoned to a conference by one of the Arabs. The arrival of the Sheik el Samari must be included, and my long talk with him after Mrs. Potwin's tea party.

I had also to find place for Miss van der Poot's efficiently quick acquaintance with the young sheik, and for her embarrassing and unexpected ardor towards me.

There was the mystery of The Warbler and my talk with Mr. Li in the old graveyard, and the anomalous employment of Miss Vanderlee as chauffeur, secretary, and maid to the Boston dowager, and her friendly tryst with Nussler in the shadow of the boulder at the river's brink.

I had reasoned from what I had seen and heard that the oil deposits in the ancestral territory of the young sheik were the lodestone that had brought all these peculiar people to the Yosemite. And that they had chosen this spot because the young Arabian religious leader was making it a stop on his itinerary through the United States. I guessed that there might be disloyalty among the suite of the likeable young Arab.

From these enumerated things and other observations of a more tenuous nature, it became clear to me that the sheik was the objective of a conspiracy — which might be only a business conspiracy, but which might have a more criminal and tragic aim.

So far, there was nothing of which either park authorities, State police, or FBI could take official notice. Even the Chicago hoodlums had committed no depredations.

One point, of course, was clear: that Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li were on one side and Zaharados and van der Poot on the other. But I doubted if the hands of any of them were completely clean. One thing appeared plain, and that was that Mrs. Potwin was determined that no harm should come to the young Arab.

So there the matter stood, with nothing to get one's teeth into. A sense of something impending was present, of something we must try to prevent from happening in the park. But nothing tangible—nothing but apprehension.

I awoke to an uneventful day's work. In the afternoon I had to relieve a brother ranger in one of the entrance stations, and I arrived back at my quarters only in time to dress for Mr. Li's dinner at the Ahwahnee.

I was not the first of the guests to arrive. Miss van der Poot and her gnome of a father were seated in the lounge, as were Mrs. Potwin and Miss Vanderlee. Mr. Li, as host, was in gracious conversation with them. The Sheik el Samari, very smart in his London dinner-jacket, arrived next, and last to come was Zaharados.

It was the first time I had seen them all together; perhaps it was the first time they ever had been assembled in one group. Mr. Li was dignified and urbane; Zaharados, obese and greasy, was uneasy; Johannes van de Poot's unpleasant face was inscrutable. As for Mrs. Potwin, she was enjoying herself. It was clear that she liked situations.

"This," she said loudly, "is a party to end all parties. We're in for a jolly evening, eh, Zaharados? You look as if you'd swallowed something."

"I look forward," he said, "to delightful conversations."

"And Mynheer van der Poot," Mrs. Potwin went on, evidently determined to set nobody at ease, "always so suave!"

The Dutchman glared at her venomously, but made no retort.

"Shall we," said Mr. Li, "go in to dinner? Our table is prepared."

He offered his arm to Mrs. Potwin and led the way to the dining-room. He was followed by the Sheik el Samari and Miss van der Poot. Zaharados and the Dutchman were next, and I found myself left with Miss Vanderlee.

I do not know about dresses, but the one she wore did not detract from her appearance. It was so extremely simple that I guessed it to be expensive. About her neck was a string of beads that looked like pearls, which, of course, they could not have been. Female chauffeurs do not run to genuine jewels.

She acknowledged my existence. I might have been a stranger whom she was meeting for the first time. I was not exactly at ease as we paraded the length of the huge room to a table set in a sort of alcove which gave semi-privacy to the party.

Mr. Li was at the head of the table, with Mrs. Potwin at his right and Miss van der Poot at his left. Next to the silver-haired girl was the sheik, and across from him Zaharados. Miss Vanderlee, the Hollander, and I occupied the three remaining seats.

Zaharados was staring at Miss Vanderlee in a manner I resented. He leaned forward and smiled his unpleasant smile.

"May I," he asked, "make you the compliment on your magnificent pearls?"

She shook her head and replied gravely, "Cultured."

He shrugged, and his grin was even more unappetising. "Not so!" he said. "Oh, no, no! In the world is no greater expert than I. Not cultured, but genuine."

Miss Vanderlee's shoulders moved in a shrug and she did not reply, but turned to me and said, "Miss van der Poot is lovely tonight."

"She is probably," said I, "thinking the same of you."

I had no means of knowing what the Dutch girl was thinking, but I knew very well what I was thinking myself. Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee was lovely indeed. Not with the exotic, odalisque beauty of the other girl, but with the more solid, to me more desirable, loveliness of breeding, of class, of character.

I could not prevent myself from staring at her pearls. It was upsetting and puzzling—that a girl who wore a uniform, clicked off letters on a typewriter, performed the menial services of a maid should wear about her slender throat a rope of pearls worth many thousands of dollars.

The sheik had eyes for no one but Katrina van der Poot, and she for him. I have read that the ardor of these Arabs is quick to awaken and that its heat cannot be measured by a Western thermometer.

Miss Vanderlee was looking at me with raised brows and ironical eyes.

"Poaching on your preserves?" she asked.

"It's open season," I replied.

Mrs. Potwin's voice dominated the table. "This," she said, "is the first time we four ever have dined together."

"Why," demanded Johannes van der Poot, "are we dining together now?"

"Because," she said, "we're such interesting people. If you assemble interesting people in a room, entertaining things are sure to happen. Probably Mr. Li wanted to see what would result if he entertained us all together. There might be reminiscences . . . You, Zaharados, might recount what happened in Athens in 1941. I've always wondered who paid for the murder of Monsieur de Bracy, the French banker. Or Johannes might tell us about the kidnapping of the American Consul in Beirut. Those little events turned out unhappily, did they not?"

"Thanks," snarled van der Poot, "to your meddling."

"It was fun," Mrs. Potwin said, "and profitable. Do you believe in werewolves and vampires and suchlike, Zaharados?"

"I am a man of this century, educated, and I laugh at such superstitions."

"How about you, Johannes? Are you afraid of things that go 'bump' in the night? How about crystal-gazers and premonitions and supernatural warnings?"

"These theengs," growled van der Poot, "are nonsense."

The young sheik's attention was distracted from his silver-haired companion. He was listening attentively, his eyes very bright and intelligent.

"History," he said, "reports many portents."

"Old wives' tales," said Zaharados.

"Come down from ancient days, from days of ignorance and credulity," said van der Poot.

"But also seen and reported in modern times," said the sheik. "The Bowmen of Mons!"

"Was there not a thing," asked Mr. Li, "before the Austrian heir was assassinated in Sarajevo? Some sound?"

"The Warbler whistled," said Mrs. Potwin baldly.

At that instant, almost as if her words were a cue, there came to our ears, faint but distinct, a bird song that was sung by no bird known to natural history. The Warbler was trilling again. Pure notes floated in through the open window, rising and falling in intricate arpeggios.

Mynheer van der Poot was on his feet. His chair crashed to the floor, his face a mask of terror. Zaharados sat shaking, grey of cheek, bulging of eye. The young sheik turned to listen, his handsome young face betraying no fear, but only sharp interest and something of wonder.

"What is that sound?" he asked.

Mrs. Potwin shrugged. "According to Zaharados and van der Poot," she said, "it is nothing. It is a superstition of ignorant peasants. Maybe it is only imagination."

"It was unearthly and very beautiful," the young Arab said.

"Our friends do not agree with you," Mr. Li replied. "Perhaps it has meaning to them. Perhaps it should have meaning to all of us. It is never heard, the story goes, but that it is followed by death."

I saw a little flurry of movement in the entrance to the dining-room. A tall, bearded figure in the dress of an Arab thrust aside the head-waiter and came down the aisle towards us, not steadily. His beaked face was ghastly. It seemed to me that nothing but an iron determination held him erect.

The others did not see him until he stood at the end of our table, groping, wavering. He spoke in Arabic to the Sheik el Samari, but his words were choked in his throat. His eyes were staring, his hands clutching claws as his legs refused longer to support him, and he crumpled to the floor and lay still.

The young sheik was on his feet, eyes wide with horror as he pushed his way past the chairs to bend over the body of his retainer. He lifted his hand as if for us to see, and it was stained with blood. His face was strangely calm as he raised it to gaze at us.

"My friend, in whom was all my trust," he said steadily. "My teacher, in whom there was wisdom and virtue." He made an odd, somehow pitiful gesture with his right hand. "He who has done this thing," he said in the tones of one who makes a vow, "shall answer to me."

. . . . . .

We carried the white-bearded old Arab to the elevator and up to his apartment. In the elevator, with an instinctive gesture of sympathy, I placed my hand on the young sheik's shoulder and he turned towards me as if grateful.

"He was," he said softly, "my father and my mother."

My first duty was to get to a telephone. I called the chief ranger and reported the murder.

"Hold the fort," he said. "I'm on my way."

The Sheik el Samari had spoken in Arabic to his followers; turning to me, he translated.

"I have ordered," he said, "that every member of my party be brought to this room. In my own land"—his voice was grim—"I would know what to do. Here I do not. I rely upon you, my friend."

"I'm only a subordinate, but I shall try to be of service," I promised.

There came a rapping on the door and I answered. The chief ranger was there and the superintendent.

"This is very bad," said the superintendent worriedly. "I have notified my superior in San Francisco. How it will be handled I do not know—the international aspects. I am

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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Continuing . . . . **The Sinister Strangers**

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directed to proceed with preliminary investigations. The State authorities have been telephoned. Whether the matter will remain in their hands I cannot say."

The chief ranger was frowning at me, not as if he resented anything I had done.

"You're Johnny - on - the-spot," he said tersely. "Let's have the facts."

I had few facts to give. I described the dinner party and its breaking up by the tragic arrival of the victim. And I named those who were present at the table and as much as I could remember of their conduct.

"The victim," I said, "was stabbed in the back."

"Do any of your people speak English?" the chief ranger asked of the sheik.

"None," the young man answered.

"They must be questioned. Will you translate, sir?"

"Of course I will do so. You will state the questions I am to ask."

"We must establish the time of the stabbing and the place. We must discover if there were any witnesses. We must try to locate the weapon."

The sheik nodded and spoke to one of his suite, an aged and stern and bearded man. We listened to the exchange, not a word of which was intelligible to us.

The facts elicited were that there had been the usual evening meal, after which the now dead man—the Vizier Hussein—had withdrawn to his own room, the room in which we were now assembled. He had not been seen again until his dead body was carried in. No one had been seen to enter his apartment. There had been no outcry.

Though the young sheik pressed the point, no individual could be identified who had seen the vizier or had seen or heard anything to arouse suspicions. We were no wiser than when the interrogation commenced.

"I take it," said the chief ranger, "that your party was carefully selected."

"It was," replied the sheik.

"It was a harmonious party?"

"There are," said the sheik, "politics in my land as well as yours. This had to be taken into consideration in choosing my companions."

"Were any enemies of the vizier included?"

"Enemies?" The young sheik gave this thought. "There were those who did not think as the Vizier Hussein thought. There were those who held to a different policy. I would not have tolerated in the group any man whom I believed to be an enemy to the vizier, to the point of murder."

"Naturally," assented the chief ranger. "Yours is a very rich sheikdom, sir?"

"Potentially very rich."

"Oil?"

The sheik nodded.

"Did you, sir, come here for a purpose—for a meeting with someone?"

"I did not. This trip I looked upon as a necessary part of my education."

"Was the suggestion to visit Yosemite your own, sir? Or was it urged by one of your party?"

"I cannot answer that question positively. I have a feeling that it was my own desire, but that desire could have been implanted adroitly."

"Did you expect, sir, to meet here any of the four people I shall name: the Chinese gentleman, Li Seow Yen; the Greek, Zaharados; the Hollander, van der Poot; or Mrs. Potwin, from Boston?"

"There was no prearrangement to meet any of them. Until I came here I never had heard of the three men. Of Mrs. Potwin I had knowledge." He smiled. "Her name is not unknown in my country."

"But you were surprised to encounter her here?"

"I was surprised and pleased."

The interrogation continued endlessly and futilely. In the early hours the chief ranger brought it to an end.

"Until I have direction from my superiors," he said, "I do not know how to proceed. Will you assure me that neither yourself nor any member of your party will leave the park at this time? That you will be available?"

"Powerful horses," said the sheik, "could not drag me from this spot. Nor shall any member of my party go away."

"May I ask a final question?" I said, glancing at the chief ranger for permission. He nodded. "What," I asked, "would the consequences have been, sir, if it had been yourself who was killed rather than your vizier?"

He looked at me keenly and puckered his brows before replying.

"If the Sheik el Samari," he said gravely, "were to be assassinated in a foreign country, the results would be incalculable. The Austrian archduke, slain in Sarajevo, was only an archduke. I am the Sheik el Samari."

We arose and said good night. When it came my turn, he said, "In what is to come, I hope you will not forget that you are my friend."

"I'll remember it," I said. It came to me that in his position he could not number many friends.

"Salaam aleikum," he said, which I learned afterwards means, "Peace be upon you."

I left the room with the chief ranger and the superintendent. As we went down in the elevator, the chief said unhappily, "In the morning we'll be overrun with reporters and police. Keep away from the newspapermen."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you read it?" he asked.

"The vizier," I answered, "was the one man whose advice the sheik would follow."

"So he had to be removed."

"That's the way I see it, sir."

"So you plump for treachery in his own party?"

"Treachery?" One would have to know all the facts before that could be said. Certainly a difference of opinion."

"Murder," said the superintendent, "is a harsh way to argue."

"Does the killer have to be an Arab?" I asked.

"You don't think so?"

"Could a police surgeon," I asked, "tell, by examining a wound, if the stabbing was done by hand or if the knife were thrown?"

"It's a point. Let's all get what sleep we can tonight. Tomorrow the deluge."

. . . .

In the morning I dressed and breakfasted, intending to report to the chief ranger. But he came to me.

"I want you, Linc, to keep in the background today till this thing sorts itself out a bit—the Washington angle, if there's to be one. We don't want the papers to go to town with some wild story of international intrigue. Until we get some directive, I mean to let the State handle this as if it were a simple murder."

"Reporters," I said, "aren't fools. They'll insist on interviewing everyone who was at that dinner."

"So," said the chief ranger with a grin, "you'll vanish into the fastnesses of Camp Fourteen on routine duty."

"Yes, sir," I said.

So I made my way to Camp 14, where the campers were stirring and cooking their breakfasts. I settled the usual number of squabbles, checked in the usual number of new arrivals and made myself generally available as information bureau, mediator, and errand boy.

It was 10 o'clock before I found an opportunity to stroll in the direction of Mrs. Potwin's trailer. Mrs. Potwin was invisible, but Miss Vanderlee sat reading a book under the canopy. She said good morning, not distantly, but casually, and omitted to ask me to be seated.

"Where is Mrs. Potwin?"

"Primping," she replied.

"And Mr. Li?"

"I've not seen him this morning."

She was bent upon being difficult. "You," I said, "seem to be completely unruffled this morning."

"I'm a girl who minds her own business."

"What is your business?" I asked.

"Chauffeur, secretary, companion, and maid to Mrs. Potwin," she replied.

"Would you say," I asked, "that your employment implies loyalty to your employer?"

"Whatever lies behind that impertinent question?"

"There was," I said, "a murder last night."

"And so?" she asked.

"And so," I told her, "the book of etiquette is out of the window."

"Bringing a reign of ill manners?"

"Bringing in," said I, "a situation where questions must be asked."

"I," she said, "didn't kill that old gentleman, if that's what you mean."

"Something most unpleasant is going on in this park," I stated. "Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li seem to be on one side of it; Zaharados and van der Poot on the other."

"Indeed!"

"With," I went on, "the Sheik el Samari in the middle."

"If," she said tartly, "there is a point, will you come to it?"

"The wrestler, Nature Boy Nussler, is a hired hand of Zaharados. As a side line he is a Chicago gangster."

"How interesting!" she exclaimed.

"When I find you," I said, "fraternising with the enemy, it raises some small question as to your loyalty."

"Do you think," she asked ironically, "that I didn't see you lurking behind that rock?"

For a moment this nonplussed me. "I was not spying on you," I said. "It was mere chance that I happened to be there."

"This Nussler," she said, "is a magnificent animal. Why jump to any other conclusion than the obvious?"

"And what is the obvious?"

"That," she said, "an impressionable girl's head has been turned by such a hunk of man."

"Your head is not set on a swivel. It wouldn't turn easily."

"You underestimate the allure of masculine beauty," she said coldly. "Which brings us to what?"

"To whether I should tell Mrs. Potwin about it."

"You'll have to let your conscience be your guide," she said. "Before we reach a decision about this blasting disclosure, suppose we consider

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your own loyalty. Whose side are you on?"

"I am on neither side. But the Sheik el Samari is my friend. I stand with him—possibly against both sides."

"But you, too, were seen fraternising with the enemy. Quite possibly with the most dangerous member of the enemy camp — who uses lipstick that smears. Would the pot be calling the kettle black?"

I couldn't think of an apt answer. Before one came to mind, Miss Vanderlee raised her voice and called to Mrs. Potwin.

"Hi," she said. "Are you decent? If you are, come on out. Mr. Sawtell is bent on blasting my character. Either I'm a pushover for muscles or I'm playing both ends against the middle. Come on out and decide which."

Mrs. Potwin kicked open the trailer door and stood staring down at us imperiously. "Probably you're both," she said harshly.

"He claims," Miss Vanderlee said, "he saw me necking with Nature Boy Nussler."

"He's a hot one to talk about necking," Mrs. Potwin said, and leered at me. "What I'm interested in," she went on grimly, "is who ransacked my trailer while we were out at dinner."

"Your trailer was ransacked!" I said. "Was anything stolen?"

"Nothing to speak of," she said. "Only a cute little sack of gold nuggets."

"What?" I said. "What's that?"

"I came here to find a cache of gold, didn't I? Hidden by Jim Savage. Generally I find what I go looking for. Well, they vamoosed. And what are you going to do about that, Mr. Ranger?"

"Are you telling me," I demanded, "that you've found hidden gold?"

"Well," she said, "I had a bag of gold nuggets, and now it's gone. You pull up stakes, young man, and go find out who swiped my gold. And be quick about it."

I went away. About all I had accomplished was to earn more of Miss Vanderlee's dislike than was already mine. I seemed to have blundered.

. . . .

Ranger Mooney informed me that the superintendent wished me to report at his office. I found him seated at his desk, the chief ranger occupying a chair by the window.

"Sit down, Sawtell," the superintendent directed curtly. "I have just had a request from The Sheik of Samari that you report to his apartment. What does it mean?"

"I can only guess, sir," I said.

"Guess ahead."

"He has formed a liking for me," I answered. "He has lost his best friend and counsellor. He is lonely and bewildered. I am near his age, and he feels a need for someone he can trust."

"What is your opinion of him, Sawtell?" asked the chief ranger.

"He is nobody's fool," I answered. "He has been feeling his way. I'm convinced he wants to do the right thing if he can see what the right thing is. He realises his inexperience and that he is surrounded by intrigue. He has been smart enough to assume the character of a haw-haw Englishman so that his real abilities will be underestimated. He has integrity and he realises that his importance is much greater than that of a ruler of a small area —as a religious leader of the Arab world."

"Our concern with this thing," said the superintendent gravely, "has nothing to do with Arabia, or with oil, or with international complications. It is only with a murder that has been committed in this park."

"I understand," I said.

"Personally," the chief ranger said, "I would go to him diplomatically and ask him to clear out. But the police won't stand for that. We're stuck with him."

"And," I said, "with protecting him."

"You think he's in danger himself?"

"I'm sure of it," I answered.

"Puts us in a nice mess," growled the chief ranger. "You'd better hightail over to the Ahwahnee and find out what he wants."

"Suppose," I said, "he wants me to stay with him?"

"As a bodyguard?"

I shook my head. "I doubt if he'd think of that," I said. "As a friend in time of trouble. He's lonesome."

"After you've talked with him," the chief ranger said, "use your judgment. But don't go off half cocked. A couple of young hotheads can get into trouble."

A hundred yards down the road I met Nature Boy Nussler, striding along in his impressive near-nudity.

He grinned at me. "Still don't want to rassle?" he asked jeeringly.

"No," I said. And then, "Not unless it comes in the way of business."

"Here's hoping," he said, and strode past me arrogantly.

I found myself hoping with him. Not that I'm vain about my fighting ability, but I was repelled by the fellow.

The sheik was alone in his big parlor. "I'm happy that you could come to me, Linc," he said. "My heart is heavy." His fine eyes darkened. "I stand in need of a friend."

"I'll try to fill the bill," I told him.

"It was not," he said, "the custom of my ancestors to wait for an enemy to attack. They struck first."

"But they had an army," I objected.

"Would you have me wait like a sitting duck?"

"Do you fear your own people?"

"Oh . . . you're the new girl, aren't you?"

"Of course," he answered. "You warned me against them. You told me to watch for vermin in my rugs."

"Do you think one of them murdered your vizier?"

"At least," he said, "they—some of them—must have connived at it."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Because," he answered, "I would have followed his advice."

"Which was?" I asked.

He shook his head. "That, I do not know. I do not know what he was aware of or what he suspected."

I was thinking hard. I was striving with might and main to fit things into a pattern. A thought came to me and I put it into words.

"You can't complete a jigsaw puzzle if the principal piece is missing."

"I don't understand, Linc."

"You are," I said, "the principal piece."

"But I'm not missing. I'm here. Your police require that I stay here."

My thoughts were taking shape.

"You could stay here," I said, "and still be missing. Here is a large area. What I'm trying to put to you is that if you were to disappear it would throw a monkey wrench into the machinery."

He thought it over and his eyes began to twinkle. "You have an interesting idea. What's your plan?"

"Disappear," I said. "There's plenty of space to disappear in. Look. You can rent a tent and camping equipment. I could manage it for you. I know this park pretty well, and I'll give you odds I can find a spot where you'll be safe. By the way, can you cook?"

He spread his hands. "I'd hate to eat my own cooking, but ——" he said.

"When the people in the valley are asleep," I went on, "I'll take the car down the road and hide it. If we're going to do this caper, we'd better pull it off tonight. I should think all of your outfit would be asleep by two o'clock."

He nodded.

"Sharp at two," I said, "you'll come downstairs, not using the elevator. Go out the front door and walk to the road."

"I can think of no better plan," he said.

"At two o'clock you leave the Ahwahnee," I repeated. "You walk towards the main road. We'll synchronise our watches. I'll be waiting."

"Right," he said.

"Not much time to do what must be done," I said. "I'll be on my way." I grinned. "This is the first time I've ever eloped with a very holy man."

"If," he said, "this holy man were to be scragged in the United States, there are millions of Mohammedans who would believe—or who could be made to believe—that your Government, probably in cahoots with the British, contrived it." His face cleared and he grinned boyishly. "I don't imagine you really understand just how extremely holy I am. I'm simply terrifically holy."

I went to the garage and tossed a bit of weight around. It got me a car for the evening, on official business. I drove the automobile over to Camp 16, where I rented the necessary camping equipment. I bought a supply of groceries. Then I drove to a spot where I could back off the road and conceal the car.

I rather wanted to be seen around, so after supper I went to a movie. Two o'clock was appallingly slow in coming, but at last the hour arrived. I found a spot on the lawn of the Ahwahnee and lurked there in the darkness.

I was not armed, of course, except for a rather competent billet of wood, but this gave me a slight feeling of comfort. Presently the young sheik emerged and, once outside, darted towards the road. He passed within ten feet of me, but did not see me. I remained in my place of concealment. I wanted to be certain that Haroun had got away unobserved.

It was fortunate that I took no chances, for a dark figure emerged and slithered across the lawn. I recognised him as the fat, knife-throwing boy of Zaharados. I waited for him to pass and then stepped out. He did not hear me until it was too late. I never had struck a human being with a cudgel before, but I did so now, and found there was a certain satisfaction in it. The fat boy dropped and I dragged him back among the trees, where I examined him enough to be

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GOT THOSE

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AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!

Continuing . . . . **The Sinister Strangers**

from page 57

sure that he would not be spying on anyone for some time to come. Then I took off after the young Arab.

I overtook him a short distance down the main road and called to him softly.

"I was beginning to get uneasy," he said. "I feared something might have made it impossible for you to come."

"I was waiting fifteen minutes before you came out. I wanted to be sure you had made a clean get-away."

"And did I?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "there's a fat boy back in the bushes with a lump on his head. He belongs to Zaharados. That Greek is a man who takes no chances."

"Did you kill him, Linc?"

"He'll live to spy another day."

"That Greek," he said distastefully, "is a detestable creature."

"I'd rather it had been he than the boy," I said. "It would have been a real pleasure to swat him. How do you rate the Dutchman, van der Poot?"

"How," he asked, "can such a grotesque creature have sired so beautiful a daughter?"

We were a bit crowded, but managed to wedge ourselves in. Twenty minutes brought us to a side road, all but invisible in the night, and we drove along this track, slowly and cautiously, to avoid breaking springs or axles. In half a mile I found another track, scarcely navigable by car, and drove along this even more cautiously until I came to a little ravine, thick with trees and cover.

"I don't want to make visible tracks," I said. "We'll have to unload here and tote the stuff in."

We carried the equipment a couple of hundred yards to a sort of cove. There I lighted the lantern, erected the tent, set up the folding cot, and blew up the rubber mattress. The cooking arrangements were primitive, but adequate.

"If anybody finds you here, my friend, he'll have to be half bloodhound. You won't be lonesome, though. The bears will smell the bacon, and the deer will come to look you over. Wash your dishes after each meal; be careful of fire; and don't try to get chummy with a bear."

"Which direction is east?" he asked.

I glanced at my compass and pointed. "There won't be any muezzins to call you to prayer," I said, "but you can rely on the jay birds to wake you up. I'll drop in as often as it will be safe."

He stood up and held out his lean brown hand. "May Allah, the compassionate, give you peace and lead you in all your ways. Good night, Linc." He smiled wistfully. "Do you know, friend, that you are the first pal I ever have had?"

"So long," I said with forced gaiety. I walked away without looking back.

. . . . . .

I had only a couple of hours' sleep, but three cups of coffee perked me up after a cold shower, and I felt able to face the new day. I had little doubt that I had got myself into a mess. Park rangers are not supposed to lurk in the underbrush and sock tourists on the head with billets of wood, nor are they acting within the prescribed rules when they hide away foreign potentates.

I considered going to the chief ranger to make a clean breast of it and ask his advice. But I decided against it. No matter how much, as an ordinary citizen, the chief might sympathise with what I had done, he was, nevertheless, an official and would be compelled to act officially. So I determined to keep my mouth shut and hope for the best.

But I did want to know what effect the disappearance of the Sheik el Samari would have on various people. Also I was somewhat concerned about the fat boy. I reported to the chief ranger, who narrowed his eyes at me.

"You look," he said, "as if you'd spent the night on the back fence."

"I didn't sleep very well," I explained.

"Let it go at that." He shrugged, but he was not satisfied. "Remember," he said thinly, "that you're part of a troupe. You're not supposed to sing solos. I take it you saw the sheik to bed."

"Yes, sir," I said truthfully.

"Well, go and watch him get up."

It was apparent that no report had been made by his people of the young sheik's disappearance. It was still early. Possibly he had not yet been missed.

I took a roundabout way to the Ahwahnee because I was worried about the fat boy. A suitable pretext occurred to me for knocking on Zaharados' door. He opened to me, dressed in an ornate robe. The aroma of coffee was pleasant.

"You wheesh to see me?" Zaharados asked.

"Routine," I answered, stepping into the room. "There have been complaints about the water supply in neighboring cabins. Have you had any trouble?"

"No trouble," he said.

I heard a stirring in the kitchen and the fat boy came into the room bearing a tray. He did not look in the best of health. His yellowish skin was of an even more unpleasant color than usual, and a towel was bound tightly around his head.

"Headache?" I asked.

"He iss subject to the bad migraine," Zaharados explained. Everybody seemed to be narrowing his eyes at me this morning. Zaharados narrowed his. "You come to ask about plumbing," he asked. "Not about heads, no?"

"No interest in heads," I said. "Glad there's no trouble with the water. Sorry to have bothered you."

I cut across to Camp 14. Mrs. Potwin, Miss Vanderlee, and Mr. Li were at breakfast under the canopy. It was evident that Mr. Li was the host, because breakfast was being served by his man. It was the first time I had really seen this young Chinaman at close quarters. He had a pleasant, intelligent face.

"Ken," directed Mr. Li, "a chair for Mr. Sawtell . . . Will you breakfast with us?"

"Only a cup of coffee, please," I told him, seating myself

I got my third narrowing of the eyes from Mrs. Potwin, who said regally, "You look like something the cat dragged in, young man."

"Mr. Sawtell," said Mr. Li, "saw little of his bed."

This disturbed me. How could Mr. Li know that my night's rest had been brief? I looked at him and he smiled pleasantly.

"Perhaps," he said to Mrs. Potwin, "we have somewhat underestimated Mr. Sawtell."

"Up to capers?" asked Mrs. Potwin. "Not that tin-haired, tulip-picking mantrap?"

"Nothing so alluring," Mr. Li answered. "He was striking a somewhat loathsome head with a billet of wood. I fancy Zaharados' fat boy is not in the best of health this morning."

I felt as if I had been kicked in the stomach. Mr. Li regarded me with amusement.

"It is useless to have sharp eyes," he said, "if they look in the wrong spot."

"You saw me?"

"Not I," he answered. "Eyes sharper than mine. They saw you hide by the roadside. They saw a certain young man emerge from the hotel, and how he was followed by the fat boy, and how you disposed of that person. They saw you and this other young man enter a motor-car loaded with camping equipment, and drive away. Unfortunately, my eyes had no automobile with which to follow."

I felt pretty grim. "What," I asked, "do you propose to do about it?"

" 'Knowledge is golden,' says Ling Po. 'It should not be spent until a bargain presents itself.' "

"The one thing we didn't foresee," said Mrs. Potwin severely.

"Youth," Mr. Li said, "is unpredictable."

"Linc Sawtell," said Mrs. Potwin loftily, "you have certainly screwed things up to a fond farewell."

Miss Vanderlee spoke for the first time.

"Mr. Sawtell," she said, "got there fustest with the mostest men." It was the first kind word I had had from her since the unpleasant episode in the Ahwahnee lounge. I felt grateful.

"And, Mr. Sawtell," she said directly to me, "don't let anybody — anybody — wheedle out of you where you've hidden the sheik."

"Whose team are you on?" snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"Me?" Miss Vanderlee's eyes twinkled. "I'm a free agent."

"What, Mr. Li," I repeated, "are you going to do about it?"

"Treasure my knowledge in silence," he said blandly.

"And you, Mrs. Potwin?"

"Wait to see how the cat jumps."

"In that case," said I, somewhat reassured, "I'll say good morning."

Miss Vanderlee spoke again, and this time I thought I detected solicitude in her voice. "Keep an eye over your shoulder, Linc," she said. "What we know, others may suspect."

"I would warn you, sir," said Mr. Li, "that in the Near East are known unpleasant methods of persuading a man to talk."

I left them and went to the Ahwahnee, my last port of call. I strolled casually up to the desk and asked if the Sheik el Samari had breakfasted. The question occasioned no surprise.

"It was taken up to his apartment," said the clerk, "a good half-hour ago."

"He's under the weather," said a bellboy who came sauntering up. "Must be something he ate." He grinned at me. "Seems like he got his own doctor along."

So that was to be the story. The sheik was in his room, confined to his bed. The Arabs were standing pat. I imagined they must be in a state of mind, and I could visualise their turmoil. First the murder of the vizier. Then the vanishing of the sheik.

I turned away from the desk. As I did so, Katrina van der Poot came out of the lounge, followed by her gnome of a father.

"Meester Sawtell" she exclaimed, and came forward towards me. Her father said something to her in Dutch and she nodded carelessly. "It is well to see you," she went on. "I am annoyed."

I spoke to Johannes van der Poot, who growled a reply. "Why are you annoyed?" I asked her.

"See," she said, "I am dress for the ride. I am to meet the Sheik el Samari in this place" —she motioned towards the lounge—"a half-hour ago. He does not come. We were to ride together."

"I'm told," I said, "that the young gentleman is ill."

"But word he could send," she said. "It is not polite."

I turned my eyes from Katrina to her father. He stared at me without expression. I had a feeling that something was wrong. It was incredible that there had been no communication between Mynheer van der Poot and Zaharados, or that the Dutchman had not been informed of the events of last night. It was possible, of course, that Katrina did not know. The man might have thought it unwise to share such knowledge with his daughter.

"I'm sorry your morning has been spoiled," I said to Katrina.

"It could be repaired," she answered provocatively.

Her father turned to her brusquely. "You will speak of repairs when I have spoken with Mr. Sawtell," he said. "You will wait in the lounge."

To my surprise, she did not protest, but turned away docilely.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I asked.

"You are well spoken of," he said. "I have questions asked. You are of an education and intelligence. In my business, I can use young men of ability. My interests, they are very wide. I mus' have those upon whom I can rely, and to such men I am of a generosity. A young man the like of whom I am talking about can become, in a short time, rich."

"And what would this young man have to do to earn his money?"

"First, before all," van der Poot said, "he must tell me all he knows. He must never conceal."

"I see," I said. "Perhaps there would be a payment in advance for useful information?"

"Without doubt," he said, with some trace of eagerness.

"In what sum?" I asked.

"For a knowledge I would be in immediate need of, the payment down would be ten thousand dollars. A confidence being made between us in this manner, there would follow employment at many times what you earn—and opportunities."

Now I could have been very virtuous. I could have been highminded and enraged to think that he would dare to offer me such a bribe. But it might be the more efficient course to seem to hesitate.

"I'll have to think it over," I said.

His peculiar eyes glittered. "You will theenk it over queek —with suddenness," he said.

I nodded. "We're keeping your daughter waiting," I said. "When I have thought, I will let you know."

We found Katrina in the lounge, tapping her foot impatiently.

"Mr. Sawtell and I," said Johannes, "have made complete our business together. I will now leave him to you."

She looked up at me with big, innocent eyes and smiled so that I felt it down to my heels. "Mr. Sawtell," she said, and her voice seemed to contain a promise, "we will amuse each other—not?"

"Just how will we go about it?"

"You do not ride the horse," she said, "so we shall make the travel in my car. You will show me wonders. You shall, perhaps, show me a good leetle spot where we shall pause and become more acquainted, eh?"

Better men than I have failed to use their brains when tempted by a far less luscious woman than Katrina. And, I thought, recognising the speciousness of my reasoning, it might be in the line of duty.

"Wonderful," I said.

She tucked her slender, warm hand under my arm and we walked through the lobby and back to the spot where her automobile waited.

She did not ask for directions. In the short time she had been in the park she seemed to have learned the roads very well. One of her hands deserted the wheel and touched my knee. I placed my hand upon it and she laughed gaily. She seemed not in the mood for conversation, but smiled to herself as if with anticipation. I put my arm around her shoulders. She shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "It is nice to anticipate."

Abruptly, as if she had reached the spot she was seeking, she turned off the narrow, rutted way, and stopped in a little sunlit glade.

"So," she said, and stretched her arms with a gesture of happiness, "here we are. Alone. In all the beeg world is no one but you and me."

She raised her face to me and—what was I to do? You do not listen for sounds when you are as I was. She was warm and pliant and wonderfully exciting. Through a golden, throbbing haze I became conscious of the snapping of a twig.

I raised my head and returned to the world. Two men stood beside the car, each holding an automatic pistol. I recognised them—two of the Chicago hoodlums!

"Cute, ain't it?" asked one of them. "Two teentsy-weentsy chickadees canoodlin'! We're sorry to bust it up, hain't we, Whitey?"

"Cracks my heart right down the middle," answered the man called Whitey. "Loosen the death grip, lover boy, and put the footsies on the ground."

I was furious. I was humiliated. I had been a fatuous idiot. I pushed Katrina away from me, not gently.

"So," I said, "your job was to put me on the spot!"

To be concluded

"What's your version of how to spell 'aerodynamics'?"

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LOVE will be a little late

Our complete novel

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

HE first saw Donna on a winter afternoon. I had stopped by Derek's office to beg a ride home, and, just as we were leaving, his mother phoned to ask him to drive to her dressmaker's on Summers Street and pick up her finished dress.

"No trouble at all," he assured her. "Pauline is here . . . Yes, I'll ask her." He turned to me and said his mother wanted me to come back with him for tea. She had remembered that today was my birthday.

"I'd love to," I answered quickly. Ellen Morris was one of my favorite people quite apart from the fact that she was Derek's mother.

Miss Ruth Wilkins, dressmaker to most of our city's old families for many years, was a spinster of sixty with sharp black eyes and an angular, kind face. I'd known and liked her since I was a small child, so when Derek drew up in front of her shabby frame house I got out with him, intending to say hello.

But it wasn't Miss Ruth who came to the door. It was a girl, tall and slender, with a smile that could have belonged to an angel. Her dark hair swept back in wings from a broad forehead, and the wide spacing of her blue-grey eyes gave her a look of innocent candor. There was something familiar about her, yet I didn't remember having met her before.

Even then I could see her through Derek's eyes as a beautiful, desirable woman.

She handed the box to Derek, saying that her aunt was out, but that she had left the dress for Mrs. Morris and hoped it would be all right.

Derek said that he was sure it would be, but he added, with a grin, that his mother would be back for another fitting if it wasn't. She was a perfectionist about clothes.

"Yes," said the girl in a low-pitched voice. "I remember how beautifully dressed she always was."

"Do you know my mother?" he asked, with a note of surprise.

"I saw her the last time I visited Aunt Ruth five or six years ago."

"When Derek was in Korea," I thought, "and I was still in

Continued overleaf

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"LOVE WILL BE A LITTLE LATE," by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

school, and the world hadn't yet come so shiningly alive."

"Oh, you don't live here, then?"

"No, I'm from the West Coast." She added half shyly, "I stayed here quite a bit when I was small. You never used to see me when you rode by on your bicycle, whistling, but I watched you often." She laughed at Derek's slowly growing recognition.

"Why, you aren't — you couldn't be that little kid."

"Yes," she said gently. "I'm Donna."

I knew her, then, too.

"You're the little girl who dressed up her aunt's tabby cat and wheeled it up and down the street in a doll carriage," I said. "Do you remember me? I'm Pauline Lowe."

"Of course." She smiled back. "You had roller-skates. You were bigger."

Yes, I was still bigger. I was twenty-four that day, and Donna couldn't be more than twenty-one. I felt curiously touched by the memory of the thin little child who had sat on the front steps, playing with the bright scraps of material her aunt had given her. Donna's grey eyes were luminous with pleasure at our remembering.

"Now that you're here again and so grown-up," Derek told her, "Miss Ruth mustn't keep you hidden behind a sewing-machine. We'll give you a ring and take you out to see the town—may we?"

I chimed in cordially, and Donna thanked us. She said a little wistfully that she hadn't been anywhere yet. But she intended to stay in Wyattville a while; she'd got a job in our best department store, the Bazaar.

As we left, our last view of her was standing in the doorway looking after us, still smiling.

"Pretty child," said Derek.

"She's beautiful," I said honestly, and in a few moments forgot all about her.

I was terribly, foolishly happy that night. They say being a year older is nothing for a woman to sing about, but just being twenty-four brought me nearer to Derek. He was thirty, and I'd loved him from childhood. Some months ago he'd come back from an engineering field job to take over his family's company, and he'd found me, the little next-door girl, grown-up and waiting.

His mother and my parents were friends; we knew all the same people; we got along smoothly together, probably because we shared the same fun and laughed at the same jokes. I thought tonight, as I had many times before: He has to love me, he has to.

There was no hurry. We only needed the spark, and I was willing to wait for the inevitable moment when Derek would know we belonged to each other. Already he dated me twice for one date with any other girl in town.

"Well, Birthday Girl, what's your mood tonight?" he asked on the way to his mother's. "Do you want to eat haughty or low-down?"

I tried to sense what would be the most fun for him. "A steak house, and then a movie?" I suggested.

"Good," he approved.

Ellen Morris had our tea waiting and a fire lit. She greeted us cordially, and I felt she was sincerely glad to see me with Derek. She always seemed to enjoy his company, but never permitted herself to become possessive with him. She had told her friends when he first came home that she hoped he'd marry. Something in the way she looked at me now made me feel that she hoped he'd marry me.

"So Pauline is twenty-four today," she mused affectionately. "Darling, I find that hard to believe. Only the other day you were a little girl."

"It's just that you remember the braces on her teeth," Derek said, laughing. "Now I find her a self-possessed, mature young person who often seems older than I am."

"Women are born older," said his mother thoughtfully. "Perhaps because we always know what we want."

"And men have to be led to it firmly with a halter?" Derek teased. "We must make allowances for my mother, Pauline—she's suffering from over-eagerness to be a grandmother."

Ellen smiled at him indulgently. I didn't mind her knowing I loved him.

As we were leaving, Derek went upstairs for the present he had got for me, and Ellen said, "You look lovely tonight, Pauline. I like that match of your dress and your hair."

I was grateful for her compliment. I was anxious to look my best for Derek that evening. My mind had been stirring with the secret undercurrent that now, perhaps, was the moment . . .

It turned out to be another in the procession of our pleasant, carefree times together. We kept up a lively conversation during dinner and on the way to the movies. Afterwards, we stopped at Fitzgerald's for a soda, calling gaily to people we knew in the booths across the floor.

"I like your voice, you know," Derek said once. "It's so clear and alive and definite, the way you are—no blurred edges. A man knows where he stands with you."

I had never tried any of the usual feminine tricks on him, feeling they were a form of coercion. But tonight I wished, deeply, longingly, that the casual goodnight kiss we usually exchanged at my door would flame into mutual desire.

I wished he'd take the long way home around the golf course, and cut the engine in the quiet spot near the ninth-hole sandbank where Fisk Henderson sometimes tried to park. Only, of course, when it was Fisk I only laughed and said, "No, it's late. Drive me home."

We passed Sommers Street, and Miss Wilkins' house was dark. She and her beautiful niece must be asleep by now.

As though in answer to my thought, Derek said, "That was a lonely little kid we met today. What do you say we include her on a date some night?"

I said that would be fine. When he suggested Fisk for the other man, I agreed.

I knew, even as he drew me into his arms with a whispered good-night, that there'd be no sudden bonfire. He was even a little absent-minded about the kiss, and I pulled sharply away from him.

"What's the matter, Pauline?"

"Nothing," I replied coolly. "I guess I'm not in a moonlight mood, that's all."

I felt a bewildered sadness I wasn't willing to put into words. If he didn't know . . .

Surely it was time for Derek, beginning his thirties, to leave his comfortable cushioned niche at his mother's and strike out toward a man's responsibilities. The family engineering company was doing well, and there were other capable men he could send into the field. He was needed to run the home office.

Besides, his inheritance from his father gave him additional income on the side. Everything about a marriage between us was right and suitable. Or maybe "pat" was the word. Pat and unexciting. I was conscious of Derek's restlessness, and unaware of its cause.

We were like two characters standing just off-stage, waiting for the curtain to go up on the real drama of our lives. Only it didn't move; it remained a blank wall before us.

"Come on back, Pauline," he coaxed on a note of laughter. "That kiss didn't take. We'd better try again."

"Good-night, Derek," I said firmly, already inside the door.

But when I heard his car leave the driveway I felt a sharp pang of regret. Why hadn't I reached out and taken the momentary happiness which was so much better than nothing? . . .

DEREK phoned the next morning and asked me to lunch at the Town Club.

He was waiting for me as I stepped out of the elevator — and Donna was beside him. She was smiling radiantly.

"Look who I met in the middle of the street!" said Derek gaily. "She has an hour lunch period at the Bazaar, and the Club is the nearest place, so I thought we could all have lunch together."

I nodded, and Donna burst in, "Isn't it a heavenly day, Pauline? I think it's going to snow, and I love that. We don't have it where I come from."

In a few minutes we were seated at Derek's favorite corner table in the lofty green room with the crystal chandeliers.

"Oh!" Donna's breath caught in her throat. "How beautiful it is!"

Her eyes were shining like a child's on being taken out for a treat.

"Do you often eat here?" she asked us.

Derek and I smiled at each other.

"Practically every day," he said. "At least, I do. This is where I bring clients."

"Lucky people," said Donna softly.

She was the most appreciative person I'd ever met, and I thought I understood why. She hadn't had the habit of luxurious surroundings, the sort of things Derek and I took for granted. She was glimpsing our pattern of life through eager, unaccustomed eyes.

As we finished our coffee she stood, and said she must run; she was due back in about two minutes.

"If you want any pins or thread or wool be sure to come and see me," she said, with a bubble of laughter. "And thank you, Derek, for the nicest lunch I've ever had!"

The impression of her beauty had grown on me. Now Derek's face, as he watched her leave, made my heart plummet down in my breast. "Silly," I told myself. "You're being silly and female. All men stare at beautiful women, don't they?"

By the time I got home that afternoon I'd lost my foolish feeling of foreboding, and was busy dreaming the old dreams of how it must happen between Derek and me one day. Suppose I changed my tactics and played cat-and-mouse games, even using Fisk as a trophy to make him jealous? . . .

I had a date with Fisk the next night, and I found myself wishing Derek might see us, just so he'd know someone else was seriously interested in me. Of course, he knew Fisk and I were friends, but he gave no sign of wondering how much we saw each other or how deep it went.

Fisk is a clever young chemist in my father's company, and everyone thinks well of him, including me. When he first came to our town, a stranger from the East with a brand-new doctor's degree in organic chemistry, I was asked to show him around, introduce him to the younger crowd, and generally make him feel at home.

But lately I'd been trying to soft-pedal things, because I felt he was falling in love with me and I couldn't love him back. Fisk was much too nice to dangle, even to win the man I'd loved all my life. Somehow or other I knew I must make that clear to him without revealing myself too completely.

He was taking me to The Greek's that night. It was a roadhouse with indifferent food, but our whole crowd went there for their serious dancing. The Greek put real money into his dance bands.

Fisk and I were absorbed in our conversation — he was telling me about an important discovery in the lab—when I saw Derek in the doorway. Derek with Donna.

"Behold the lonely little stranger," I thought, in a daze of sudden pain, "who isn't lonely any more."

She wore a cheap black dress which fell in lovely lines on her figure. Looking about her she smiled with that bemused air which suggested that here was fairyland instead of a rather shoddy roadhouse.

The head-waiter led them to a table within earshot of ours, but Derek didn't see me for some time; his smooth, dark head was bent attentively to Donna.

I tried to talk to Fisk, but I kept watching them; I couldn't take my eyes off Derek, so excited, so engrossed by his companion.

"Oh, Derek," I thought desperately, "don't—don't."

Fisk asked me to dance. I was grateful for his nearness as he held me; I was so cold, so empty with my fear.

Fisk said, "Do you want to dance by and speak to them?" He knew, of course, whom I was watching.

I shook my head.

But when we came to our table we brushed right by them as they were heading for the dance floor. I heard Donna's soft voice saying, breathlessly, "I haven't danced for so long maybe I've forgotten how!" Derek laughed indulgently; then his eyes met mine. We both smiled and said, "Hi," but I was instantly aware that his guards were up against me. The next minute he and Donna had gone on.

Funny, I'd watched Derek dancing many times, with most of the girls in our crowd, but to see him with Donna was different. It jabbed a tiny sharp knife into me.

After a while Fisk said lightly, "It's hardly worth coping with such a crowd. What do you think, Pauline? Why don't we go back to town and have a quieter whirl in the Stalactite Room?"

That was one of the nicest things Fisk ever did for me, taking me away from there before I'd hopelessly betrayed myself to everyone.

Fisk was a lanky redhead with a spare face and a humorous, generous mouth. I'd have given a great deal that night and the many bitter nights to come if it had been Fisk I loved instead of Derek.

I took one last look as we left The Greek's. Derek was one of the handsomest men I'd ever seen with his crisp, dark hair and his bright blue eyes and the way his teeth glinted in contrast to his tanned skin when he smiled. And yet I knew that his looks had little to do with why I loved him so deeply. Under all his smoothness and poise I sensed a need in him for understanding, for the kind of tenderness I felt it was in me to give.

He had the restlessness of a man who's been used to travel and far places, but it didn't trouble me; I was sure he would grow beyond it. A woman needed only patience, I thought, abiding patience and love. Would a girl like Donna have enough of either?

"Just because he's taken her out once," I told myself, "there's hardly enough reason to write him off in despair."

But I knew, even before the day he phoned me, a week or so later, to ask if he could stop by to see me on his way home from work . . .

It was a bitter cold day, the kind of raw cold we get in the Middle West when the wind blows from Canada over the Great Lakes. I had a fire burning in my father's small, pine-panelled study.

"This is nice," Derek said, holding out his lean hands to the blaze. But he hadn't come to chat idly. "You saw me with Donna at The Greek's that night," he began abruptly, his face expressionless.

"Sure. You dated Donna, I dated Fisk Henderson," I said quietly.

He went on doggedly: "I know, but I must talk to you. We're good friends, Pauline—such good friends that if I can't speak out to you, there's no one."

The man who needed me was near the surface at that moment, and I ached with wanting to reach out and touch him. His next words chilled me:

"I can't get her out of my mind, Pauline."

"She's beautiful," I offered in a low voice.

"It isn't that. I've met beautiful girls before. There's something else about her — a quality of wistfulness, innocence. She's so young, so completely vulnerable. I suppose I'm in love with her, and it troubles me, because I'm not sure I can make her happy."

That was my bell, tolling for me. He was in love with Donna, and all his self-doubt merely underscored that incontrovertible fact.

"That's not strange, Derek," I managed. "You were bound to fall in love one day."

"It hasn't happened the way I planned," he went on, his eyes pleading for my understanding. "Pauline, I think you can see pretty clearly into my mind. We've known each other most of our lives; we speak a language of our own. And no matter how I feel about Donna, she's outside. That's why I'm uneasy about her chances of real happiness with me."

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"LOVE WILL BE A LITTLE LATE," by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

"Why shouldn't she be happy with you?" I said. "Aren't you being a little snobbish in your thinking?"

"I don't mean to be. Donna's background doesn't affect me—I'm considering how it might affect her. Of course, she doesn't need that bright sophistication absorbed by going away to school, or coming out, or inhabiting that circumscribed little world you and I happened to be born in. But there's something else she does need, Pauline, she's so alone . . ."

So that was it. I marvelled at what a man is prepared to ask of the woman who loves him. But, of course, Derek had no idea of my kind of love; he'd never seen it, naked and unabashed, in my eyes. I'd been too careful.

"You'd like me to be friends with her?" I said slowly. "Give her a bit of feminine companionship, introduce her to other girls—is that it, Derek?"

"If you only would!" he said eagerly. "I want Mother to meet Donna, of course. But what Donna needs most is the feeling of companionship with people near her own age. Besides, if my mother knows you're her friend——"

I realised instantly that he dreaded Ellen's disappointment. But he needn't have worried. She would receive Donna, or any girl Derek loved, as though she'd waited for her all her life.

A terrible envy flooded my heart, but I fought it down. Derek didn't know what he was asking, so what excuse had I to refuse? . . .

I went downtown to the Bazaar the following day, somewhat reluctantly prepared to offer my friendship to the bride-to-be. I had the queer impression she wasn't feeling particularly radiant, but was worried about something. I stood by quietly and waited for her lunch period.

"I've come to whisk you out," I said gaily when she turned to me. "You and I have some catching up to do. It's a long time since we dressed up the cat and wheeled him down the street."

"It is," she agreed. "I can't stay away long, you know."

"My car is just outside. I thought we could go to a good hamburger place I know, and then I'd drop you back on the dot of one."

She accepted, but with an apparent inner reservation. I was puzzled; it was a little as though she were afraid of me. But that didn't make sense. I'd had my chance with Derek and lost. She must have known that.

I tried to summon back the memory of two children playing as some sort of basis for a friendship between women.

"I was always happy at Aunt Ruth's," I finally won from her, and I had the impression she hadn't been as happy the rest of the time.

I asked her how she liked selling. I'd worked at the Bazaar, in the College Shop once, myself. That might help make the necessary bridge between us.

She liked it all right, she said. She'd tried other jobs, small-parts assembling in a factory, modelling wholesale furs in Chicago, being hat-check girl in a hotel restaurant . . . I sensed a reluctance to talk about herself. She gave bare facts, with none of the usual girlish embellishments.

I wondered if she might possibly have some childish inferiority complex about being the niece of the local dressmaker, but I discarded that as silly. Everyone thought highly of Miss Ruth.

Before I left her I invited her to my house for tea the following week, and mentioned that I'd be having a few of the girls.

She thanked me with a faint smile. Was there triumph in it? I wondered uneasily. Did she think of me as some sort of adversary she had defeated? I hadn't succeeded in creating any warmth in her, but I would be unhappy for Derek's sake if she chose to regard me as an enemy . . .

The tea-party went well. All the girls were charming to Donna. A small group like ours is supposed to be cliquish, but I don't believe we've ever failed in courtesy to a stranger. Anyway, the news had gone around like wildfire that Donna was practically engaged to Derek Morris. When she married him she'd be not only his wife but Ellen's daughter-in-law, and that would make her an insider, as good as born in our city.

"You know, Ethel, we're really fortunate to be working for Mr. Holzapple—he's one of the nicest, kindest, most successful men in town."

Ellen, as I knew she would, planned a party for Donna and Derek herself. It was to be at her house before the Christmas dinner-dance at the Club. The idea of this seemed to please Donna enormously.

She had her aunt make her a breath-taking new dress, layers of white tulle over silver lame. I was there one day when Miss Ruth was fitting it, and I had to admit to myself that Donna, in that mist of white and silver, was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

She was happy and excited, too. "Derek's mother told me she's going to give me some pearls she inherited from his grandmother. Real ones. They're kept in the bank."

"I've seen them," I said gently. "They're exquisite."

"What do you think of this dress?" She flounced the skirt in a pirouette. "Isn't it a dream?"

"It will be if you stand still," said Miss Ruth dryly, trying to place her pins. She was affectionate towards Donna, but her manner always seemed a little anxious, as though, even now, she was trying to "raise her right." I wondered if, deep down, she didn't feel enormously gratified at having Donna marry so well. But she hadn't commented, in my hearing at least.

It wasn't as yet a formal engagement. Derek told me Donna wasn't ready to have it announced, even though everyone in our crowd knew or assumed it. She had said she wanted to go home and tell her family first, which sounded like a reasonable idea.

I found myself wishing it were all over, even though their actual wedding would make a dark day for me to dread. I wondered painfully how well I was going to be able to take it; if I could force myself into the bystander role Derek wanted me to play, or if I'd turn out to be one of those fugitive women who take to travel or study to escape the deadly everyday pattern of grief . . . To stand up to a great blow is one thing; it takes fortitude to endure the little nicks. How much of that quality I had remained to be seen.

Miss Ruth's thin cheeks were flushed, I thought, and her fingers trembled a little as she jabbed her pins.

"Do you feel all right?" I asked her. "There's a lot of flu going around."

"I'm fine. I've had a touch of sore throat, but it's getting better."

"She's a doll, she's a dilly," carolled Donna. "This dress is absolutely her masterpiece. She should sign it!" . . .

The night of Ellen's party and the Club dance was Donna's night, no doubt of it. She had the ecstatic radiance of a sixteen-year-old at her first prom. Derek, by contrast, looked a little tired around the eyes. When he was bent on serious courting he did a real job of it. To my knowledge, he'd been out with Donna almost every night. She was specially crazy about the late jukebox places, which I knew he'd always hated.

Tonight, at Ellen's party, Donna was a great success. Ellen and Derek saw to it that she met everyone in the room, and I'm sure no one was in any doubt of her status, though there was no official mention of it.

I wondered again, as I had before, how much she loved him. I had seen her lift her face to his when they were dancing, close her eyes with a little sigh, tighten her hand on his shoulder, but those same gestures were mannerisms with some girls, meaning anything or nothing.

Looking at her in Ellen Morris' living-room, surrounded by admiring strangers, Derek standing protectively at her side, an invisible camera in my mind took a second snapshot. The first picture had been lying in a corner of my memory since that day weeks ago when Derek and I had seen Donna in the doorway, slender, wistful, with that smile of an angel bemused.

This picture was curiously different. She was still slender and smiling, but not wistful, I thought, not wistful at all. Rather secretly amused and triumphant.

Then it was time to go to the Club. If Donna had been impressed by the places Derek had taken her to thus far, I knew she'd revel in the Club as it looked, all decorated for the best dance of the year. The ballroom blazed with the five Christmas trees set at intervals down its length, each garlanded with blue and silver lights. The music was a top-flight band from New York.

Miss Lily Coombes, our society reporter, was in the clubhouse with a photographer when we arrived.

"Beautiful party," I heard her remark in her slightly breathless voice to Ellen Morris. "I'd like a picture—may I?"

Ellen replied graciously, and the photographer went to work with a flash-bulb. Donna was in the centre of the group, Derek nearest to her. She gave an involuntary start when

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"LOVE WILL BE A LITTLE LATE"

she realised a picture had been taken. I was near enough to see her annoyed frown.

"Don't you like to have our picture taken, darling?" Derek asked.

"I hate it when I haven't had time to fix my face."

"Your face couldn't possibly be improved upon—as if you didn't know!" His voice was half teasing, half tender. She gave him a brief but dazzling smile.

Her first view of the Club ballroom and its glamorous Christmas setting made her respond exactly as I'd expected.

"It's heaven, Derek!" she cried, her face alive with delight.

I was with Fisk that night, and his presence was a comfort. He was aware, of course, of the situation, though we never mentioned it. But he made one rather perceptive remark. "Some women have a gift for appreciation that amounts to genius," he said dryly.

I hadn't thought of Donna's enthusiasm as a gift before, but as I weighed it, I understood how it might affect Derek. Perhaps there were men who needed the feeling that they were giving the earth, moon, and stars to a woman.

"Dance?" said Fisk, and we swept out on to the floor. I wore emerald-green slipper satin that night, a dress as different from Donna's as I could find.

"Tall, beautiful, and, at least in my dreams, mine," said Fisk under his breath, holding me as tight as he dared.

"Fisk, dear, you know——"

"Yes, I know. But you're going to get over it. You're a proud, free spirit—you were never meant for bondage."

I was startled by the word, but I could see that to ache with love for a man who didn't return it was a bondage of sorts.

Something happened then, no more than twenty feet from my left shoulder. I didn't see it myself, but, as Fisk described it later, some sort of recognition took place between Donna and the trumpet-player in the orchestra.

It wasn't much—a nod and a grin—but all the joy seeped out of Donna like air from a balloon. She grew pale, and the hand on Derek's shoulder tightened convulsively. Her evening of excited triumph had somehow crumpled apart.

All she actually said was that she was sick and wanted to go home. Derek had heard that Miss Ruth was ill, and he assumed, as I later found out, that Donna had picked up a flu bug from her and was beginning to run a temperature.

They made their excuses to Ellen and left.

Fisk and I were standing near a french window when I glanced out and saw them in the lighted parking court. Donna was walking slowly, like a woman in a dream. Then she paused and turned to Derek with her lovely face uplifted and murmured something. He took her in his arms and his head bent down to hers . . . My heart beat in heavy, anvil strokes. Without a word, Fisk drew me away, and we danced to the other side of the room. His arms were a refuge; so was his silence.

That night I thrust my head deep into my pillow and wished I were old, too old to care any more about the anguish of youth and love . . .

The day after the dance was one of my shifts of duty at the Clinic, so I got up early and put on a crisp uniform. I left ahead of my usual time so that I could drive past Miss Ruth's and see how she and Donna were doing.

I rang several times, but no one answered the door. Finally I opened it and walked into the unlocked house, calling to Miss Ruth.

I found her in her back bedroom on the ground floor, and I saw at a glance that she wasn't fit to get out of her bed. There were high spots of color on her cheeks and her eyes were glazed with fever. She could speak only in a croaking undertone, and I knew as soon as I heard her dry cough that a doctor must see her immediately.

I telephoned to her physician and he promised to come right away.

"I'll stay with her till you get here," I told him. "It won't matter if I'm a little late at the clinic, because they have another nurse's aide today."

I went back to Miss Ruth's room and sat down on a chair by her bed, holding her thin, dry hand.

"Where's Donna?" I asked her.

"She got a telegram and had to go home."

"But surely — I mean, she must have seen how sick you were, Miss Ruth."

THE feverish eyes looked away from me. She tried to moisten her lips and say something.

"Never mind, Miss Ruth." I was deeply troubled, but I didn't want to make her waste her strength. If she had pneumonia, as I thought, she was going to need it. She was no longer young, or even middle-aged; yet she worked as hard as she always had, sewing far into the nights. She was a wonderful woman in her quiet way, and I winced from the unsavory thought of Donna's having left her ill and helpless.

Still, if her own mother were desperately sick or had been hurt in an accident . . . I mustn't judge till I knew.

Dr. Jerome came, and almost immediately on seeing Miss Ruth phoned the hospital to send an ambulance. In answer to my frightened question, he nodded; it was pneumonia. But he patted my shoulder and said it was lucky I'd come by, that it gave her a better than even chance . . .

My job at the Clinic was weighing and measuring babies and taking case histories. Time went fast and there wasn't a minute left over to think. At five-thirty I handed the last baby, a lovely, fat ebony one, back to his mother and went out to my car. To my surprise, Derek was sitting in it, waiting.

"I've heard about Miss Ruth," he said without preamble, "and I'm worried, Pauline—not only about her, but about Donna. You know she's disappeared, don't you? She sent me a wire from the station that she was called home by a family emergency and would write. But she was far from well last night. She may be stranded somewhere, sick and alone. If she'd only waited long enough to let me help her!"

I commented cautiously that she had looked very beautiful and happy at his mother's.

He nodded. "I don't think the bug caught up with her till later. But then I could almost watch her getting ill. She was flushed, then deathly pale. Her hands grew clammy. The poor kid didn't want to leave the party, but she knew she must."

I said nothing about the look of recognition between Donna and the trumpet-player in the orchestra. I hadn't seen it myself, and Fisk could have been mistaken. In any case, it was none of my business.

"She couldn't have had any idea Miss Ruth was coming down with pneumonia," Derek added.

"Dr. Jerome thinks she has a good chance of pulling through," I said hastily. "I was just going to the hospital to see her."

"You can't. I've been there and they aren't permitting visitors. She's under oxygen."

"Oh, Derek!" Tears came to my eyes. "It would be so awful for Donna if anything happened to Miss Ruth."

His face wore a look that told me he was struggling against that grim thought himself.

"My car is across the street, Pauline. Would it be all right if I trailed you home? Unless you're busy——"

Under his diffidence I could sense the hungry appeal for someone to talk to. Someone who also knew Donna . . .

My parents were dining out that night, so Derek and I had a quiet dinner alone. Afterwards I suggested coffee in the study. "Tonight," I told myself silently, "you can just forget your hopeless-love maunderings and be what he needs most—a friend."

Evidently I succeeded, because he began to talk to me, clumsily at first, then in a rush of words. Donna, it seemed, wasn't the first love of Derek's life. There'd been an Army nurse in Korea.

"She was so small and gentle," he said in a low voice, "and so young to die. She'd picked up a tropical virus, and complications set in. They couldn't save her."

He'd been through all that, I thought sadly, while I was within the cloistered, ivy-covered walls of my Eastern women's college, dreaming of him.

"That went deep," he said huskily. "By the time the scar tissue had formed I was ready to steer clear of emotional involvements. I didn't want to face even the possibility of suffering or loss." He added quickly, "I don't mean I didn't intend to marry one day later, but there always seemed to be plenty of time."

I understood things about him then that had puzzled me before: the studied casualness, the effort to keep it light and gay.

"When I first saw Donna there was something disturbingly familiar about her," he went on, a slow flush rising on his face. "Beyond her beauty there was that look of candid innocence, that almost heart-breaking vulnerability. It finally clicked in my mind that it was Peggy's look all over again."

"And is she actually like Peggy?" I made myself ask.

"There have been times when I've thought so," he said slowly. "And other times she's completely different. The wistful child steps aside"—I could see the white of his knuckles as he gripped the arm of his chair—"and she's all pagan, passionate, reckless, wanting to blot out the world."

I wanted to run away, I couldn't bear to listen any more, but he said my name like a call for help. "Pauline."

"Yes, Derek?"

"I'm fighting a queer sort of fear that I won't hear from her at all, that she's really gone away for good."

"There's no reason to suppose that," I said quietly. "She's told you she means to marry you, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but she won't set any time. She's evasive when I try to pin her down."

"Some girls don't like to be rushed," I soothed him. "And, after all, she was only visiting here. She may have wanted to go home a while first and think things over."

"I don't even know where her home is," he said uneasily. "Just Los Angeles."

"You have to give her time to send you her address, Derek. Whatever happened, whatever emergency it was that called her away, she'll be depending on you for understanding and patience."

"Of course. Thank you, Pauline." He looked faintly ashamed of himself and his eyes were unhappy.

I couldn't let that sadness build up in him. Especially when I understood it so well.

"You're worried about Donna only because of Peggy, my dear," I said. "You loved Peggy and lost her. Now you're in love with Donna, who reminds you of her, and the old subconscious fears are sneaking in on you. Because you love, you feel you must lose. But it isn't true," I assured him earnestly. "Donna loves you and has said she'll marry you."

As he listened to me I thought some measure of tension left his face.

"You're quite a person, Pauline. So calm, so wise beyond your years, and so —" His voice roughened a little: "So wonderfully kind."

I could have told him it wasn't kindness to comfort the man you loved; it was natural instinct. But that would only have troubled him.

We phoned the hospital again before he left and found that there was no change in Miss Ruth.

Dr. Jerome felt it would be better if some member of her family were standing by, but we explained there was no one we could reach. Donna was actually her grandniece, and Donna's mother was her niece, but we had no address of either of them . . .

A day or so later, to my intense relief, Miss Ruth was pronounced out of danger, and I was allowed to be her first visitor. She looked so thin and old a tide of pity swept over me.

"We've been worried about you, Miss Ruth." I set my pot of Christmas cactus on her high bed-table where she could see it. It pleased her, I knew.

"It's so good to feel better," she admitted. She gave me a cautious look. "Is Donna back yet, Pauline? I've been sort of wondering."

"No, not yet, Miss Ruth. Probably the family trouble or whatever it was isn't over."

"Her mother's always trouble," said Miss Ruth grimly. "But that's nothing new. It's been going on since she was born."

"Still, she could be sick," I hazarded. Or—hurt."

"Maybe." But the eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles were sceptical. "I'm not leaving a penny to my niece, Shirley Jean; it all goes to Donna," she said heavily.

Then her face softened. "Donna, poor little girl—she's had such a sorry upbringing, but I've tried hard to combat it. I've always wanted her to be as beautiful inside as she is out. Shirley Jean almost let me adopt her once; then she got another singing job and changed her mind." Miss Ruth seemed almost to be thinking aloud, as if I weren't there.

"Is your niece a singer, Miss Ruth?"

"You might call her that. She half talks and half sings in a husky sort of voice." Miss Ruth sounded bitter. "Her specialty is vulgar little pieces, with words no lady would want to know. Her engagements have been in a succession of night-clubs, each one worse than the last." There were high spots of color on each thin check. "That's what's fed and clothed Donna—except for what I've given her—all her life."

Continued overleaf

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"LOVE WILL BE A LITTLE LATE"

She was growing excited and nervous, and I knew it was time I left her, though there were many questions I wanted to ask.

"I'll come tomorrow," I promised. "Let me fix your bed down now so you can get some rest."

By the next day Miss Ruth was more her old self, reticent and calm. She was worried about Donna, though; I could tell that . . .

Derek's strange fear that he might never hear from Donna again proved wrong. Within a few days he had a letter postmarked Los Angeles, giving him a street address he could write to. Her mother had been very sick, she said, but was better now. However, she wouldn't be able to leave her for some weeks, so he must be a good, patient boy, and remember she loved him.

It hurt to see how much that short, scrawled letter meant to him.

"You were right all the time, Pauline," he told me jubilantly. "She's coming back as soon as she can get away. She can't just walk out on a sick mother."

But she could walk out on a sick aunt, I thought uneasily.

Miss Ruth had a letter from Los Angeles soon afterwards. It was the day she was going home from the hospital, with a part-time nurse to look after her a few hours each morning.

I could see how happy and relieved Miss Ruth was to hear something at last. There was nothing very specific in Donna's letter, which she read to me. The exact nature of Shirley Jean's illness wasn't referred to. Donna was dying to come back to Auntie's, where she was always so happy, but she couldn't leave Mom while she was flat on her back. She hoped her aunt's "cold" was all right now. She sent love and kisses.

"Of course, she never had any idea I was so sick," said Miss Ruth triumphantly.

"Of course not," I replied.

"Donna was a mite flighty for a little while in her teens, but I always knew she'd settle down," she added. "Once Shirley Jean is on her feet Donna'll be back to get married. That's the way I want to see her before I go—married to a fine man who'll look after her."

"You will, Miss Ruth." I left before my smile began to wobble . . .

The dreary winter weeks went by with no sign of Donna's return. I watched Derek's restlessness mount. Donna was apparently no letter-writer, but each short note he received underscored the same refrain: that she loved him and would come when she could . . . only Mom wasn't improving as fast as she'd hoped, and it scared her to think of Donna's going off and leaving her for good.

Derek told me once that he was considering taking some time off and flying out to Los Angeles. Maybe there was something he could do to help the situation. My mind supplied the rest: if Donna's mother would accept enough financial aid to pay a nurse, that would free Donna.

He must have offered that in a letter, for Donna wrote back at once, and whatever she said troubled him deeply. He chose a rather odd time to tell me about it.

I was giving a party, something I do every winter to relieve the long stretch of tedious cold weather we get in the Middle West. Our house is pleasant for parties, with its large fireplaces, one at the end of the living-room, the other in the dining-room, ablaze with apple logs. I'd asked our whole crowd and a few of the younger chemists at the lab. Fisk Henderson was there, my man Friday as always.

Derek came a little late. I felt his presence in the room like a charge of electricity even before I saw him. I was standing at Fisk's shoulder as Derek crossed the room.

"Hi, fellow," said Fisk pleasantly. He'd never resented Derek or blamed him for my futile torch-bearing.

"Hi, yourself—and Pauline." Derek's eyes seemed to absorb us both. I remember I had the sudden thought that he really saw me then as a woman in my own right, standing next to a man who, as the whole town knew, was in love with me and wanted to marry me.

Fisk moved off to greet some newcomers, and Derek, watching him, said in a low voice, "That's a pretty great guy, Pauline."

"Yes."

His eyes came back to me with a look of awareness that made my heart beat faster. "We talked so much about me and so little about you," he said in a low voice. "You're rather specially beautiful today, Pauline. Is—is there any particular reason for the moon-glow?"

I laughed and shook my head.

"Would you tell me?" he persisted gently. "I value our friendship. In fact, you know more about me than anyone else in the world. But I have a sudden feeling that I ought to know lots more about you—what you dream of, who you care for most, the important things people keep in the back of their hearts."

"It may be that I keep the back of my heart as well swept out as the front," I murmured lightly.

The heightened color, the shining eyes were for Derek, just because he'd looked at me and really seen me, but I had no intention of admitting it. Let him think I cared more for Fisk than I'd ever said.

"Pauline," he said curiously, "it's queer how terribly I'd hate to lose you."

"Friends don't have to lose each other," I replied.

"If you were married I'd have no claim on the time you give me so generously now. I couldn't come running to you just because I felt like talking." He spoke almost as though he were thinking it for the first time, out loud.

"You're the one who's going to marry," I reminded him quietly. "Is that different?"

"You win," he said with a rueful smile. Then his face darkened. "Pauline," he began.

I felt the old tenderness, the old response to the way he spoke my name. "Yes?"

"I can't take your time and attention away from your guests now."

"Don't be silly; they're all happy. Come sit on the window-seat and tell me what's on your mind."

Of course, it was Donna. He was hurt and bewildered by her reply to his offer to fly out. It was briefly: Don't come. She went on with reasons which sounded lame to him, and to me as I listened. Her mother didn't want her to marry anyone right now, but she was specially opposed to Derek, since he came from the city where her aunt lived, and her mother and Aunt Ruth weren't on good terms. It wouldn't matter later, of course, but at this time, when her mother wasn't yet herself, it might set her back and delay everything. Derek must understand and be patient.

"Patient!" he repeated bitterly.

I SCARCELY knew what to say. I offered what comfort I could, but he brushed it aside.

"If Donna weren't so young there'd be less of a problem. She'd have more independence," he said. "As it is, I don't know whether it's best to give her more time or to go out there to try to change her mother's opinion."

I didn't know either. I had a passing thought that maybe Fisk, who was being sent to Los Angeles soon to attend a technical meeting, might arrange to call on Donna and her mother. But I promptly rejected the idea of asking him. It was neither his business nor mine.

He was presenting a paper at the meeting, and I knew my father was proud of the work and the research which had gone into it. It wouldn't be fair to involve him in other people's personal problems. Besides, I was being awfully careful, right then, to keep our companionship on an easy plane. No complications . . .

That very evening, after the party, something happened which affected all our lives—Derek's, Donna's, my own—though it would have been hard to guess such results from as simple an event as hearing from my college room-mate.

We adored each other, almost never wrote, and had met but twice since graduation; but when we did meet we resumed things exactly as they were, borrowing each other's clothes, hurling affectionate insults, whispering secrets late at night. Seeing Kay was a treat I wouldn't forgo if there were any way of achieving it.

So, when the person-to-person call came from her and she wanted me to join her double-quick for a couple of weeks in the sun, I made a few hasty mental adjustments and said, "Sure. Where?"

"Palm Springs. Bud's taken a house. All he asks is that you and I order the food, sweep out the sand once in a while, and leave him alone. He's writing."

"A new one?" Her much older, twice-divorced brother is Giles Nicolson, best-selling author. I'd been quite excited about his last book, "Evening of Locusts," and the movie made from it.

"Oh, yes. It's half done, already bought, slated for translation into ten languages, and Bud isn't bearable to live with. You've got to come."

"I'll fly," I promised recklessly.

"When?"

I looked outside the study window, and it was snowing. Again. "Tomorrow," I said.

I hung up and turned to Fisk, who was still there, and told him. He was delighted for me. He'd been saying I was tired and ought to get away. My mother and father agreed with him. They all pretended to think I'd been working too hard that winter; they never even hinted it was heartache over Derek.

"Now you'll have to come and listen to my speech," Fisk said, laughing. "Los Angeles isn't so far away you can gracefully avoid it."

"Of course I'll come," I promised.

I phoned Derek to let him know I was leaving."

"It'll be fun," I said. "Sun and swimming and riding on the desert. And Kay's such a

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"LOVE WILL BE A LITTLE LATE," by Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

pixie. You've never met her or you'd know. She has the best sense of humor I've ever encountered."

He said it sounded wonderful, but he'd miss me. Then he added, with self-conscious diffidence: "If you'd do something for me there—Pauline, I know it's a lot to ask for you to go to Los Angeles and see how sick Donna's mother really is, how likely it is that she may be playing on her child's sympathies."

"Don't ask it, Derek," I said a little breathlessly, though how could he know the extent of my distaste for such an errand? "It's too great a responsibility."

"Even to give me your snap judgment, your first impression—right or wrong?" he urged.

"But you'd rather I were right." I couldn't keep the dryness out of my voice.

He didn't insist any more, but I knew he was disappointed in me, and that hurt.

I was resolved that I'd push it, with all the other hurts my love had brought me, far back into the most remote corner of my heart. I was giving myself a vacation in the sun, a time off from frustration and bewilderment; in a sense, a holiday from love . . .

When I reached Palm Springs I told Kay about Fisk in our first ten minutes, and she was far too perceptive to question me about Derek, who she knew was my Dream Prince in college. We set right to work on our tans, took long horseback rides along the dusty trails of Smoke Tree Ranch, and also managed to surprise her brother, Giles, alias "Bud," by producing very creditable dinners for him. Our relationship settled into its old comfortable pattern, except that I didn't speak of the weight I couldn't shift from my heart.

At times, as the golden days went by, I fought my natural curiosity about Donna and what her little game of waiting really meant. I couldn't bear the thought of seeing her; yet I had a queer feeling that if, by some chance, I did, the pieces of the puzzle might fall into place.

Kay drove me into Los Angeles the day I met Fisk.

"I'm going to say hello to your redhead, and then disappear tactfully and go shopping," she said.

"He's not my redhead, and you needn't disappear," I retorted, but it helped my pride for her to meet a man who cared about me when she'd heard so much over the years about one who didn't.

She liked Fisk, I saw that right away, and he was amused by her. Kay is small and brown-haired, with large dark eyes that don't miss a thing. She soon left us, with the agreement that I was to meet her at four for the drive back.

"Good girl," said Fisk, when we were alone. "I wanted to talk to you."

I suppose I looked uneasy, because he added hastily, "No, not that old, tired subject of you and me. This is about Donna. Have you seen her?"

I was, for a moment, too surprised to answer. What did Fisk know about Donna except that she was away?

"Should I?" I countered.

He said dryly, "Haven't you been even faintly baffled by the radiant fiancee's prolonged absence from our midst?"

I didn't care to admit how baffled. I replied cautiously, "That's something which is none of my business. Derek said her mother was sick and she had to stay with her. I imagine she'll go back to Wyattville when she can."

"Pauline," he said gravely, "I made a point of lunching with Derek before I left."

"Did you?" I repeated, my heart thudding foolishly.

"He told me he had asked you to check up on Donna and her mother."

"Yes," I admitted. "But I couldn't do that, Fisk."

"You mean you considered the request out of order, and it was. Even Derek realised it was placing an undue responsibility on you. But there are reasons why it might be wise to go out of your way to execute a mission." He smiled thinly. "Beyond the call of duty, so to speak. Or haven't you thought it through that far, Pauline?"

Of course I'd thought it through, over days and wakeful nights; but I could only nod mutely, winking the quick tears back from my eyes.

His hand reached for mine across our table for two. "I'm not trying to hurt you, baby. Believe that," he said in a low, earnest voice. "My way may seem dim-witted, but I want to help you."

"You can't, Fisk," I whispered, swallowing hard, "Thanks, anyway."

He changed the subject, then, and I was grateful. I'm far from being an expert in chemistry, but I've absorbed enough bits and pieces of technical information over years of listening to my father to be able to understand Fisk's enthusiasm for his present line of research. It was a relief to talk about it, and to see the glow of pleasure in his face when I said I'd read his last article in a scientific journal.

"Read the words," I said laughingly. "But I can't say I understood more than one in five."

"You won't this afternoon, either." He signalled for the check. "But you'll look so beautiful no one will care. Time to go now . . ."

FISK wasn't in the least nervous, though I was for him. He spoke with conviction, only occasionally looking down at his manuscript. After he had been congratulated by a number of men, and shaken hands with a group around him, he came to the back of the hotel ballroom where I was waiting.

"You were simply wonderful, Fisk," I told him truthfully.

"Do something for me," he urged. "When you meet your friend Kay, tell her you can't drive back to Palm Springs tonight."

"I'm afraid I must," I said doubtfully.

"Can't." His voice was firm and demanding. "You owe it to me to go out to dinner to celebrate. That was a successful paper, in case you don't know it, my girl."

"I do know it."

His face was still alive with triumph and vitality. Even his red hair looked redder. "Come on. You can ask Kay to stay over, too, and I'll bring another man. We'll have the Los Angeles office get you a reservation at a hotel."

"I'll speak to Kay and let you know. Where can I reach you?"

He wrote a number down for me and shoved it into my purse. "I'll be out of here by five. Don't stand me up, Pauline. You can't, because this is my lucky day!" . . .

Kay thought it a fine idea to stay in town and help Fisk celebrate.

"I know he'll try to bring someone nice," I offered.

"Someone with legs who can dance will do," cracked Kay. "I bought a new dress fifteen minutes ago and it screams to be taken out. Hurry! We'll go back to the store and buy you one."

That was so like Kay I had to smile, but her blithe confidence swept me along. In another fifteen minutes I, too, had a dress, a brilliant turquoise that did so much for my tan and my figure that I felt a jab of wistful longing. If only Derek could be here tonight and see me in it.

Impulsive, impromptu dates were Kay's dish of tea, and this one got off to a good start. Fisk had a pleasant-faced individual with him who was called, appropriately enough, "Sandy," and whose sense of humor matched Kay's so well that they launched into a barrage of repartee.

We were all in a gay mood that night.

Fisk took us to dinner at the Bel Air Hotel, where our table was separated from the great, lighted trees in the court outside by an almost invisible sheet of plate-glass. Afterwards we went to Ciro's.

Fisk and I were dancing together when he told me blandly we were going on to another place he had in mind, a honky-tonk sort of night-club on the Strip.

"Why? I like it here, don't you?"

He held me a little tighter. "I love it here," he murmured, "but we're going." He looked at his watch. "There's an act there we must catch, and it's time."

"What act?"

"You'll see."

Though I was annoyed at being dragged somewhere else, it was Fisk's evening, so we let him follow the pattern he had evidently planned.

The Cafe de la Lune was an unsavory little place of the "joint" variety, decorated outside by huge poster pictures of semi-nude girls. I looked away with a feeling of distaste.

"Come on," said Fisk quietly, his hand on my arm.

We went down some steps into a room which was small and smoky and too warm. Fisk said something in a low voice to the head-waiter, who nodded and put us at a ringside table for four.

I sat there stiffly, holding my untouched drink and trying to conceal my surprise that Fisk should have brought me to such a place. Then the lights went down, the three-piece orchestra played a loud bar of music, and a weary-faced master of ceremonies with a flashing mechanical smile said he had the honor and pleasure of introducing those glamorous singing-dancing stars, the Shelton Sisters.

Two girls whose costumes consisted mostly of beads, feathers, and wisps of net flung

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themselves on-stage. Though one was dark-haired and the other a brassy-blonde, you could see a fleeting sort of resemblance.

The dark one, younger, slimmer, preceded the blonde across the square of dance floor till she was standing in the full glare of the spotlight, so close I could see the sooty beads of mascara on her eyelashes.

I felt frozen to my chair, unable to move or speak.

Fisk, on my right, slipped his hand down and took my cold fingers and held them all the while the "Shelton Sisters" sang their first tawdry little ditty in voices husky with innuendo. I had a sharp, sudden memory of Miss Ruth's bitter comment: "Her specialty is vulgar little pieces with words no lady would want to know." But she had been referring to Shirley Jean, not Donna — not her cherished young grandniece with the wide, innocent eyes.

Incredible as it seemed that the too bright blonde, who looked about thirty, should be the darker one's mother, I knew that she was.

"She isn't sick, either," I thought, with a pounding heart. "She doesn't look as though she's ever been sick."

As the song ended and the accompanying dance, as sultry and suggestive as the song, brought the Shelton Sisters down on one knee, Donna looked directly into my eyes. She knew me at once. I saw her sharply intaken breath.

The second number was as embarrassing as the first. I could scarcely bear to look at Donna. I was so ashamed of her—and for Derek.

"Can't we go now?" I whispered to Fisk.

"We can see them backstage after the show."

But why? I thought. Why see them at all? I felt a twinge of anger at Fisk for bringing me here.

When the lights went up again he had a short conversation with Sandy, who wanted to take Kay on somewhere else, and it ended by our arranging to meet later back at the hotel.

"Fisk, I don't want to see Donna," I said when we were alone.

"I know you don't. You're angry and you're not thinking. That's why I have to think for you," he said calmly. "We'll go as soon as we've paid our duty visit as old friends from Derek's hometown."

He rose and guided me firmly backstage.

The little dressing-room was cluttered and none too clean, but when Shirley Jean heard that we came from Wyattville she ushered us in with careless good nature.

"Donna? Oh, she skipped out. She musta had a date."

I knew why Donna had escaped. She didn't want to face me any more than I could bear to look at her.

"If you're from Wyattville you must know an old aunt of mine," said her mother with a wry grin. "Tell me about Aunt Ruth. Donna didn't have much to say and I've always been kind of fond of the old girl. Not that she can see me for sour apples."

"Well, I don't think she approves of the stage," I said cautiously.

"Nope, she made up her mind long ago that the devil'd got me." I was beginning to like her rueful, gamin's grin. "She likes it where she is, bending over a sewing-machine. And I like it okay in my honky-tonks. So there we are. She must be getting kind of old, though. Lonely, too, without chick or child."

"She's just pulled through double pneumonia," Fisk said bluntly.

I saw that Shirley Jean was genuinely affected. Her face paled and she whispered, "Oh, no! Donna only told me she'd had a cold."

"Donna may not have realised how sick she was. Miss Ruth was taken to the hospital the morning after Donna left. Of course, we were terribly worried about her," I said.

"Derek especially," said Fisk, and waited for a reaction. "Derek Morris, Donna's fiance."

Shirley Jean merely looked bewildered. I had the impression that she had never heard that name before.

"Derek is an old friend of ours," Fisk went on implacably. "Of course, he was anxious for us to drop by and see Donna while we are in Los Angeles. He can't help wondering when she'll come back. It's been quite a wait."

Shirley Jean seemed to be undergoing some sort of shock. Her eyes were momentarily blank and, when she spoke, it was in a queer, halting voice: "This Derek — you mean, he's engaged to my daughter and expects her to marry him?"

"He's a wonderful person," I said brightly. "Handsome, intelligent, successful. You're sure to like him."

Her voice was only a whisper, as dry as a leaf. "Is he rich?" she asked.

"Quite rich," said Fisk. "He's an only son and he runs his family's company."

I FELT a thrust of pity for the woman. Her whole body seemed to sag and she sank down on the studio couch beside her dressing-table. Her head was in her hands.

"I see it now," she said in a smothered voice. "I should have known. She's always wanted to stay in good with her Auntie Ruth. That was okay. A kid has to look out for herself. If Ruth wants to leave what she's got to Donna, that's natural. She's always loved her. She'd have adopted her if I'd let her. But Donna was all I had."

"Miss Ruth wants Donna to marry Derek," I offered gently. "She thinks the world of him."

"Does she think Donna can make a husband just disappear?" flung out Shirley Jean. "Fred's not much, but Donna's got him. What's more, he's crazy about her. He can't bear to let her out of his sight."

Fisk said in a low voice, "If he hates her to leave him, how did she manage to get away to spend several weeks in Wyattville?"

But we both knew the answer to that: to stay with the sick, elderly aunt who was leaving her money to Donna.

I felt sick and besmirched. I wished passionately that I didn't know the truth. How could I tell Derek that he was now to be dealt a worse hurt than he had known before? Not the clean, hard blow of death which had ended romance between him and Peggy, but the slow poison of treachery and betrayal.

Shirley Jean made a visible effort to pull herself together. There was a triple knock on the door, and she called out, "Come in." To us she said, "That'll be Fred now. He comes to pick up Donna. He's playing in a band down the street."

Fred spoke to us pleasantly enough when Shirley Jean introduced us as friends of Donna's.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Maybe she went home," said Shirley Jean uneasily. "She was kinda tired."

"Home?" he echoed bitterly. "That dump? Not Donna."

"Well, she didn't say . . ."

"Okay, okay, so she'll come back." I had the impression that he had once been a good-looking man, but he was too thin now, his eyes were bloodshot and his face looked dissipated. "She goes away, but she always comes back. Back to Papa."

But I saw the flash of naked fear in his face; fear that Donna might some day go away and forget to return.

"I'm sorry she wasn't here," said Shirley Jean nervously as we told her goodbye. "Maybe you'll come again before you leave. I'll take down your address in case she'd want to call you."

I gave her Bud's address in Palm Springs with a faint smile, knowing I was probably the last person in the world Donna would care to see.

Outside, Fisk steadied me with a firm arm and said a little sadly, "I'm sorry, Pauline, but you had to know."

"Did you know? About Fred, I mean?"

"I had a pretty good hunch."

"Did you bring me here so that I'd find out these things to tell Derek?" My throat felt tight and dry. "What made you feel you had a right to interfere in people's lives?"

"It was time someone faced

reality," he countered tersely. "I came here quite by accident with a crowd out on the town. When I saw Donna I knew it was time to act."

He hailed a cab and we sat in silence during our drive back to the hotel.

"Still angry?" he murmured as he helped me out.

I shook my head. Not angry any more, but deeply perplexed. We'd hit on some ugly knowledge. I wasn't sure what to do about it.

As though he could look into my mind, Fisk said quietly, "Of course, you'll tell Derek. You can't just let him go on living in a dream world."

I stared up at him. I'd grown used to the idea of Fisk's wanting me for himself, yet here he was handing me a chance to win Derek back. There was already a secret spark of hope in my heart waiting to be fanned into a blaze—if I dared risk it.

"Fisk, I'm sorry," I faltered. "I haven't thanked you for trying to help, for caring enough to do something. I may as well admit I was afraid."

He gripped my two hands. "Of course you were. You're not the sort of girl who would like the role of informer. But remember, Pauline, when you want something very much you have to be prepared to go through some unpleasantness to get it."

We joined the others in the hotel lounge. Kay was in her gayest, most expansive mood, and invited the two men to Palm Springs for the weekend.

Sandy had to regret because he was flying back to Chicago the next day, but Fisk said he'd love to come. My father had asked him to stay over another week in California to start a research project going in our lab. in San Bernardino.

So he was there that Saturday morning. Kay had driven him off to the village with her to pick up the weekend supplies, and I was alone, lying on a towel beside Bud's swimming-pool. Suddenly, less than ten feet from me, Donna appeared.

In spite of her theatrical outfit—black-and-white harlequin toreador pants and a flame-colored blouse so scooped out it kept falling off one rounded shoulder — she was beautiful. She was also wide-eyed and touchingly young. Only I couldn't be touched any more by that trick spacing of eyes and the uncertain little smile.

"What is it?" I asked coolly, sitting up on my towel.

"I know you're mad," she murmured humbly. "You don't understand—how could you?"

"Your mother seemed somewhat at a loss herself."

"Have you told Derek yet?" she asked in a breathless voice.

And when I reluctantly shook my head she said eagerly, imploringly, "Then don't, Pauline — please don't! I promise to tell him, but let me do it my own way . . . Oh, I prayed I wouldn't have to, ever! I thought I could make Fred let me go. I had money saved up to fly down to Mexico and get a divorce. It only takes a day or two there."

Something sprang into my mind. "Was it Fred playing the trumpet the night of the Club dance?" I asked her flatly.

"No, no; that was Carl, a friend of his. Fred's a saxophone-player—when he has a job." Her voice was contemptuous. "That isn't often. Just often enough to buy us some groceries when we hit bottom."

"When were you married?" I had no intention of making it too easy for her. I had some questions and I wanted straight answers.

"Four years ago, when I was only seventeen," she said in a low voice. "I knew in a few weeks how foolish I'd been, but I was trapped then, Pauline. Fred has a nasty, stubborn streak, and he wouldn't let me go. I've left him time after time, hoping he'd get sick of it or mad at me or something! This winter——"

The breathless voice caught in her throat. "When I met Derek and fell so terribly in love — you don't know, you couldn't, what I went through —the helplessness, the longing to blot out the past and make something of my life."

"I suppose just keeping quiet about it was one way of blotting it out," I said dryly.

"I tried to tell him, over and over again, but I couldn't!"

"I'm surprised your aunt didn't for you. I've always admired Miss Ruth for her integrity. This isn't like her."

"Oh, she didn't know I was still tied up with Fred!" Donna cried out, then stopped, those candid eyes looking away from mine for the first time.

"Why didn't she know? What did you tell her? An advance story of the Mexican decree you were hoping to get?"

"No, not divorce," she answered with a troubled look. "Auntie Ruth doesn't approve of it — it would upset her awfully. She felt so bad about my running off with Fred, anyway——"

"What did you tell her, Donna?" I persisted.

EYES still averted, she murmured, "The only thing I could. But you won't understand this either; life is so easy and all one color from where you sit. I told her that —that he was dead, that he'd been killed in an automobile accident." She added defiantly, "He really was in an accident last year, too, but he only broke his leg. I wished he'd been killed—oh, how I wished it!"

"Donna," I said, an awful sadness welling up in my heart, partly for Fred, whom she hated, partly for Miss Ruth, who put up such a heroic struggle to believe in her, and last for the girl herself—for her soul's poverty.

"I know you're shocked." She gave me a sidelong glance to see how I had taken it. "But, like I said, you've always had everything. The only thing you ever wanted you couldn't have was Derek Morris, and now you're just waiting to take him away from me."

The attack was too childish, too embarrassing, to answer. I sat in silence until presently she faltered. "Please — please forgive me, Pauline. It's only that I want him so. I want to start afresh and try to be the kind of wife he ought to have. I thought Fred would surely give me a divorce if I offered him money — after I married Derek. If you'd trust me to tell him, my own way, maybe I could make it right with him and then, someday, we might have a chance to be happy. Could you, Pauline?"

Was she trapped or was I? I wondered ironically. This was the girl Derek wanted. Let her hand out the unpalatable truth to him any way she wished, I thought with a dull distaste.

"All right, Donna," I said quietly, and waited for her to leave. I ached to be free of her.

Having accomplished her mission she undoubtedly would have gone away, and it is just possible — for I don't underestimate Donna — that she might also have carried out the rest of her long-range plan of "making it right" with Derek so that he could have helped to handle Fred and clear the way for her role of sheltered young wife.

But in the very instant when she turned from the pool two things happened simultaneously: Kay and Fisk drove up in the station-waggon and Bud stepped out from his study on to the patio.

They all stared at Donna.

I mumbled the introductions: "My room-mate at college, Kay Nicolson — Donna Shelton. And this is her brother, Giles Nicolson. Fisk, of course, you know."

I followed their eyes with a fascinated awareness and saw the exact picture they were seeing: the young, slim girl smiling radiantly in the sun — this childlike, enchanted Donna with her shining, candid eyes and the scoop-necked blouse slipping off her lovely shoulder.

"Glad to meet you, Miss Nicolson," she said. "Hello, Fisk . . . And you — are you really the Giles Nicolson who wrote the movie "Evening of Locusts"? Her breath caught a little. "Oh, I'd have given my life to play Fernanda!"

Bud had a gaunt, lined face which lit up pleasantly when he smiled. "Bless the child," he said indulgently. "She'd have made a very creditable Fernanda, I think — don't you, Pauline?"

With that quality of artless innocence, I thought dryly, she probably would have.

"Are you in the movies?" Bud asked her curiously.

"Oh, no." She laughed gaily. "I've only wanted to be all my life! My name's in the casting offices and sometimes I've been an extra. But then I've been a lot of other things, too." There was a flicker of defiance in the look she gave me. "Salesgirl, model, waitress—and right now a night-club entertainer."

I followed Kay into the kitchen to help her put the groceries away.

"Wow!" she said. "What a face—and that figure we saw so much of the other night. What's the rest of her like?"

I knew what she meant. The insides of people, their brains and hearts and characters were what interested Kay. "You wouldn't care for her," I said.

She gave me a shrewd look. "Well, we needn't worry about Bud's obviously impressed state. He can take care of himself. Can she?"

"Very well, I should think."

I caught Fisk's amused smile when Bud came to the kitchen window and asked if either of us could lend Donna an extra bathing-suit. And we weren't surprised when, later, Bud wanted to know if there was plenty of food on hand.

I didn't see Donna alone again. Her manner towards me was affectionate, as though we were really the old friends she implied.

I did find it slightly incredible that a man thirty-seven years old, with two divorces behind him and a great many attractive women phoning, writing, and inviting him places, should be so obviously drawn to a very young girl of limited horizons. Then I shrugged it off as one of those things. Some men never grow tired of hero worship, and Donna was an adept hero-worshipper.

She went back to Los Angeles that afternoon in time to appear at the Cafe de la Lune, but Giles insisted she must come out and join us again for Sunday. He promised to tell her all about his new book.

"Is it going to be made into a movie?" I heard her ask . . .

When we were alone that evening, before Fisk went back to his research job and I flew home to Wyattville, he said lightly, "I hope you're going to have kind memories of your old Uncle Fisk."

We were standing by the

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balcony rail of the tennis club, looking down into the pool and grotto below. Absurdly, my eyes filled with tears.

"Hey," Fisk said gently, "don't cry over me. I'm a bumptious redhead — remember?"

"You're a redhead," I corrected, and added an item that just popped into my mind: "I love red hair, actually."

A flush crept up his cheeks. He touched my face with his fingers as though he were seeing it that way. "I love your skin," he whispered, "and the flesh under it, and the bones that form it—and you, Pauline."

I felt queerly shaken. I turned away, and we walked down the stairs in silence. I thought love was a funny, bitter thing. There was no logic or justice in it.

"Whether you like it or not," Fisk said huskily, "I'm going to kiss you goodbye."

"Don't, Fisk," I whispered, feeling miserable for him.

But he did, and I was lonely enough to cling to him briefly.

"Some day," he said, "you'll be a whole woman and make some man an exceptional wife. But as for me"—he gave me a light push—"I guess I'd better keep you as far away as possible."

"I'm sorry, Fisk," I said humbly.

"I'll see you in Wyattville week after next," he said.

My heart gave a quick little lurch as I thought of all that might happen by then. Suppose, when Derek heard the shabby truth from Donna, he was disgusted, disillusioned. Suppose we could turn time back to the winter afternoon, just before we met her in her Aunt Ruth's doorway, and start our story all over again, without the shadow of Donna on the pages. I'd owe it to Fisk, of course. He'd broken the stalemate. But it didn't matter who had contrived Derek's release, if only he could be free of her . . .

I tried to read his face the instant I saw him. I'd been back only a few hours when he phoned and asked if he could drop by. But his face looked closed, remote.

Drawing a deep breath, I asked him straight out if he'd heard anything from Donna.

A little muscle moved in his cheek, but his control was good. "Not from her," he said, "but I know, if that's what you mean. Miss Ruth phoned for me to come to her house last night to discuss a matter of importance. She told me. I think it was the worst moment of her life."

I could imagine. Shirley Jean, it seemed, had had enough conscience to put in a long-distance call to her aunt. Afterwards Miss Ruth had called Derek at once. She'd told him that deeply as she had cared for Donna, she'd rather see her dead than married to a man she had won by treachery and betrayal of another.

"She was a lying little cheat," said Derek sombrely. "I had no right to ask you to go near her. I'd like to apologise to you, Pauline."

"You don't need to. I'll forget about her; we both will. It leaves a bitter taste, of course, but don't let it poison you, Derek. Push the memory away." Something about his cold anger troubled me.

He gave me a thin, one-sided smile. "Did you know, Pauline, the lengths I went to to make her happy? Anything to win that rapt, wistful-eyed look. I sat for hours in those jukebox joints she loved letting my ears be assaulted. Then I decided she needed friends, so I asked you to fill her need—you, as far above her as the moon! And, all the while, I was making a fool of myself for another man's wife. The tea you gave out of the goodness of your heart, my mother's party, all were for the delectation of Mrs. Fred Johannson! What a laugh she must have been having up her sleeve!"

"I don't think she was laughing," I said slowly. "I think she was seeing a pattern of life that seemed to her to offer such complete security that she couldn't resist trying to grab it for herself. She had to go back to Los Angeles to persuade Fred into a divorce. That was her plan of action and she thought she could make it work."

I winced from the knowledge that it might have; that with a little luck she could have been here now, a beautiful young Mrs. Morris, fingering the pearls of Derek's grandmother around her neck.

"I didn't sleep last night, Pauline," he said abruptly. "I had to come to grips with myself, face the kind of man I am to be victimised by such a woman. Why should it have been Donna who was able to release the emotion I haven't felt for anyone since Peggy? Why wasn't it someone worthy and capable of love — why wasn't it you?"

My heart was beating like a great gong inside me. Was it coming at last, the slow recognition of his need of me and the kind of love I'd borne him as long as I could remember?

"You weren't wistful-eyed, Pauline," he said slowly. "You didn't ask for anything."

I remembered some words of Fisk's, then. "A proud, free spirit," he had called me. "No," I said quietly. "I've never asked. I never will."

"Love has to be a gift," I thought, "given freely." Derek must want me as I had wanted him.

"You're tired, Pauline," he said, and I realised how tired I really was from the reaction to long uncertainty.

I smiled and agreed he'd better leave. There was always tomorrow . . .

Later in the week I had an illuminating scrawl from Kay. "Bud and Donna are inseparable," she wrote. "I think it's as much the new book as the new love with both of them. Bud has arranged for her to have a screen test, but whether she'll make the grade—who can tell?"

I remembered Kay saying that Bud could take care of himself. Then Donna and he were evenly matched, I thought, no matter what happened.

As for me I was marking time that week, waiting. Derek and I had stepped easily back into the pattern as it was: the pleasant casual dates, the mutual interests. We both liked music, and this was symphony season. There was to be a Saturday night dance at the Club to celebrate the last concert and Derek had asked me.

Ellen Morris was surveying us both with unconcealed pleasure. She'd be happy for us, I thought; so would my parents and all our friends. Gradually the whole sorry interlude with Donna would be forgotten. I was quite sure Derek's worst wound had been dealt to his pride and that he'd recover. He only needed time.

And if it hadn't been for Fisk, none of this would have been possible, I thought.

Derek was tied up with clients that Friday night Fisk was due home, so I drove out to meet his plane alone. I had no intention of letting him come back to a bleak and lonely dinner at a restaurant.

I was in the waiting-room at least fifteen minutes before the plane was due. I bought a magazine and leafed through it till I came to a story which absorbed me. I was scarcely aware of the voice on the loudspeaker until the repetition of "Flight 515 from Los Angeles" caught my attention. "Delayed" was the word I heard then, with a queer, sinking feeling.

I went quickly to the Flight Desk to make further inquiries.

"We haven't a report," said the girl brightly. "Flight 515 may be a half-hour late, or possibly longer."

"Why?"

"I'm sorry, I haven't that information." As she looked at me she said in a more personal voice, "There's a storm farther west, and I imagine some flights are circling around it instead of pushing through. But that isn't official. If I hear how long the delay will be, I'll announce it."

"Thank you."

I went back to my seat, but I couldn't read any more. I kept my eyes on the girl's face, my ears alert for an announcement.

I didn't like winter storms, especially over mountains. I wasn't exactly afraid, but I found my mind wandering in strange paths. I recalled vividly the way Fisk had looked addressing the chemists' meeting —his passionate absorption in the research programme he was trying to describe and evaluate. Then I remembered his equally passionate absorption in my face as he touched it that last night.

"I love your skin," he had said, "and the flesh under it, and the bones that form it—and you, Pauline." I thought of his red hair flaming in the sun. I thought of the way his eyes narrowed when he smiled.

Nothing could happen to Fisk. He was too valuable. In him all the little significant bits and pieces that make a human personality were set so neatly, so beautifully, into their right places. "Nothing must happen," my heart echoed.

And, of course, nothing did. Yet when the girl at the desk announced Flight 515 at Gate 3, with a little nod and smile directly towards me, my legs felt weak as cotton.

It was a cold, dark winter evening, but Fisk's bare head under the field searchlights blazed like a beacon. When he saw me his eyes narrowed, and then he smiled, a great, generous burst of a smile. His long stride across the field became a run.

"Pauline!" he called out, and I didn't answer "Fisk." Another word came out, unasked, joyous, freely given.

"Darling!" I cried out to him. "Oh, darling!"

Without warning, my whole world shifted and was forever changed. I clung to him, my lips stirred beneath his. This was the magic moment when two people are raised to complete awareness.

Why it should have happened then, and with Fisk, I didn't pretend to understand. I only knew it was so. True love had come a little late. But now my heart was swept clean of fears and shadows; it was the heart of a whole woman, and it was peopled by one man who filled it corner to corner.

His voice when he spoke was strange and shaken: "To have risked so much—how could I? But you're mine now!"

I marvelled that he had known, all alone, of this shining world, ready like a room we only needed to step into and possess.

On our drive back he asked me one question: "And Derek?"

"He wasn't real. Over a long span of years I created my own image of him. Perhaps in his way he sensed it, and that was why I couldn't be more to him than a sort of crutch, someone to lean on, but never to love." I went on in a reckless rush of truth: "Derek won't mind my not being available to marry—he'll mainly mind my not going to the Club dance with him tomorrow night, because it's inconvenient getting a last-minute date."

"Are you going with someone else, by any chance?" he teased me.

"I'm not going at all," I told him calmly, but there was nothing calm about the way I felt. "I'll be sitting by the fire planning a wedding with a man I'm so suddenly, terrifically in love with it scares me."

He took one hand from the wheel and caught mine in it with a swift, warm grip. "Don't be scared," he murmured. "We're going to set up a research programme on marriage. Ours has to be the best and most wonderful thing that could ever happen; between us, we'll make it so."

I started believing him that moment, and I've never stopped.

"Let's be married first," I suggested happily, "and then set up the research programme. Or is that too unscientific?"

"Much too," he said gravely. But he slowed the car, and I saw that we were in that quiet place by the ninth hole sandbank where I never used to let him stop.

"Can you tell me," he said in a professional voice, but with laughter in it, "why kisses in Palm Springs are different from kisses in Wyattville?"

"No, but I'll show you," I whispered, sliding my fingers through his red hair. And I did.

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

A STORY of the elemental passions . . . love, hate and jealousy . . . is woven into "THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," a complete novel which will be published next week. Its author is the English writer H. E. Bates, who wrote the best-seller "The Purple Plain."

This dramatic tale begins in Tahiti and its waterfront city, Papeete, where a young man, Harry Rockley, comes to spend a holiday.

He finds a certain beauty in the island and its capital, but not the enchantment he expected. But when he takes a trading schooner to go to a neighboring island, he discovers a very different life.

There he meets Therese, the native girl, whose destiny is to be marked by tragedy, the girl whose love for him assumes an intensity he cannot understand.

"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE" is a brilliant novel, one that will be remembered for a long time.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4264.—Small girl's sleeveless one-piece dress and contrasting bolero jacket. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires: dress, 1¼yds. to 2¼yds. 36in. material; bolero jacket, ⅞ to 1yd. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

F4265.—Slender-line sleeveless sheath dress and matching short-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4266.—Pretty late-day dress with bertha-style collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4267.—Smartly styled front-buttoned coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, 2⅛yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4268.—Chic one-piece frock with an Empire bodice top and belled-out skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and ⅞yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4269.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make lace-trimmed petticoat slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, and 6¾yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 297.—CHECK GINGHAM COAT-DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality British check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, lemon and white, pink and white, green and white, and black and white.
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 23/9, 36 and 38in. bust 36/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 298.—SMALL GIRL'S PYJAMAS

Pretty two-piece pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in pin-spot caesar summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, pink, lemon, and green—all printed with a white pin-spot.
Sizes: Lengths 29in. for 2 years 18/9, 33in. for 3 to 4 years 19/11, 37in. for 5 to 6 years 21/6, 42in. for 7 to 8 years 23/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 299.—SMALL GIRL'S TROUSER OVERALLS AND BLOUSE

Both garments are obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth. The color choice includes white, lemon, blue, pink, and green.
Sizes: Overalls, 4 years 17/9, 5 to 6 years 19/3, 7 to 8 years 21/-, 9 to 10 years 22/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.
Sizes: Blouse, 4 years 17/3, 5 to 6 years 18/9, 7 to 8 years 19/3, 9 to 10 years 21/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 300.—SMALL GIRL'S PETTICOAT

The petticoat is obtainable cut out ready to make in white and pastel lawn. The color choice includes pastel pink, blue, and white.
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• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*

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BABY CLOTHES THAT Snap CLOSED AND STAY SNUG

Sleepy-Nite Toddlers by Exarto with Gripper Fasteners . . . so easy to snap and unsnap for a quick change.

Buy Baby Clothes with LAUNDRY PROOF Gripper FASTENERS

Modern Gripper Fasteners are made to last the life of the garment they're built into and unlike buttons they cannot pop off... chip and break. Right now you can escape button bother forever by buying clothes with Grippers for your children, your husband and yourself.

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STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES
COF 141.A

Fashion FROCKS

• *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"CARMEL."—A pretty, full-skirted one-piece dress made in no-iron printed tissue cotton. The color choice includes lemon and blue flowers with a pink spot, rose and green flowers with a blue spot, blue and light brown flowers with a beige spot, lemon and deep green flowers with a lime spot, rose and light green flowers with a grey spot. All are printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/6, 36 and 38in. bust 72/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/3, 36 and 38in. bust 47/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"NERIDA." — Maternity smock jacket and a straight skirt styled with waist expansion. The skirt is made in black sundek and jacket in no-iron printed cotton. The color choice includes blue flowers and black stripes, rose flowers and blue stripes, rose flowers and black stripes, blue flowers and pink stripes, primrose flowers and black stripes. All are printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Skirt, sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 52/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Skirt, sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 30/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Ready To Wear: Smock, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 59/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Smock, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

• *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

LOVELIER MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS . . .

Richard Hudnut's improved, lanolized

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Lanolized Wave lotion —only 10 minutes' waving time!

RICHARD HUDNUT'S high-speed lanolin waving lotion "takes" in 10 minutes, whatever kind of hair you have. No check curls, no guesswork. Just three things to do: Wind, wave and neutralise. Revolutionary Wave Vitalizer guarantees fastest neutralising ever in just one step. Dab it on your curls just once. No more repeated rinses. Lanolin in the waving lotion protects hair from damage . . . keeps it healthy! Your curls are soft, shiny and easy to manage.

Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair . . .
FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in NORMAL HAIR.
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During the past 85 years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas.

The effect of this ever-increasing demand for Australian wheat by Arnott's has been felt even in the remote districts; not wheat alone, but butter, milk, eggs and dried fruits.

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An ideal form in which the shredded grain of Australian wheat is available to you is in Arnott's famous Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, in which, by special process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral salt content of the shredded grain used is retained.

These biscuits also encourage slow chewing and, therefore, good digestion.

They contain a natural balance of nutriment.

Bring sunshine to your table with—

Arnott's

famous

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL

Biscuits

For ECONOMY BUY WHOLE TINS

(Approx. 3½lbs.).

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